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AN OLD ENGLISH TOWNSHIP.

One of the interests of England, to those who care to look below the surface, is in the associations of ancient life and times which cling about it everywhere. There is not the poorest little country village or the most prosaic factory town but, if you will take the trouble to root up its records, touches incidents and changes of ownership and the fortunes of human life which carry you back with a curious interest along the centuries.

The very names of places and streets are often full of history. You come upon "Lazarus Lane." Now it may be only a plain little street of long rows of cheap brick dwellings, but that name tells of a time, long centuries ago, when somewhere in the neighborhood stood the lazar-house, or leper-house, where the lepers of the little town were herded together, away from the other dwellings. Or here is a street called the "Friary," or "Blackfriars," or some other kind of "friars," — Gray, White, or what not; mere shops and houses now, but if you should search about in the old yards and entries, it is likely enough that here and there you would come upon some patch of dark stone walling, grimy with age, or perhaps a fragment of an old arch that long ago belonged to the monastery which surely stood there.

You have, indeed, to be upon your guard against mistakes in such local etymology, arising from the original name having been corrupted into something similar, and yet perhaps entirely different in meaning. Thus the "Deansgate" which you find in various north of England towns does not recall an old city gate by which the dean used to enter, or, as some would have it, by which the Danes made their attack. "Gate," in the north of England, is simply "way," and "deans" should properly be "denes:" the way along some old "dene" or "den," — some deep valley or ravine which may be entirely filled up now, but which surely was once there.

Perhaps the best illustration of such a growth of false meaning on to an old name is one that I came across when I was busy over the revision of Baines's History of Lancashire. I wanted to know whether there were any traces left of the old Roman road which once ran near to Wigan. Having written to a friend resident there to make inquiry, I received the astounding information that there certainly was one most interesting trace of the Roman occupation, inasmuch as a certain highway was still called, and had been from time immemorial, "Seneca Lane," no doubt in memory of the celebrated philosopher. This was too much, however; but it was only after a good deal of inquiry that I found the real explanation, which turned out to be that this was an old way to a certain "seven-acre" or "s'en-acre" field.

Better, however, than any of these general illustrations of the interest which attaches to old names and places will be the study of some single township; and

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I will take for the purpose one of the least attractive that could well be found.

If there is a part of England which, to the casual traveler, gives the impression of specially prosaic life, it is Lancashire; and if there is one part of Lancashire more flat and devoid of anything *striking or picturesque* than the rest, it is the stretch of level country called "the Fylde." As you journey northward from Liverpool by the London and Northwestern, as soon as you are past Preston you enter upon this "Fylde" (Saxon for "field"), reaching away to the westward of the track some fifteen miles or so to the sea. When you come to the sea, the long wastes of shore and sand dunes are relieved by several considerable watering-places, — Lytham, Blackpool, and Fleetwood, — but the intervening land is simply a great expanse of farming country, originally peat-moss the most of it, and about as fertile and as devoid of visible interest as the rich corn-covered prairie lands of central Illinois. In the midst of this is the little country town of Kirkham, the ancient mother parish of the whole district; and three miles away is the township of the Singletons, — Great and Little Singleton, — the object of this study.

Singleton — it is only old local usage that has divided it in name — is quite a small township, covering about thirty-eight hundred acres, mainly scattered farms, with a hamlet in the part called "Great Singleton," and the whole population some three hundred, much the same as at the beginning of the century. There could hardly be a more unpromising spot either for the artist or the antiquarian. Very ordinary farms, among which the only notable ones are two a little more pretentious than the rest, with names, too, that indicate a former dignity, — Singleton Grange and Mains Hall; not a church, or residence, or grove of trees, or hill, or stream, that any one would travel ten miles to see. But what is lacking in visible monuments may possibly be supplied by impalpable memories and associations. Let us see.

Suppose we take as our starting-point, not to claim too much to begin with, the time of the Norman Conquest, eight hundred years ago. Domesday-book is to English topography what the roll of Battle Abbey is to genealogy; and Singleton can hold up its head with any place in the country, for here it is in Domesday-book, in the neat black script of the foreign ecclesiastics who copied out the notes of Norman William's commissioners, who, in 1086, made their property-census of the north of England. It is not much that it tells us. There was not much left to tell by the time the Conqueror had stamped out the resistance of the north in blood and fire. But how much may be read between the lines in which "Singletun" occurs in the list of sixty-one "vills" belonging to "Prestun"! Every "vill" denoted separate habitation and inhabitants, more or fewer, in the previous Saxon times; but now, after enumerating these sixty-one vills, which virtually included this whole Fylde country, the record adds: "Out of these, sixteen have a few inhabitants, but how many is unknown. The rest are waste." It is easy to understand why "how many is unknown." The poor terrified vassals and churls who had seen forty-five out of the sixty-one neighboring townships utterly wasted would be in no hurry to report themselves. Count Tostig, brother of the great Saxon Harold, had all this country in his wide earldom of Northumbria, and, having been deposed by his own thanes in their "Gemot," had joined the invading armies, and expected that William would, if victorious, replace him. But Tostig fell at the great battle of Stamford Bridge, just three weeks before the battle of Hastings; thus his claim was out of the way, and William gave all that north country to his great baron, Roger of Poictou. So, here, this

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little entry, "Singletun, vi car." (six ploughlands), brings back to us how that great crisis of English history touched this small group of Saxon farms among the peats and mosses of the Fylde.

But we can look further back yet. If you could have gone to those farmers, still in the old Saxon time, before the Conquest had eclipsed everything else, you would have found that the great epoch they had most in mind was the time of the Danish incursions. That was two hundred years before, but so great had been the terror of those fierce invaders, who had come, year after year, raiding the land, for all the world like war parties of the Sioux or Apaches, that everything old or obscure, or with any special sign of strength about it, was referred to the Danes; so that one hard, solid roadway that ran northwards in the next township, very different from the muddy and often impassable trails through that soft Fylde country, was called the "Danes' Pad," and it is called the Danes' Pad still; for it may yet be traced here and there. Even after the wearing and wasting of these thousand years there is enough of the hard gravel and the great stones beneath traceable through the fields; and to this day "as hard as the Danes' Pad" is one of the common sayings of the country people thereabouts. These fossils which are preserved in language are as interesting as those imbedded in the rock.

Really that Danes' Pad is a great deal older; full four centuries further back still it dates. The Danes made no roads. It is, in reality, an old Roman way; not one of the great roads such as those which the Romans laid, straight as an arrow over hill and dale, from south to north. This was only one of the cross-roads from the great Roman fort near Preston to the port they had on the estuary of the Wyre, just north of Singleton. It was in the year 79, the same year that saw the destruction of Pompeii, that Agricola, charged to complete the conquest of Britain, marched northward with his legions, and, leaving forts and garrisons as he went, made the whole land a settled Roman province, whither, afterwards, came peaceful Roman citizens. For three hundred years the Romans held the land about as the English hold India now. Here and there, their mines and kilns, traces of country villas, or fragments of pillars that once adorned their temples may be found all along those northern roads; and out of the black peat soil of Singleton their coins and arms have often been turned up by spade and plough.

But even this is not the furthest back that we can go. If you should sit and talk with the old men and women of that district, they would tell you how, when they were young, Halloween, October 31, the evening before Allhallows, or All Saints' Day, was commonly called "Teinla" night, and that the "Beltein fires" were burned not only on the more distant hills, but in the townships of the Fylde itself. Hardly a township, according to the testimony of an old clergyman who knew every nook and corner of that Fylde country, but has its ancient Teinla pit, where ashes and calcined stones tell of these bonfires. The people do not know what they mean, nor what the "Teinla" or "Beltein" names for them mean. All their idea is that they used to be supposed to help souls out of purgatory; and indeed a field near to Singleton was formerly called "Purgatory," from the association of these fires which were once celebrated in it. But in reality they are a relic of the ancient Britons, the Celtic race who were there before either Saxons or Romans, — a relic alike of their language and of their religion. In Welsh, "tân" is still "fire," and "Beltein" is simply "Bel-tân," the ancient Bel or Baal fire; and here were these Lancashire farmers, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, still lighting, on the same days and in the same places, the fires of the old idol-

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worship that was in the times of the Druids, and it may be earlier, and using the very same word for them, — a word that carries us further back still, in ways that may not be traceable, yet can hardly be doubtful, to the Bels and Baals of Phœnicia and the East.

That is about as far back as we can go. Now let us return to our starting-point of the Norman Conquest and the records of Domesday-book, and, from the centuries since, glean what facts or names there may be to throw any light of human interest on this little township of Singleton.

"Roger of Poictou" had "Singleton," says Domesday-book, six ploughlands, — some six or seven hundred acres that could be cultivated; the rest, moss, swamp, or forest. That turbulent baron, busy building his great castle at Lancaster, would not have much personal connection with these little scattered townships of his great fief. What he did was to parcel them out among the knights and warriors who had followed him from Normandy, each to hold under him; and these smaller and remoter *mesnes*, or manors, would be given to the plain men-at-arms, who thenceforth became known as William or John of such and such a place. Thus when, in a few generations, we find this manor in the hands of an "Alan de Singleton," we know that the little township was allotted to some one of these plain men-at-arms with no surname. To these scattered townships these new "mesne" or intermediate lords came. Half depopulated, the Saxon thanes especially having perished either at Hastings or Stamford Bridge, or been slaughtered in the subsequent uprisings, there would be plenty of vacant lands to seize, and in the best of these the new lord would settle down, with the right of the strong hand and the conquering race. We talk of the feudal *system* and its curious and picturesque tenures; but in the beginning, when William's Norman soldiery first settled among the cowed, crushed churls in these remoter parts, the feudal system meant almost any right that strong and greedy or lustful men chose to claim over serfs who were as absolutely in their power as the slaves in some outlying Southern plantation were in the power of the overseer. How this tremendous power was actually used we have little direct evidence; those serfs had no historians! But when we come upon the first at all detailed notice of this Singleton manor, two hundred and eighty or ninety years afterward, we find the tenants of the twenty-one little parcels of land spoken of simply as "bondsmen." We find them not only having to pay rent, and also to render service with plough and harrow and scythe, but when a tenant died the lord claimed "heriot," which was the best horse or cow or other chattel on the little farm; and when a tenant's daughter married, "marchet," the later commutation for the ancient "maiden-rent," the hideous *jus primæ noctis*. Yes, these fossil words in the old charters preserve some curious history. I am afraid there was only too much reason for a story my father used to tell of a plain-spoken old lady (the mother of one of our Lancashire worthies), who, being very deaf, used to make her son interpret to her. One day, in a room full of company, a new arrival in the district, a millionaire with a brand-new pedigree from Herald's College, was expatiating on his ancestry, when the old lady broke in with her shrillest whisper to her son: "What is he saying?" "He is speaking of his ancestors having *come over with the Conqueror*." "Ah!" screamed the aged dame, shaking her head. "*There was a deal of raff came over with that Conqueror!*"

So we come down along those obscure centuries, just noted here and there by some brief mention in the *Testa de Nevill* or the *quo warranto's*, showing how the manor passed from Singletons

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to Banastres, and later on to Stanleys and Hesketh, and so on. Dry as dust, indeed! And yet here and there is something that lights up those old names and times with human interest.

For instance, for all the years from 1275 to 1330 there was going on a chronic strife between these Banastres, one of the strong, turbulent families of the north, and the prior and monks of St. Mary's Priory at Lancaster. Just after the Conquest, Roger of Poictou, who had many reasons for wanting to be good neighbors with the monks in the vicinity of his new castle, granted to this St. Mary's Priory of Lancaster the tithes of a whole posse of these dependent townships, Singleton among the rest. So, about the time when the first mesne lord came there to see what he could get out of his lands and tenants, thither also came a delegation of the monks to set up a "grange," or granary, where they could gather in these tithes, which were all, of course, in kind. There is the origin of that division you might wonder at of the township into "Great" and "Little" Singleton. Quite a number of those old Fylde townships are divided in the same way, arising from this fact of the monks setting up their "grange" and the lord setting up his "hall" (that is how the name Mains Hall comes); and it is an interesting comment on the times that the two are always at opposite ends of the manor; for the monks were jealous of these co-grantees, and as for the men-at-arms, with their greeds and their lusts, they did not want any monks nearer than they could help. For though the monks were pretty keen after their tithes, they were, especially in those earlier times after the Conquest, the only power to whom the poor could look. Alas! it was not very much that they could look for to the monk or two who held that Singleton Grange which is still the chief farm of Great Singleton, as Mains Hall is the chief farm of Little Singleton. For St. Mary's Priory at Lancaster was one of the alien priories, all Normans or Italians; whereas in the native monasteries, though Norman abbots and officers might be put over them, the rank and file of the monks were largely Saxons. But still, there was seldom much love lost between the grange and the hall; and when we find, in the registry of St. Mary's Priory, that "Sir Adam Banastre and six others," among them "Adam, the reeve," — fie upon the sheriff for such illegal violence! — had fallen upon the prior and his retinue at Poulton, just beyond Singleton, and cruelly beaten and wounded them, and finally had taken them off to "durance vile" in his stronghold at Thornton, why, we conclude, first, that this Adam must have been a good deal of an agnostic; and, second, that this was probably the outcome of a very long standing quarrel, as we know it was the prelude to half a century of litigation. How one would like to be able to look back upon that old time and learn all about it, as it would be told, with varying sympathies, in the rude huts of those "bondsmen," in their little patches of cleared land among the bog and forest, to whom, we may opine, if the monks stood in some sort as God, Sir Adam even more adequately represented the devil. The matter in dispute was this: that the only practicable way from the mother priory at Lancaster to the grange at Great Singleton was over Sir Adam's lands in Little Singleton. All that we know besides is that for fifty-five years after this rough usage of the prior the dispute went on, and not till 1330 was it settled by an indenture between a later Adam Banastre and a later prior, Adam Conrattes. In this indenture, there is first recited the existence of long dissensions between the contracting parties respecting the passage of the prior's servants and "carriages" ("carriages," remember, in the modest ancient sense, as we read in the

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book of Acts, "We took up our carriages and went up to Jerusalem") across Sir Adam's lands, and also "much disturbance in the collection of the prior's tithes;" and so finally the prior and the knight agree that the prior and his people shall have a sufficient road in both directions from Singleton Grange, — that is, both to the further priory lands, and back toward the priory itself, — in consideration of which the prior remits all claim to actions for trespass against Sir Adam and his servants. And we will hope they all lived happy ever afterwards!

Only one more of these curious glimpses into the old time. In most of these little commonplace villages of England, of which I have taken Singleton as a type, there is some interest about the church, if about nothing else, and Singleton is no exception. It is not much of a church that is there now, — it was even less in the old time, — but its very remoteness and insignificance have made its story, in one respect, I believe, unique. That respect is that, alone among the parishes of England, so far as I know, the Reformation never properly took effect there; and after a period of curious indistinctness and uncertainty the church is found still in Roman Catholic hands, and remained so till the middle of last century.

The church in Singleton is first met with as a mere chantry, very possibly set up there by the monks in connection with their grange. All that we know is that in an old deed of 1358–59 the "chapelle of Saint Marye in Syngleton" is mentioned as being granted by the Duke of Lancaster to a certain "John de Estwitton, hermit;" and at intervals during the next century we come upon the records of licenses granted for "an oratory" for the people of the township, — from which we infer that the priests of the mother church at Kirkham, some miles away, were unwilling to lose, by a permanent division, their hold upon any part of their great parish, which in those days covered about one hundred and thirty square miles. However, this St. Mary's "chapelle" at Singleton seems to have become more or less of a settled institution; and at the Reformation that great ecclesiastical change took effect here for the moment, as elsewhere, and in 1547 Edward VI.'s commissioners established "a stipendarye in the chapelle of Syngleton in Kirkham," with the not extravagant living of forty-nine shillings (about twelve dollars) a year, to be paid out of confiscated church estates. In 1552, however, came the reaction of Queen Mary's reign; all things fell back as near as could be into the old ways, and of course the neighboring families, most of whom in the Fylde remained loyal Catholics, restored the mass. Then follows the curious and perplexing part of the story, the fact of which, so far as I can gather, seems to have been that on the accession of Queen Elizabeth there was no clear change of service. Probably it would have been hard to tell whether it was the old church or the reformed. This was indeed the way in many churches of the remoter north; everything was in chaos. We have one glimpse into that chaos at Singleton. In 1578, among the church presentments at York Cathedral, appears the following account of the curate of Singleton: "There is not servyse done in due tyme. He kepeth no hous nor releveth the poore. He is not dyligent in visitinge the sycke. He doth not teach the catechisme. There is no sermons. He churcheth fornycatours without doinge any penaunce. He maketh a donge-hill of the chapel-yeard, and he hath lately kepte a typlinge-hous and a nowty woman in it." Do not let any one be disturbed about this appearing to be a reflection, on this side or that, of these old times of religious struggle. The fact would seem to have been that, while he was certainly reported to the authorities at York as a conforming Protestant,

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York was practically as distant, in those days, as Boston is from any cross-roads schoolhouse in Nebraska, and on the spot there at Singleton he passed for a Catholic priest. The record indeed indicates that the "typlinge-house" and the "nowty woman," if they were ever true, were things of the past, while the emphasis upon the charge "There is no sermons" would imply that the complainant was quite of the Puritan sort, and therefore he may easily have been prejudiced. However that may be, when we next get any glimpse of church matters in Singleton, during the Puritan times, the old church, St. Mary's, is not named, but Cromwell's commissioners, in 1650, report a newly erected chapel there, without minister or maintenance, which the people pray may be constituted a parish church, and may be duly endowed. This does not appear to have been done, however, and after the Restoration this new chapel was disused; and then finally it was turned into an inn, which was long called the "chapel" inn. Meanwhile, the original church, St. Mary's Chapel, only an "old thatched building," had been again restored to its former use; and even after the manor had passed to a Protestant purchaser the chapel remained with the Catholics, and indeed till the year 1745 was the only place of worship in the township.

Now comes the singular conclusion to the story. In 1745 took place one of the great events in north of England history, the last attempt of the Stuarts, the uprising of the Scottish clans for the young Charles Edward, the Pretender. With a few thousand men he made his way into the heart of England. But the terrible lesson of the previous rising of 1715 was not forgotten, and though the Jacobites of the north wished that the rising might succeed, they had little real faith in it. Only one of the old Lancashire gentry, one of the Towneleys, actually joined in the movement; but a party of the rebels were feasted here in Mains Hall, and that was quite enough to make the neighboring old Lancashire families, who were mainly Jacobites and Catholics, quake in their shoes. When the rising was finally suppressed, the Protestant population throughout the kingdom were especially jubilant, and the 5th of November, the old Gunpowder Plot day, was celebrated that year with perhaps more enthusiasm than ever before or since. It was in this mood that the rabble of lads and men in Singleton went about collecting money and peats for their bonfire, and even applied at the house of the priest. The priest himself was a douce, quiet man, who probably would have given them what they asked for, and sent them away peaceably. But the priest was absent, and the priest's old housekeeper was, as was entirely proper, a crabbed old woman, with a strong will and a sharp tongue; and instead of giving them anything, she berated them as only such an old woman could. The upshot of it was that they got mad; the row turned into an uproar, the uproar into a riot; the priest's house was wrecked, and then they went to the chapel and wrecked that.

Under ordinary circumstances, or at a later day, the mob would have been punished, and the damaged property restored by the township. But, as I have said, the Catholics were discouraged; it was no time for vindicating their rights, or calling any more attention to themselves than they could help. So the Catholic service there ceased. Four years afterwards (1749), William Shaw, the then lord of the manor, formally made over the building to the Established Church, giving £200 for its endowment, to which another £200 was added from Queen Anne's bounty, which latter circumstance may perhaps explain the fact that at the reopening the old consecration to St. Mary was ignored, perhaps forgotten, and it has ever since been known as St. Anne's.

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With this curious little supplement to the history of the Reformation, we come out of the twilight of the past into the glare and newness of the present. If you should find yourself in Singleton to-day, all that you would see would be a stretch of fertile fields, divided by trim hedges or clean-cut ditches, with scattered farms and farm buildings well renewed, characteristic of land worth high farming; and here and there a schoolhouse, and a Methodist chapel, and a church of most modern Gothic, all new within some thirty years. But there is still the old grange, modernized now; and there is Mains Hall, new fronted, but with walls in some places a yard thick, and secret closets which in Elizabeth's time were "priest holes," as the people call them, where Cardinal Allen certainly, and likely many another, found a safe shelter in the Elizabethan persecutions. And all the rest is in old deeds and charters, or in the stories that old men told by the chimney corner a generation or more ago; for it is all true, and there is as much, if you will look for it, in every nook and corner of the dear old land.

Brooke Herford.

DON ORSINO.[1]

VI.

Orsino had shown less anxiety to see Madame d'Aranjuez than might perhaps have been expected. In the ten days which had elapsed between the sitting at Gouache's studio and the 1st of January he had only once made an attempt to find her at home, and that attempt had failed. He had not even seen her passing in the street, and he had not been conscious of any uncontrollable desire to catch a glimpse of her at any price.

But he had not forgotten her existence, as he would certainly have forgotten that of a wholly indifferent person in the same time. On the contrary, he had thought of her frequently, and had indulged in many speculations concerning her, wondering, among other matters, why he did not take more trouble to see her, since she occupied his thoughts so much. He did not know that he was in reality hesitating, for he would not have acknowledged to himself that he could be in danger of falling seriously in love. He was too young to admit such a possibility, and the character which he admired and meant to assume was altogether too cold and superior to such weaknesses. To do him justice, he was really not of the sort to fall in love at first sight. Persons capable of a self-imposed dualism rarely are, for the second nature they build up on the foundation of their own is never wholly artificial. The disposition to certain modes of thought and habits of bearing is really present, as is sufficiently proved by their admiration of both. Very shy persons, for instance, invariably admire very self-possessed ones, and in trying to imitate them occasionally exhibit a cold-blooded arrogance which is amazing. Timothy Titmouse secretly looks up to Don Juan as his ideal, and after half a lifetime of failure outdoes his model, to the horror of his friends. Dionysus masks as Hercules, and the fox is sometimes not unsuccessful in his saint's disguise. Those who have been intimate with a great actor know that the characters he plays best are not all assumed; there is a little of each in his own nature. There is a touch of the real Othello in Salvini; there is, perhaps,

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a strain of the melancholy Scandinavian in English Irving.

To be short, Orsino Saracinesca was too enthusiastic to be wholly cold, and too thoughtful to be thoroughly enthusiastic. He saw things differently according to his moods, and, being dissatisfied, he tried to make one mood prevail constantly over the other. In a mean nature the double view often makes an untruthful individual; in one possessing honorable instincts it frequently leads to unhappiness. Affectation then becomes aspiration, and the man's failure to impose on others is forgotten in his misery at failing to impose upon himself.

The few words Orsino had exchanged with Maria Consuelo on the morning of the great ceremony recalled vividly the pleasant hour he had spent with her ten days earlier, and he determined to see her as soon as possible. He was out of conceit with himself, and consequently with all those who knew him, and he looked forward with pleasure to the conversation of an attractive woman who could have no preconceived opinion of him, and who could take him at his own estimate. He was curious, too, to find out something more definite in regard to her. She was mysterious, and the mystery pleased him. She had admitted that her deceased husband had spoken of being connected with the Saracinesca, but he could not discover where the relationship lay. Spicca's very odd remark, too, seemed to point to her in some way which Orsino could not understand; and he remembered her having said that she had heard of Spicca. Her husband had doubtless been an Italian of Spanish descent, but she had given no clue to her own nationality, and she did not look Spanish, in spite of her name, Maria Consuelo. As no one in Rome knew her, it was impossible to get any information whatever. It was all very interesting.

Accordingly, late on the afternoon of the 2d of January, Orsino called, and was led to the door of a small sitting-room on the second floor of the hotel. The servant shut the door behind him, and Orsino found himself alone. A lamp with a pretty shade was burning on the table, and beside it an ugly blue glass vase contained a few flowers, — common roses, but fresh and fragrant. Two or three new books in yellow paper covers lay scattered upon the hideous velvet table-cloth, and beside one of them Orsino noticed a magnificent paper-cutter of chiseled silver, bearing a large monogram done in brilliants and rubies. The thing contrasted oddly with its surroundings, and attracted the light. An easy-chair was drawn up to the table, an abominable object covered with perfectly new yellow satin. A small red morocco cushion, of the kind used in traveling, was balanced on the back, and there was a depression in it, as though some one's head had lately rested there.

Orsino noticed all these details as he stood waiting for Madame d'Aranjuez to appear; and they were not without interest to him, for each one told a story, and the stories were contradictory. The room was not encumbered with those numberless objects which most women scatter about them within an hour after reaching a hotel; yet Madame d'Aranjuez must have been at least a month in Rome. The room smelt neither of perfume nor of cigarettes, but of the roses, which was better, and a little of the lamp, which was much worse. The lady's only possessions seemed to be three books, a traveling-cushion, and a somewhat too gorgeous paper-cutter; and these few objects were perfectly new. He glanced at the books; they were of the latest, and only one had been cut. The cushion might have been bought that morning. Not a breath had tarnished the polished blade of the silver knife.

A door opened softly, and Orsino drew himself up as some one pushed in the heavy, vivid curtains. But it was

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not Madame d'Aranjuez. A small, dark woman, of middle age, with downcast eyes and exceedingly black hair, came forward a step.

"The signora will come presently," she said in Italian, in a very low voice, as though she were almost afraid of hearing herself speak.

She was gone in a moment, as noiselessly as she had come. This was evidently the silent maid of whom Gouache had spoken. The few words she had spoken had revealed to Orsino the fact that she was an Italian from the north; for she had the unmistakable accent of the Piedmontese, whose own language is comprehensible only by themselves.

Orsino prepared to wait some time, supposing that the message could hardly have been sent without an object, but another minute had not elapsed before Maria Consuelo herself appeared. In the soft lamplight, her clear white skin looked very pale, and her auburn hair almost red. She wore one of those nondescript garments which we have elected to call tea-gowns, and Orsino, who had learned to criticise dress as he had learned Latin grammar, saw that the tea-gown was good and the lace real. The colors produced no impression upon him whatever. As a matter of fact they were dark, being combined in various shades of olive.

Maria Consuelo looked at her visitor and held out her hand, but said nothing. She did not even smile, and Orsino began to fancy that he had chosen an unfortunate moment for his visit.

"It was very good of you to let me come," he said, waiting for her to sit down.

Still she said nothing. She placed the red morocco cushion carefully in the particular position which would be most comfortable, turned the shade of the lamp a little, which of course produced no change whatever in the direction of the light, pushed one of the books half across the table, and at last sat down in the easy-chair. Orsino sat down near her, holding his hat upon his knee. He wondered whether she had heard him speak, or whether she might not be one of those people who are painfully shy when there is no third person present.

"I think it was very good of you to come," she said at last, when she was comfortably settled.

"I wish goodness were always so easy," answered Orsino, with alacrity.

"Is it your ambition to be good?" asked Maria Consuelo, with a smile.

"It should be. But it is not a career."

"Then you do not believe in saints?"

"Not until they are canonized and made articles of belief, — unless you are one, madame."

"I have thought of trying it," answered Maria Consuelo calmly. "Saintship is a career, even in society, whatever you may say to the contrary. It has attractions, after all."

"Not equal to those of the other side. Every one admits that. The majority is evidently in favor of sin; and if we are to believe in modern institutions, we must believe that majorities are right."

"Then the hero is always wrong; for he is the enthusiastic individual who is always for facing odds; and if no one disagrees with him he is very unhappy. Yet there are heroes" —

"Where?" asked Orsino. "The heroes people talk of ride bronze horses or stand on inaccessible pedestals. When the bell rings for a revolution they are all knocked down, and new ones are set up in their places, — also executed by the best artists, — and the old ones are cast into cannon to knock to pieces the ideas they invented. That is called history."

"You take a cheerful and encouraging view of the world's history, Don Orsino."

"The world is made for us, and we must accept it; but we may criticise it. There is nothing to the contrary in the contract."

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"In the social contract? Are you going to talk to me about Jean Jacques?"

"Have you read him, madame?"

"'No woman who respects herself'" — began Maria Consuelo, quoting the famous preface.

"I see that you have," said Orsino, with a laugh. "I have not."

"Nor I."

To Orsino's surprise, Madame d'Aranjuez blushed. He could not have told why he was pleased, nor why her change of color seemed so unexpected.

"Speaking of history," he said, after a very slight pause, "why did you thank me yesterday for having got you a card?"

"Did you not speak to Gouache about it?"

"I said something; I forget what. Did he manage it?"

"Of course. I had his wife's place. She could not go. Do you dislike being thanked for your good offices? Are you so modest as that?"

"Not in the least, but I hate misunderstandings, though I will get all the credit I can for what I have not done, like other people. When I saw that you knew the Del Ferice, I thought that perhaps she had been exerting herself."

"Why do you hate her so?" asked Maria Consuelo.

"I do not hate her. She does not exist, — that is all."

"Why does she not exist, as you call it? She is a very good-natured woman. Tell me the truth. Everybody hates her. I saw that by the way they bowed to her, while we were waiting. Why? There must be a reason. Is she a — an incorrect person?"

Orsino laughed.

"No. That is the point at which existence is more likely to begin than to end."

"How cynical you are! I do not like that. Tell me about Madame Del Ferice."

"Very well. To begin with, she is a relation of mine."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. Of course that gives me a right to handle the whole dictionary of abuse against her."

"Of course. Are you going to do that?"

"No. You would call me cynical. I do not like you to call me by bad names, madame."

"I had an idea that men liked it," observed Maria Consuelo gravely.

"One does not like to hear disagreeable truths."

"Then it is the truth? Go on. You have forgotten what we were talking about."

"Not at all. Donna Tullia, my second, third, or fourth cousin, was married, once upon a time, to a certain Mayer."

"And left him. How interesting!"

"No, madame. He left her — very suddenly, I believe — for another world. Better or worse? Who can say? Considering his past life, worse, I suppose: but considering that he was not obliged to take Donna Tullia with him, decidedly better."

"You certainly hate her. Then she married Del Ferice?"

"Then she married Del Ferice, — before I was born. She is fabulously old. Mayer left her very rich, and without conditions. Del Ferice was an impossible person. My father nearly killed him in a duel, once, — also before I was born. I never knew what it was about. Del Ferice was a spy, in the old days when spies got a living in a Rome" —

"Ah, I see it all now!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo. "Del Ferice is White, and you are Black. Of course you hate each other. You need not tell me any more."

"How you take that for granted!"

"Is it not perfectly clear? Do not talk to me of like and dislike when your dreadful parties have anything to do with either! Besides, if I had any sympathy with either side, it would be for the Whites. But the whole thing is

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absurd, complicated, mediæval, feudal, — anything you like except sensible. Your intolerance is — intolerable."

"True tolerance should tolerate even intolerance," observed Orsino smartly.

"That sounds like one of the puzzles of pronunciation, like 'in un piatto poco cupo poco pepe pistocape,'" laughed Maria Consuelo. "Tolerably tolerable tolerance tolerates tolerable tolerance intolerably" —

"You speak Italian?" asked Orsino, surprised at her glib enunciation of the difficult sentence she had quoted. "Why are we talking a foreign language?"

"I cannot really speak Italian. I have taken an Italian maid who speaks French. But she taught me that puzzle."

"It is odd. Your maid is a Piedmontese, and you have a good accent."

"Have I? I am very glad. But tell me, is it not absurd that you should hate these people as you do — you cannot deny it — merely because they are Whites?"

"Everything in life is absurd, if you take the opposite point of view. Lunatics find endless amusement in watching sane people."

"And of course you are the sane people," observed Maria Consuelo.

"Of course."

"What becomes of me? I suppose I do not exist? You would not be rude enough to class me with the lunatics?"

"Certainly not. You will, of course, choose to be a Black."

"In order to be discontented, as you are?"

"Discontented?"

"Yes. Are you not utterly out of sympathy with your surroundings? Are you not hampered at every step by a network of traditions which have no meaning to your intelligence, but which are laid on you like a harness upon a horse, and in which you are driven your daily little round of tiresome amusement — or dissipation? Do you not hate the Corso as an omnibus horse hates it? Do you not really hate the very faces of all those people who effectually prevent you from using your own intelligence, your own strength, your own heart? One sees it in your face. You are too young to be tired of life. No, I am not going to call you a boy, though I am older than you, Don Orsino. You will find people enough in your own surroundings to call you a boy, because you are not yet so utterly tamed and wearied as they are, and for no other reason. You are a man. I do not know your age, but you do not talk as boys do. You are a man: then be a man altogether; be independent; use your hands for something better than throwing mud at other people's houses merely because they are new."

Orsino looked at her in astonishment. This was certainly not the sort of conversation he had anticipated when he had entered the room.

"You are surprised because I speak like this," she said, after a short pause. "You are a Saracinesca, and I am — a stranger, here to-day and gone to-morrow, whom you will probably never see again. It is amusing, is it not? Why do you not laugh?"

Maria Consuelo smiled, and, as usual, her strong red lips closed as soon as she had finished speaking, a habit which lent the smile something unusual, half mysterious, and self-contained.

"I see nothing to laugh at," answered Orsino. "Did the mythological personage, whose name I have forgotten, laugh when the Sphinx proposed the riddle to him?"

"That is the third time within the last few days that I have been compared to a sphinx by you or Gouache. The comparison lacks originality in the end."

"I was not thinking of being original. I was too much interested. Your riddle is the problem of my life."

"The resemblance ceases there. I cannot eat you up, if you do not guess the answer, or if you do not take my

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advice. I am not prepared to go so far as that."

"Was it advice? It sounded more like a question."

"I would not ask one when I am sure of getting no answer. Besides, I do not like being laughed at."

"What has that to do with the matter? Why imagine anything so impossible?"

"After all, perhaps it is more foolish to say, 'I advise you to do so and so,' than to ask, 'Why do you not do so and so?' Advice is always disagreeable, and the adviser is always more or less ridiculous. Advice brings its own punishment."

"Is that not cynical?" asked Orsino.

"No. Why? What is the worst thing you can do to your social enemy? Prevail upon him to give you his counsel, act upon it, — it will, of course, turn out badly, — then say, 'I feared this would happen, but, as you advised me, I did not like' — and so on. That is simple, and always effectual. Try it."

"Not for worlds!"

"I did not mean with me," answered Maria Consuelo, with a laugh.

"No. I am afraid there are other reasons which will prevent me from making a career for myself," said Orsino thoughtfully.

Maria Consuelo saw by his face that the subject was a serious one with him, as she had already guessed that it must be, and one which would always interest him. She therefore let it drop, keeping it in reserve in case the conversation flagged.

"I am going to see Madame Del Ferice to-morrow," she observed, changing the subject.

"Do you think that is necessary?"

"Since I wish it! I have not your reasons for avoiding her."

"I offended you the other day, madame, did I not? You remember, — when I offered my services in a social way."

"No; you amused me," answered Maria Consuelo coolly, and watching to see how he would take the rebuke.

But, young as Orsino was, he was a match for her in self-possession.

"I am very glad," he rejoined, without a trace of annoyance. "I feared you were displeased."

Maria Consuelo smiled again, and her momentary coldness vanished. The answer delighted her, and did more to interest her in Orsino than fifty clever sayings could have done. She resolved to push the question a little further.

"I will be frank," she said.

"It is always best," answered Orsino, beginning to suspect that something very tortuous was coming. His disbelief in phrases of the kind, though originally artificial, was becoming profound.

"Yes, I will be quite frank," she repeated. "You do not wish me to know the Del Ferice and their set, and you do wish me to know the people you like."

"Evidently."

"Why should I not do as I please?"

She was clearly trying to entrap him into a foolish answer, and he grew more and more wary.

"It would be very strange if you did not," said Orsino, without hesitation.

"Why, again?"

"Because you are absolutely free to make your own choice."

"And if my choice does not meet with your approval?" she asked.

"What can I say, madame? My friends and I will be the losers, not you."

Orsino had kept his temper admirably, and he did not suffer a hasty word to escape his lips nor a shadow of irritation to appear in his face. Yet she had pressed him in a way which was little short of rude. She was silent for a few seconds, during which Orsino watched her face as she turned it slightly away from him and from the lamp. In reality he was wondering why she was not more communicative about herself, and speculating as to whether her silence in

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that quarter proceeded from the consciousness of a perfectly assured position in the world, or from the fact that she had something to conceal; and this idea led him to congratulate himself upon not having been obliged to act immediately upon his first proposal by bringing about an acquaintance between Madame d'Aranjuez and his mother. This uncertainty lent a spice of interest to the acquaintance. He knew enough of the world already to be sure that Maria Consuelo was born and bred in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call the social elect. But the peculiar people sometimes do strange things, and afterwards establish themselves in foreign cities where their doings are not likely to be known for some time. Not that Orsino cared what this particular stranger's past might have been. But he knew that his mother would care very much indeed, if Orsino wished her to know the mysterious lady, and would sift the matter very thoroughly before asking her to the Palazzo Saracinesca. Donna Tullia, on the other hand, had committed herself to the acquaintance on her own responsibility, evidently taking it for granted that if Orsino knew Madame d'Aranjuez the latter must be socially irreproachable. It amused Orsino to imagine the fat countess's rage if it turned out that she had made a mistake.

"I shall be the loser, too," said Maria Consuelo, in a different tone, "if I make a bad choice. But I cannot draw back. I took her to her house in my carriage. She seemed to take a fancy to me" — She laughed a little.

Orsino smiled, as though to imply that the circumstance did not surprise him.

"And she said she would come to see me. As a stranger, I could not do less than insist upon making the first visit, and I named the day, — or rather she did. I am going to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Tuesday is her day. You will meet all her friends."

"Do you mean to say that people still have days in Rome?" Maria Consuelo did not look pleased.

"Some people do, — very few. Most people prefer to be at home one evening in the week."

"What sort of people are Madame Del Ferice's friends?"

"Excellent people."

"Why are you so cautious?"

"Because you are about to be one of them, madame."

"Am I? No, I will not begin another catechism! You are too clever; I shall never get a direct answer from you."

"Not in that way," said Orsino, with a frankness that made his companion smile.

"How then?"

"I think you would know how," he replied gravely, and he fixed his young black eyes on her with an expression that made her half close her own.

"I should think you would make a good actor," she said softly.

"Provided that I might be allowed to be sincere between the acts."

"That sounds well. A little ambiguous, perhaps. Your sincerity might or might not take the same direction as the part you had been acting."

"That would depend entirely upon yourself, madame."

This time Maria Consuelo opened her eyes instead of closing them.

"You do not lack — what shall I say? — a certain assurance; you do not waste time."

She laughed merrily, and Orsino laughed with her.

"We are between the acts now," he said. "The curtain goes up to-morrow, and you join the enemy."

"Come with me, then."

"In your carriage? I shall be enchanted."

"No. You know I do not mean that. Come with me to the enemy's camp. It will be very amusing."

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Orsino shook his head.

"I would rather die, — if possible at your feet, madame."

"Are you afraid to call upon Madame Del Ferice?"

"More than of death itself."

"How can you say that?"

"The conditions of the life to come are doubtful, — there might be a chance for me. There is no doubt at all as to what would happen if I went to see Madame Del Ferice."

"Is your father so severe with you?" asked Maria Consuelo, with a little scorn.

"Alas, madame, I am not sensitive to ridicule," replied Orsino, quite unmoved. "I grant that there is something wanting in my character."

Maria Consuelo had hoped to find a weak point, and had failed, though indeed there were many in the young man's armor. She was a little annoyed, both at her own lack of judgment, and because it would have amused her to see Orsino in an element so unfamiliar to him as that in which Donna Tullia lived.

"And there is nothing which would induce you to go there?" she asked.

"At present, nothing," Orsino answered coldly.

"At present; but in the future of all possible possibilities?"

"I shall undoubtedly go there. It is only the unforeseen which invariably happens."

"I think so, too."

"Of course. I will illustrate the proverb by bidding you good-evening," said Orsino, laughing as he rose. "By this time the conviction must have formed itself in your mind that I was never going. The unforeseen happens. I go."

Maria Consuelo would have been glad if he had stayed even longer, for he amused and interested her, and she did not look forward with pleasure to the lonely evening she was to spend in the hotel.

"I am generally at home at this hour," she said, giving him her hand.

"Then, if you will allow me? Thanks. Good-evening, madame."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then Orsino left the room. As he lit his cigarette in the porch of the hotel, he said to himself that he had not wasted his hour, and he was pleasantly conscious of that inward and spiritual satisfaction which every very young man feels when he is aware of having appeared at his best in the society of a woman alone. Youth without vanity is only premature old age, after all.

"She is certainly more than pretty," he said to himself, affecting to be critical when he was indeed convinced. "Her mouth is fabulous, but it is well shaped, and the rest is perfect; no, the nose is insignificant, and one of those yellow eyes wanders a little. These are not perfections. But what does it matter? The whole is charming, whatever the parts may be. I wish she would not go to that horrible fat woman's tea to-morrow."

Such were the observations which Orsino thought fit to make to himself, but which by no means represented all that he felt, for they took no notice whatever of that extreme satisfaction at having talked well with Maria Consuelo, which in reality dominated every other sensation just then. He was well enough accustomed to consideration, though his only taste of society had been enjoyed during the winter vacations of the last two years. He was not the greatest match in the Roman matrimonial market for nothing, and he was perfectly well aware of his advantages in this respect. He possessed that keen, business-like appreciation of his value as a marriageable man which seems to characterize the young generation of to-day, and he was not mistaken in his estimate. It was made sufficiently clear to him at every turn that he had but to ask in order to receive. But he had not the slightest intention of marrying at one

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and twenty, as several of his old schoolfellows were doing, and he was sensible enough to foresee that his position as a desirable son-in-law would soon cause him more annoyance than amusement.

Madame d'Aranjuez was doubtless aware that she could not marry him if she wished to do so. She was several years older than he, — Orsino admitted the fact rather reluctantly, — she was a widow, and she seemed to have no particular social position. These were excellent reasons against matrimony, but they were also equally excellent reasons for being pleased with himself at having produced a favorable impression on her.

He walked rapidly along the crowded street, glancing carelessly at the people who passed and at the brilliantly lighted windows of the shops. He went by the door of the club, where he was already becoming known for rather reckless play, and he quite forgot that a number of men were probably spending an hour at the tables before dinner, a fact which would hardly have escaped his memory if he had not been more than usually occupied with pleasant thoughts. He did not need the excitement of baccarat nor the stimulus of brandy and soda, for his brain was already both excited and stimulated, though he was not at once aware of it. But it became clear to him when he suddenly found himself standing before the steps of the Capitol in the gloomy square of the Ara Cœli, wondering what in the world had brought him so far out of his way.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed impatiently, as he turned back and walked in the direction of his home. "And yet she told me that I would make a good actor. They say that an actor should never be carried away by his part."

At dinner, that evening, he was alternately talkative and very silent.

"Where have you been to-day, Orsino?" asked his father, looking at him curiously.

"I spent half an hour with Madame d'Aranjuez, and then went for a walk," answered Orsino, with sudden indifference.

"What is she like?" asked Corona.

"Clever, at least in Rome." There was an odd, nervous sharpness about the answer.

Old Saracinesca raised his keen eyes without lifting his head and looked hard at his grandson. He was a little bent in his great old age.

"The boy is in love!" he exclaimed abruptly, and a laugh that was still deep and ringing followed the words.

Orsino recovered his self-possession, and smiled carelessly.

Corona was thoughtful during the remainder of the meal.

VII.

The Princess Sant' Ilario's early life had been deeply stirred by the great makers of human character, sorrow and happiness. She had suffered profoundly, she had borne her trials with a rare courage, and her reward, if one may call it so, had been very great. She had seen the world and known it well, and the knowledge had not been forgotten in the peaceful prosperity of later years. Gifted with a beauty not equaled, perhaps, in those times, endowed with a strong and passionate nature under a singularly cold and calm outward manner, she had been saved from many dangers by the rarest of commonplace qualities, common sense. She had never passed for an intellectual person; she had never been very brilliant in conversation; she had even been thought old-fashioned in her prejudices concerning the books she read. But her judgment had rarely failed her at critical moments. Once only she remembered having committed a great mistake, of which the sudden and unexpected consequences had almost wrecked her life. In that case she

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had suffered her heart to lead her: an innocent girl's good name had been at stake, and she had rashly taken a responsibility too heavy for love itself to bear. Those days were long past now; twenty years separated Corona, the mother of four tall sons, from the Corona who had risked all to save poor little Faustina Montevarchi.

But even she knew that a state of such perpetual and unclouded happiness could hardly last a lifetime, and she had forced herself, almost laughing at the thought, to look forward to the day when Orsino must cease to be a boy, and must face the world of strong loves and hates through which most men have to pass, and which all men must have known to be men indeed.

The people whose lives are full of the most romantic incidents are not generally, I think, people of romantic disposition. Romance, like power, will come uncalled for, and those who seek it most are often those who find it least. And the reason is simple enough. The man of heart is not perpetually burrowing in his surroundings for affections upon which his heart may feed, any more than the very strong man is naturally impelled to lift every weight he sees or to fight with every man he meets. The persons whom others call romantic are rarely conscious of being so. They are usually far too much occupied with the one great thought which makes their strongest, bravest, and meanest actions seem perfectly commonplace to themselves. Corona Del Carmine, who had heroically sacrificed herself in her earliest girlhood to save her father from ruin, and who a few years later had risked a priceless happiness to shield a foolish girl, had not in her whole life been conscious of a single romantic instinct. Brave, devoted, but unimaginative by nature, she had followed her heart's direction in most worldly matters.

She was amazed to find that she was becoming romantic now, in her dreams for Orsino's future. All sorts of ideas which she would have laughed at in her own youth flitted through her brain from morning till night. Her fancy built up a life for her eldest son which she knew to be far from the possibility of realization, but which had for her a new and strange attraction.

She planned for him the most unimaginable happiness, of a kind which would perhaps have scarcely satisfied his more modern instincts. She saw a maiden of indescribable beauty, brought up in unapproachable perfections, guarded by the all but insuperable jealousy of an ideal home. Orsino was to love this vision, and none other, from the first meeting to the term of his natural life, and was to win her in the face of difficulties such as would have made even Giovanni, the incomparable, look grave. This radiant creature was also to love Orsino, as a matter of course, with a love vastly more angelic than human; but not hastily nor thoughtlessly, lest Orsino should get her too easily, and not value her as he ought. Then she saw the two betrothed, side by side on shady lawns and moonlit terraces, in a perfectly beautiful intimacy such as they would certainly never enjoy in the existing conditions of their own society. But that mattered little. The wooing, the winning, and the marrying of the exquisite girl were to make up Orsino's life, and fifty or sixty years of idyllic happiness were to be the reward of their mutual devotion. Had she not spent twenty such years herself? Then why should not all the rest be possible?

The dreams came and went, and she was too sensible not to laugh at them. That was not the youth of Giovanni, her husband, nor of men who even faintly resembled him in her estimation. Giovanni had wandered far, had seen much, and had undoubtedly indulged more than one passing affection before he had been thirty years of age and had loved Corona. Giovanni would laugh,

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too, if she told him of her vision of two young and beautiful married saints. And his laugh would be more sincere than her own. Nevertheless her dreams haunted her, as they have haunted many a loving mother ever since Althæa plucked from the flame the burning brand that measured Meleager's life, and smothered the sparks upon it and hid it away among her treasures.

Such things seem foolish, no doubt, in the measure of fact, in the glaring light of our day. The thought is none the less noble. The dream of an untainted love, the vision of unspotted youth and pure maiden, the glory of unbroken faith kept whole by man and wife in holy wedlock, the pride of stainless name and stainless race, — these things are not less high because there is a sublimity in the strength of a great sin which may lie the closer to our sympathy, as the sinning is the nearer to our weakness.

When old Saracinesca looked up from under his bushy brows and laughed and said that his grandson was in love, he thought no more of what he said than if he had remarked that Orsino's beard was growing or that Giovanni's was turning gray. But Corona's pretty fancies received a shock from which they never recovered, and though she did her best to call them back they lost all their reality from that hour. The plain fact that at one and twenty years the boy is a man, though a very young one, was made suddenly clear to her, and she was faced by another fact still more destructive of her ideals, namely, that a man is not to be kept from falling in love, when and where he is so inclined, by any personal influence whatsoever. She knew that well enough, and the supposition that his first young passion might be for Madame d'Aranjuez was by no means comforting. Corona immediately felt an interest in that lady which she had not felt before, and which was not altogether friendly.

It seemed to her necessary, in the first place, to find out something definite concerning Maria Consuelo, and this was no easy matter. She communicated her wish to her husband, when they were alone that evening.

"I know nothing about her," answered Giovanni; "and I do not know any one who does. After all, it is of very little importance."

"What if he falls seriously in love with this woman?"

"We will send him round the world. At his age that will cure anything. When he comes back, Madame d'Aranjuez will have retired to the chaos of the unknown out of which Orsino has evolved her."

"She does not look the kind of woman to disappear at the right moment," observed Corona doubtfully.

Giovanni was at that moment supremely comfortable, both in mind and body. It was late. The old prince had gone to his own quarters, the boys were in bed, and Orsino was presumably at a party or at the club. Sant' Ilario was enjoying the delight of spending an hour alone in his wife's society. They were in Corona's old boudoir, a place full of associations for them both. He did not want to be mentally disturbed. He said nothing in answer to his wife's remark. She repeated it in a different form.

"Women like her do not disappear when one does not want them," she said.

"What makes you think so?" inquired Giovanni, with a man's irritating indolence when he does not mean to grasp a disagreeable idea.

"I know it," Corona answered, resting her chin upon her hand and staring at the fire.

Giovanni surrendered unconditionally.

"You are probably right, dear. You always are about people."

"Well, then you must see the importance of what I say," said Corona, pushing her victory.

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"Of course, of course," said Giovanni, squinting at the flames with one eye between his outstretched fingers.

"I wish you would wake up!" exclaimed Corona, taking the hand in hers and drawing it to her. "Orsino is probably making love to Madame d'Aranjuez at this very moment."

"Then I will imitate him, and make love to you, my dear. I could not be better occupied, and you know it. You used to say I did it very well."

Corona laughed, in her deep, soft voice.

"Orsino is like you. That is what frightens me. He will make love too well. Be serious, Giovanni. Think of what I am saying."

"Let us dismiss the question, then, for the simple reason that there is absolutely nothing to be done. We cannot turn this good woman out of Rome, and we cannot lock Orsino up in his room. To tell a boy not to bestow his affections in a certain quarter is like ramming a charge into a gun, and then expecting that it will not come out by the same way. The harder you ram it down, the more noise it makes, — that is all. Encourage him, and he may possibly tire of it. Hinder him, and he will become inconveniently heroic."

"I suppose that is true," said Corona. "Then at least find out who the woman is," she added, after a pause.

"I will try," Giovanni answered. "I will even go to the length of spending an hour a day at the club, if that will do any good; and you know how I detest clubs. But if anything whatever is known of her, it will be known there."

Giovanni kept his word, and expended more energy in attempting to find out something about Madame d'Aranjuez during the next few days than he had devoted to anything connected with society for a long time. Nearly a week elapsed before his efforts met with any success.

He was in the club one afternoon, at an early hour, reading the papers, and not more than three or four other men were present. Among them were Frangipani and Montevarchi, formerly known as Ascanio Bellegra. There was also a certain young foreigner, a diplomatist, who, like Sant' Ilario, was reading a paper, most probably in search of an idea for the next visit on his list.

Giovanni suddenly came upon a description of a dinner and reception given by Del Ferice and his wife. The paragraph was written in the usual florid style, with a fine generosity in the distribution of titles to unknown persons.

"The centre of all attraction," said the reporter, "was a most beautiful Spanish princess, Donna Maria Consuelo d'A——z d'A——a, in whose mysterious eyes are reflected the divine fires of a thousand triumphs, and who was gracefully attired in olive-green brocade" —

"Oh! is that it?" said Sant' Ilario aloud, and in the peculiar tone always used by a man who makes a discovery in a daily paper.

"What is it?" inquired Frangipani and Montevarchi in the same breath. The young diplomatist looked up with an air of interrogation.

Sant' Ilario read the paragraph aloud. All three listened as though the fate of empires depended on the facts reported.

"Just like the newspapers!" exclaimed Frangipani. "There probably is no such person. Is there, Ascanio?"

Montevarchi had always been a weak fellow, and was reported to be at present very deep in the building speculations of the day. But there was one point upon which he justly prided himself. He was a superior authority on genealogy. It was his passion, and no one ever disputed his knowledge or decision. He stroked his fair beard, looked out of the window, winked his pale blue eyes once or twice, and then gave his verdict.

"There is no such person," he said gravely.

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"I beg your pardon, prince," said the young diplomatist, "I have met her. She exists."

"My dear friend," answered Montevarchi, "I do not doubt the existence of the woman, as such, and I would certainly not think of disagreeing with you, even if I had the slightest ground for doing so, which, I hasten to say, I have not. Nor, if she is a friend of yours, would I like to say more on the subject. But I have taken some little interest in genealogy, and I have a modest library — about two thousand volumes, only — consisting solely of works on the subject, all of which I have read, and many of which I have carefully annotated. I need not say that they are all at your disposal, if you should desire to make any researches."

Montevarchi had much of his murdered father's manner without the old man's strength. The young secretary of embassy was rather startled at the idea of searching through two thousand volumes in pursuit of Madame d'Aranjuez's identity. Sant' Ilario laughed.

"I only mean that I have met the lady," said the young man. "Of course you are right. I have no idea who she may really be. I have heard odd stories about her."

"Oh, have you?" asked Sant' Ilario, with renewed interest.

"Yes, very odd." He paused, and looked round the room to assure himself that no one else had entered. "There are two distinct stories about her. The first is this. They say that she is a South American prima donna, who sang only a few months, at Rio de Janeiro and then at Buenos Ayres. An Italian, who had gone out there and made a fortune, married her from the stage. In coming to Europe, he unfortunately fell overboard, and she inherited all his money. People say that she was the only person who witnessed the accident. The man's name was Aragno. She twisted it once and made Aranjuez of it, and she turned it again and discovered that it spelled Aragona. That is the first story. It sounds well, at all events."

"Very," returned Sant' Ilario, with a laugh.

"A profoundly interesting page in genealogy, if she happens to marry somebody," observed Montevarchi, mentally noting all the facts.

"What is the other story?" asked Frangipani.

"The other story is much less concise and detailed. According to this version, she is the daughter of a certain royal personage and a Polish countess. There is always a Polish countess in those stories! She has never been married. The royal personage has had her educated in a convent, and has sent her out into the wide world with a pretty, fancy name of his own invention, plentifully supplied with money and regular documents referring to her union with the imaginary Aranjuez, and protected by a sort of bodyguard of mutes and duennas who never appear in public. She is, of course, to make a great match for herself, and has come to Rome to do it. That is also a pretty tale."

"More interesting than the other," said Montevarchi. "These side lights of genealogy, these stray rivulets of royal races, if I may so poetically call them, possess an absorbing interest for the student. I will make a note of it."

"Observe, I do not vouch for the truth of a single word in either story," said the young man. "Of the two, the first is the less improbable. I have met her and talked with her, and she is certainly not less than five and twenty years old. She may be more. In any case, she is too old to have been just let out of a convent."

"Perhaps she has been loose for some years," suggested Sant' Ilario, speaking of her as though she were a dangerous wild animal.

"We should have heard of her," objected the other. "She has the sort of

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personality which is noticed anywhere, and which makes itself felt."

"Then you incline to the belief that she dropped the Signor Aragno quietly overboard in the neighborhood of the equator?"

"The real story may be quite different from either of those I have told you."

"And she is a friend of poor old Donna Tullia!" exclaimed Montevarchi regretfully. "I am sorry for that. For the sake of her history I could almost have gone to the length of making her acquaintance."

"How the Del Ferice would rave if she could hear you call her 'poor old Donna Tullia'!" observed Frangipani. "I remember how she danced at the ball, when I came of age."

"That was a long time ago, Filippo," remarked Montevarchi thoughtfully, "a very long time ago. We were all young once, Filippo; but Donna Tullia is really fit only to fill a glass case in a museum of natural history now."

The remark was not original, and had been in circulation some time. But the three men laughed a little, and Montevarchi was much pleased by their appreciation. He and Frangipani began to talk together, and Sant' Ilario took up his paper again. When the young diplomatist laid his own aside and went out, Giovanni followed him, and they left the club together.

"Have you any reason to believe that there is anything irregular about this Madame d'Aranjuez?" inquired Sant' Ilario.

"No. Stories of that kind are generally inventions. She has not been presented at court, but that means nothing here; and there is a doubt about her nationality, but no one has asked her directly about it."

"May I ask who told you the stories?"

The young man's face immediately lost all expression.

"Really, I have quite forgotten," he said. "People have been talking about her."

Sant' Ilario justly concluded that his companion's informant was a lady, and probably one in whom the diplomatist was interested. Discretion is so rare that it can easily be traced to its causes. Giovanni left the young man and walked away in the opposite direction, inwardly meditating a piece of diplomacy quite foreign to his nature. He said to himself that he would watch the man in the world, and that it would be easy to guess who the lady in question was. It would have been clear to any one but himself that he was not likely to learn anything worth knowing, by his present mode of procedure.

"Gouache," he said, entering the artist's studio a quarter of an hour later, "do you know anything about Madame d'Aranjuez?"

"That is all I know," Gouache answered, pointing to Maria Consuelo's portrait, which stood finished upon an easel before him, set in an old frame. He had been touching it when Giovanni entered. "That is all I know, and I do not know that thoroughly. I wish I did. She is a wonderful subject."

Sant' Ilario gazed at the picture in silence.

"Are her eyes really like these?" he asked at length.

"Much finer."

"And her mouth?"

"Much larger," answered Gouache, with a smile.

"She is bad," said Giovanni, with conviction, and he thought of the Signor Aragno.

"Women are never bad," observed Gouache, with a thoughtful air. "Some are less angelic than others. You need only tell them all so to assure yourself of the fact."

"I dare say. What is this person? French, Spanish, South American?"

"I have not the least idea. She is not French, at all events."

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"Excuse me — does your wife know her?"

Gouache glanced quickly at his visitor's face.

"No."

Gouache was a singularly kind man, and he did his best, perhaps for reasons of his own, to convey nothing by the monosyllable beyond the simple negation of a fact. But the effort was not altogether successful. There was an almost imperceptible shade of surprise in the tone which did not escape Giovanni. On the other hand, it was perfectly clear to Gouache that Sant' Ilario's interest in the matter was connected with Orsino.

"I cannot find any one who knows anything definite," said Giovanni, after a pause.

"Have you tried Spicca?" asked the artist, examining his work critically.

"No. Why Spicca?"

"He always knows everything," answered Gouache vaguely. "By the way, Saracinesca, do you not think there might be a little more light just over the left eye?"

"How should I know?"

"You ought to know. What is the use of having been brought up under the very noses of original portraits, all painted by the best masters, and doubtless ordered by your ancestors at a very considerable expense, if you do not know?"

Giovanni laughed.

"My dear old friend," he said good-humoredly, "have you known us nearly five and twenty years without discovering that it is our peculiar privilege to be ignorant without reproach?"

Gouache laughed in his turn.

"You do not often make sharp remarks; but when you do!"

Giovanni left the studio very soon, and went in search of Spicca. It was no easy matter to find the peripatetic cynic on a winter's afternoon, but Gouache's remark had seemed to mean something, and Sant' Ilario saw a faint glimmer of hope in the distance. He knew Spicca's habits very well, and was aware that when the sun was low he would certainly turn into one of the many houses where he was intimate, and spend an hour over a cup of tea. The difficulty lay in ascertaining which particular fireside he would select on that afternoon. Sant' Ilario hastily sketched a route for himself, and asked the porter at each of his friends' houses if Spicca had entered. Fortune favored him at last. Spicca was drinking his tea with the Marchesa di San Giacinto.

Giovanni paused a moment before the gateway of the palace in which San Giacinto had inhabited a large hired apartment for many years. He did not see much of his cousin now, on account of differences in political opinion, and he had no reason whatever for calling on Flavia, especially as formal New Year's visits had lately been exchanged. However, as San Giacinto had become a leading authority on questions of landed property in the city, it struck him that he could pretend a desire to see Flavia's husband, and make that an excuse for staying a long time, if necessary, in order to wait for him.

He found Flavia and Spicca alone together, with a small tea-table between them. The air was heavy with the smoke of cigarettes, which clung to the Oriental curtains, and hung in clouds about the rare palms and plants. Everything in the San Giacinto house was large, comfortable, and unostentatious. There was not a chair to be seen which might not have held the giant's frame. San Giacinto was a wonderful judge of what was good. If he paid twice as much as Montevarchi for a horse, the horse turned out to be capable of four times the work. If he bought a picture at a sale, it was discovered to be by some good master, and other people wondered why they had lost courage in the bidding for a trifle of a hundred francs. Nothing ever turned out badly with

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him, but no success had the power to shake his solid prudence. No one knew how rich he was, but those who had watched him understood that he would never let the world guess at half his fortune. He was a giant in all ways, and he had shown what he could do when he had dominated Flavia, during the first year of their marriage. She had at first been proud of him, but about the time when she would have wearied of another man she discovered that she feared him in a way she certainly did not fear the devil. Yet he had never spoken a harsh word to her in his life. But there was something positively appalling to her in his enormous strength, rarely exhibited, and never without good reason, but always quietly present, as the outline of a vast mountain reflected in a placid lake. Then she found, to her great surprise, that he really loved her, which she had not expected, and at the end of three years he became aware that she loved him, which was still more astonishing. As usual, his investment had turned out well.

At the time of which I am speaking Flavia was a slight, graceful woman of forty years or thereabouts, retaining much of the brilliant prettiness which served her for beauty, and conspicuous always for her extremely bright eyes. She was of the type of women who live to a great age.

She had not expected to see Sant' Ilario, and as she gave her hand she looked up at him with an air of inquiry. It would have been like him to say that he had come to see her husband, and not herself, for he had no tact with persons whom he did not especially like. There are such people in the world.

"Will you give me a cup of tea, Flavia?" he asked, as he sat down, after shaking hands with Spicca.

"Have you at last heard that your cousin's tea is good?" inquired the latter, who was surprised by Giovanni's coming.

"I am afraid it is cold," said Flavia, looking into the teapot, as though she could discover the temperature by inspection.

"It is no matter," answered Giovanni absently.

He was wondering how he could lead the conversation to the discussion of Madame d'Aranjuez.

"You belong to the swallowers," observed Spicca, lighting a fresh cigarette. "You swallow something, no matter what, and you are satisfied."

"It is the simplest way; one is never disappointed."

"It is a pity one cannot swallow people in the same way," said Flavia, with a laugh.

"Most people do," answered Spicca viciously.

"Were you at the Jubilee on the first day?" asked Giovanni, addressing Flavia.

"Of course I was, and you spoke to me."

"That is true. By the bye, I saw that excellent Donna Tullia there. I wonder whose ticket she had?"

"She had the Princess Befana's," said Spicca, who knew everything. "The old lady happened to be dying, — she always dies at the beginning of the season; it used to be for economy, but it has become a habit, — and so Del Ferice bought her card of her servant for his wife."

"Who was the lady who sat with her?" asked Giovanni, delighted with his own skill.

"You ought to know!" exclaimed Flavia. "We all saw Orsino take her out. That is the famous, the incomparable Madame d'Aranjuez, — the most beautiful of Spanish princesses, according to to-day's paper. I dare say you have seen the account of the Del Ferice party? She is no more Spanish than Alexander the Great? Is she, Spicca?"

"No, she is not Spanish," said the latter.

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"Then what in the world is she?" asked Giovanni impatiently.

"How should I know? Of course it is very disagreeable for you." It was Flavia who spoke.

"Disagreeable? How?"

"Why, about Orsino, of course. Everybody says he is devoted to her."

"I wish everybody would mind his and her business," said Giovanni sharply. "Because a boy makes the acquaintance of a stranger at a studio" —

"Oh! it was at a studio? I did not know that."

"Yes, at Gouache's. I fancied your sister might have told you that," said Giovanni, growing more and more irritable, and yet not daring to change the subject lest he should lose some valuable information. "Because Orsino makes her acquaintance accidentally, every one must say that he is in love with her."

Flavia laughed.

"My dear Giovanni," she answered, "let us be frank. I used never to tell the truth under any circumstances, when I was a girl, but Giovanni — my Giovanni — did not like that. Do you know what he did? He used to cut off a hundred francs of my allowance for every fib I told, — laughing at me all the time. At the end of the first quarter I positively had not a pair of shoes, and all my gloves had been cleaned twice. He used to keep all the fines in a special pocket-book. If you knew how hard I tried to steal it! But I could not. Then I reformed. There was nothing else to be done, — that or rags. Fancy! And, do you know, I have grown quite used to being truthful. Besides, it is so original that I pose with it."

Flavia paused, laughed a little, and puffed at her cigarette.

"You do not often come to see me, Giovanni," she said, "and, since you are here, I am going to tell you the truth about your visit. You are beside yourself with rage at Orsino's new fancy, and you want to find out all about this Madame d'Aranjuez. So you came here because we are Whites, and you saw that she had been at the Del Ferice party, and you know that we know them, — and the rest is sung by the organ, as we say when high mass is over. Is that the truth, or not?"

"Approximately," said Giovanni, smiling in spite of himself.

"Does Corona cut your allowance when you tell fibs?" inquired Flavia. "No? Then why say that it is only approximately true?"

"I have my reasons. And you can tell me nothing?"

"Nothing. I believe Spicca knows all about her, but he will not tell what he knows."

Spicca made no answer to this, and Giovanni determined to outstay him, or rather, to stay until he rose to go, and then go with him. It was tedious work, for he was not a man who could talk against time on all occasions; but he struggled bravely, and Spicca at last got up from his deep chair. They went out together, and stopped, as though by common consent, upon the brilliantly lighted landing of the first floor.

"Seriously, Spicca," said Giovanni, "I am afraid Orsino is falling in love with this pretty stranger. If you can tell me anything about her, please do so."

Spicca stared at the wall, hesitated a moment, and then looked straight into his companion's eyes.

"Have you any reason to suppose that I, and I especially, know anything about this lady?" he asked.

"No, — except that you know everything."

"That is a fable." Spicca turned from him and began to descend the stairs.

Giovanni followed, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"You will not do me this service?" he asked earnestly.

Again Spicca stopped, and looked at him.

"You and I are very old friends,

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Giovanni," he said slowly. "I am older than you, but we have stood by each other very often, — in places more slippery than these marble steps. Do not let us quarrel now, old friend. When I tell you that my omniscience exists only in the vivid imaginations of people whose tea I like, believe me; and if you wish to do me a kindness, for the sake of old times, do not help to spread the idea that I know everything."

The melancholy Spicca had never been given to talking about friendship or its mutual obligations. Indeed, Giovanni could not remember having ever heard him speak as he had just spoken. It was perfectly clear that he knew something very definite about Maria Consuelo, and he probably had no intention of deceiving Giovanni in that respect. But Spicca also knew his man, and he knew that his appeal for Giovanni's silence would not be vain.

"Very well," said Sant' Ilario.

They exchanged a few indifferent words before parting, and then Giovanni walked slowly homeward, pondering on the things he had heard that day.

F. Marion Crawford.

THROUGH THE RUSHES.

THROUGH the rushes by the river
  Runs a drowsy tremor sweet,
And the waters stir and shiver
  In the darkness at their feet;
From the sombre east up-stealing,
Gradual, with slow revealing,
Comes the dawn, and with a sigh
    Night goes by.

Here and there, to mildest wooing,
  Folded buds are open blown;
And the drops their leaves bedewing,
  Like to seed-pearls thickly sown,
Sinking, with the blessing olden,
Deep into each calyx golden,
A supreme behest obey,
    Then melt away.

And while robes of splendor trailing
  Fitly deck the glowing morn,
And a fragrance, fresh exhaling,
  Greets her loveliness new-born,
Midst divine melodic voicings,
Midst delicious mute rejoicings,
Strong as when the worlds began,
    Awakens Pan!

Florence Earle Coates.

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HARVEST-TIDE ON THE VOLGA.

Our life at Prince X.'s estate on the Volga flowed on in a semi-monotonous, wholly delightful state of lotus-eating idleness, though it assuredly was not a case which came under the witty description once launched by Turgeneff broadside at his countrymen: "The Russian country proprietor comes to revel and simmer in his *ennui* like a mushroom frying in sour cream." Ennui shunned that happy valley. We passed the hot mornings at work on the veranda or in the well-filled library, varying them by drives to neighboring estates and villages, or by trips to the fields to watch the progress of the harvest, now in full swing. Such a visit we paid when all the able-bodied men and women in the village were ranged across the landscape in interminable lines, armed with their reaping-hooks, and forming a brilliant picture in contrast with the yellow grain, in their blue and scarlet raiment. They were fulfilling the contract which bound them to three days' labor for their landlord, in return for the pasturage furnished by him for their cattle. A gay kerchief and a single clinging garment, generally made of red and blue in equal portions, constituted the costume of the women. The scanty garments were faded and worn, for harvesting is terribly hard work, and they cannot use their good clothes, as at the haying, which is mere sport in comparison. Most of the men had their heads protected only by their long hair, whose sunburnt outer layer fell over their faces, as they stooped and reaped the grain artistically close to the ground. Their shirts were of faded red cotton; their full trousers, of blue-and-red-striped home-made linen, were confined by a strip of coarse crash swathed around the feet and legs to the knee, and cross-gartered with ropes. The feet of men and women alike were shod with low shoes of plaited linden bark over these cloths.

They smiled indulgently at our attempts to reap and make girdles for the sheaves, — the sickles seemed to grow dull and back-handed at our touch, — chatting with the dignified ease which characterizes the Russian peasant. The small children had been left behind in the village, in charge of the grandams and the women unfit for field labor. Baby had been brought to the scene of action, and installed in luxury. The cradle, a cloth distended by poles, like that of Peter the Great, which is preserved in the museum of the Kremlin at Moscow, was suspended from the upturned shafts of a *telyéga* by a stiff spiral spring of iron, similar to the springs used on bird-cages. The curtain was made of the mother's spare gown, her *sarafán*. Baby's milk-bottle consisted of a cow's horn, over the tip of which a cow's teat was fastened. I had already seen these dried teats for sale in pairs, in the popular markets, but had declined to place implicit faith in the venders' solemn statements as to their use.

It was the season which the peasants call by the expressive title *stradá* (suffering). Nearly all the summer work must be done together, and, with their primitive appliances, suffering is the inevitable result. They set out for the fields before sunrise, and return at indefinite hours, but never early. Sometimes they pass the night in the fields, under the shelter of a cart or of the grain sheaves. Men and women work equally and unweariedly; and the women receive less pay than the men for the same work, in the bad old fashion which is, unhappily, not yet unknown in other lands and ranks of life. Eating and sleeping join the number of the lost arts.

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The poor, brave people have but little to eat in any case, — not enough to induce thought or anxiety to return home. Last year's store has, in all probability, been nearly exhausted. They must wait until the grain which they are reaping has been threshed and ground before they can have their fill.

One holiday they observe, partly perforce, partly from choice, though it is not one of the great festivals of the church calendar — St. Ilyá's Day. St. Ilyá is the Christian representative of the old Slavic God of Thunder, Perún, as well as of the prophet Elijah. On or near his name day, July 20 (Old Style), he never fails to dash wildly athwart the sky in his chariot of fire; in other words, there is a terrific thunderstorm. Such is the belief; such, in my experience, is the fact, also.

Sundays were kept so far as the field work permitted, and the church was thronged. Even our choir of ill-trained village youths and boys could not spoil the ever exquisite music. There were usually two or three women who expected to become mothers before the week was out, and who came forward to take the communion for the last time, after the new-born babes and tiny children had been taken up by their mothers to receive it.

Every one was quiet, clean, reverent. The cloth-mill girls had discovered our (happily) obsolete magenta, and made themselves hideous in flounced petticoats and sacks of that dreadful hue. The sister of our Lukérya, the maid who had been assigned to us, thus attired, felt distinctly superior. Lukérya would have had the bad taste to follow her example, had she been permitted, so fast are evil fashions destroying the beautiful and practical national costumes. Little did Lukérya dream that she, in her peasant garb, with her thick nose and rather unformed face, was a hundred times prettier than Ánnushka, with far finer features and "fashionable" dress.

Independent and "fashionable" as many of these villagers were, they were ready enough to appeal to their former owners in case of illness or need; and they were always welcomed. Like most Russian women who spend any time on their estates, our hostess knew a good deal about medicine, which was necessitated by the circumstance that the district doctor lived eight miles away, and had such a wide circuit assigned to him that he could not be called in except for serious cases. Many of the remedies available or approved by the peasants were primitive, not to say heroic. For example, one man, who had exhausted all other remedies for rheumatism, was advised to go to the forest, thrust the ailing foot and leg into one of the huge ant-hills which abounded there, and allow the ants to sting him as long as he could bear the pain, for the sake of the formic acid which would thus be injected into the suffering limb. I confess that I should have liked to be present at this bit of — surgery, shall I call it? It would have been an opportunity for observing the Russian peasant's stoicism and love of suffering as a thing good in itself.

The peasants came on other errands, also. One morning we were startled, at our morning coffee, by the violent irruption into the dining-room, on his knees, of a man with clasped hands uplifted, rolling eyes, and hair wildly tossing, as he knocked his head on the floor, kissed our hostess's gown, and uttered heart-rending appeals to her, to Heaven, and to all the saints. "*Báruinya!* dear mistress!" he wailed. "Forgive! *Yay Bógu*, it was not my fault. The Virgin herself knows that the carpenter forced me to it. I 'll never do it again, never, God is my witness! Báruinya! Bá-á-ruinya! Bá-á-á-á-á-á-ruinya!" in an indescribable subdued howl. He was one of her former serfs, the keeper of the dramshop; and the carpenter, that indispensable functionary on an isolated

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estate, had "drunk up" all his tools (which did not belong to him, but to our hostess) at this man's establishment. The sly publican did not offer to return them, and he would not have so much as condescended to promises for the misty future, had he not been aware that the law permits the closing of pothouses on the complaint of proprietors in just such predicaments as this, as well as on the vote of the peasant Commune. Having won temporary respite by his well-acted anguish, he was ready to proceed again on the national plan of *avóse*, which may be vulgarly rendered into English by "running for luck."

But even more attractive than these house diversions and the village were the other external features of that sweet country life. The mushroom season was beginning. Equipped with baskets of ambitious size, we roamed the forests, which are carpeted in spring with lilies of the valley, and all summer long, even under the densest shadow, with rich grass. We learned the home and habits of the shrimp-pink mushroom, which is generally eaten salted; of the fat white and birch mushrooms, with their chocolate caps, to be eaten fresh; of the brown and green butter mushroom, most delicious of all to our taste, and beloved of the black beetle, whom we surprised at his feast. However, the mushrooms were only an excuse for dreaming away the afternoons amid the sweet glints of the fragrant snowy birch-trees and the green-gold flickerings of the pines, in the "black forest," which is a forest composed of evergreens and deciduous trees. Now and then, in our rambles, we met and skirted great pits dug in the grassy roads to prevent the peasants from conveniently perpetrating thefts of wood. Once we came upon a party of timber-thieves (it was Sunday afternoon), who espied us in time to rattle off in their rude telyéga with their prize, a great tree, at a rate which would have reduced ordinary flesh and bones to a jelly; leaving us to stare helplessly at the freshly hewn stump. Tawny hares tripped across our path, or gazed at us from the green twilight of the bushes, as we lay on the turf and discussed all things in the modern heaven and earth, from theosophy and Keely's motor to — the other extreme.

When the peasants had not forestalled us, we returned home with masses of mushrooms, flower-like in hue, — bronze, pink, snow-white, green, and yellow; and Ósip cooked them delicately, in sour cream, to accompany the juicy young blackcock and other game of our host's shooting. Ósip was a *cordon bleu*, and taxed his ingenuity to initiate us into all the mysteries of Russian cooking, which, under his tuition, we found delicious. The only national dish which we never really learned to like was one in which he had no hand, — fresh cucumbers sliced lengthwise and spread thick with new honey, which is supposed to be eaten after the honey has been blessed, with the fruits, on the feast of the Transfiguration, but which in practice is devoured whenever found, as the village priest was probably aware. The priest was himself an enthusiastic keeper of bees in odd, primitive hives. It was really amazing to note the difference between the good, simple-mannered old man in his humble home, where he received us in socks and a faded cassock, and nearly suffocated us with vivaciously repetitious hospitality, tea, and preserves, and the priest, with his truly majestic and inspired mien, as he served the altar.

Among the wild creatures in our host's great forests were hares, wolves, moose, and bears. The moose had retreated, for the hot weather, to the lakes on the Crown lands adjacent, to escape the maddening attacks of the gadflies. Though it was not the hungry height of the season with the wolves, there was always an exciting possibility of encountering a stray specimen during our strolls,

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and we found the skull and bones of a horse which they had killed the past winter. From early autumn these gray terrors roam the scene of our mushroom-parties, in packs, and kill cattle in ill-protected farm-yards and children in the villages.

It was too early for hare-coursing or wolf-hunting, but feathered game was plentiful. Great was the rivalry in "bags" between our host and the butler, a jealously keen sportsman. His dog, Modístka (the little milliner), had taught the clever pointer Miltón terribly bad tricks of hunting alone, and was even initiating her puppies into the same evil ways. When "Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé" returned triumphantly from the forest with their booty, and presented it to their indignant masters, there were fine scenes! Bébé and his brothers of the litter were so exactly alike in every detail that they could not be distinguished one from the other. Hence they had been dubbed *tchinórniki* (the officials), a bit of innocent malice which every Russian can appreciate.

Of the existence of bears we had one convincing glimpse. We drove off, one morning, in a drizzling rain, to picnic on a distant estate of our host's, in a "red" or "beautiful" forest (the two adjectives are synonymous in Russian), which is composed entirely of pines. During our long tramp through a superb growth of pines, every one of which would have furnished a mainmast for the largest old-fashioned ship, a bear stepped out as we passed through a narrow defile, and showed an inclination to join our party. The armed Russian and Mordvinian foresters, our guides and protectors, were in the vanguard; and as Míshka seemed peaceably disposed we relinquished all designs on his pelt, consoling ourselves with the reflection that it would not be good at this season of the year. We camped out on the crest of the hill, upon a huge rug, soft and thick, the work of serfs in former days, representing an art now well-nigh lost, and feasted on nut-sweet crayfish from the Volga, new potatoes cooked in our gypsy kettle, curds, sour black bread, and other more conventional delicacies. The rain pattered softly on us, — we disdained umbrellas, — and on the pine needles, rising in hillocks, here and there, over snowy great mushrooms, of a sort to be salted and eaten during fasts. The wife of the priest, who is condemned to so much fasting, had a wonderfully keen instinct for these particular mushrooms, and had explained to us all their merits, which seemed obscure to our non-fasting souls. Our Russian forester regaled us with forest lore, as we lay on our backs to look at the tops of the trees. But, to my amazement, he had never heard of the *Léshi* and the *Vodyanói*, the wood-king and water-king of the folk tales. At all events, he had never seen them, nor heard their weird frolics in the boughs and waves. The Mordvinian contributed to the entertainment by telling us of his people's costumes and habits, and gave us a lesson in his language, which was of the Tatár-Finnish variety. Like the Tchuváshi and other tribes here on the Volga, the Mordvinians furnish pleasurable excitement and bewilderment to ethnographists and students of religions.

These simple amusements came to an end all too soon, despite the rain. We were seized with a fancy to try the peasant telyéga for the descent, and packed ourselves in with the rug and utensils. Our Mordvinian, swarthy and gray-eyed, walked beside us, casting glances of inquiry at us, as the shaggy little horse plunged along, to ascertain our degrees of satisfaction with the experiment. He thrust the dripping boughs from our faces with graceful, natural courtesy; and when we alighted, breathless and shaken to a pulp, at the forester's hut, where our carriages awaited us, he picked up the hairpins and gave them to us gravely, one by one, as needed. We were so entirely content with our

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telyéga experience that we were in no undue haste to repeat it. We drove home in the persistent rain, which had affected neither our bodies nor our spirits, bearing a trophy of unfringed gentians to add to our collection of golden-rod, harebells, rose-colored fringed pinks, and other familiar wild flowers which reminded us of the western hemisphere.

The days were too brief for our delights. In the afternoons and evenings, we took breezy gallops through the forests, along the boundary sward of the fields, across the rich black soil of that third of the land which, in the "three-field" system of cultivation, is allowed to lie fallow after it has borne a crop of winter grain, rye, and one of summer grain, oats. We watched the peasants ploughing or scattering the seed-corn, or returning, mounted side-saddle fashion on their horses, with their primitive ploughs reversed. Only such rich land could tolerate these Adam-like earth-scratchers. As we met the cows on their way home from pasture, we took observations, to verify the whimsical barometer of the peasants; and we found that if a light-hued cow headed the procession the next day really was pretty sure to be fair, while a dark cow brought foul weather. As the twilight deepened, the quail piped under the very hoofs of our horses; the moon rose over the forest, which would soon ring with the howl of wolves; the fresh breath of the river came to us laden with peculiar scents, through which penetrated the heavy odor of the green-black hemp.

One day the horses were ordered, as usual. They did not appear. The cavalryman who had been hired expressly to train them had not only neglected his duty, but had run away, without warning, to reap his own little field, in parts unknown. He had carefully observed silence as to its existence, when he was engaged. This was item number one. Item number two was that there was something the matter with all the horses, except Little Boy, Little Bird, and the small white Bashkir horse from the steppes, whose ear had been slit to subdue his wildness. The truth was, the steward's young son had been practicing high jumping, bareback, in a circus costume of pink calico shirt and trousers, topped by his tow-colored hair. We had seen this surreptitious performance, but considered it best to betray nothing, as the lad had done so well in the village school that our hosts were about to send him to town, to continue his studies at their expense.

The overseer, another soldier, was ordered to don his uniform and accompany us. He rebelled. "He had just got his hair grown to the square state which suited his peasant garb, and it would not go with his dragoon's uniform in the least. Why, he would look like a Kazák! Impossible, utterly!" He was sternly commanded not to consider his hair; this was not the city, with spectators. When he finally appeared, in full array, we saw that he had applied the shears to his locks, in a hasty effort to compromise between war and peace without losing the cut. The effect was peculiar; it would strike his commanding officer dumb with mirth and horror. He blushed in a deprecating manner whenever we glanced at him.

There was a bath-house beside the river. But a greater luxury was the hot bath, presided over by old Alexandra. Alexandra, born a serf on the estate, was now like a humble member of the family, the relations not having changed, perceptibly, since the emancipation, to the old woman's satisfaction. She believed firmly in the *Domovói* (the house sprite), and told wonderful tales of her experiences with him. Skepticism on that point did not please her. When the horses were brought round with matted manes, a sign of an affectionate visit from the Domovói, which must not be removed, under penalty of his displeasure, it was useless to tell Alexandra

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that a weasel had been caught in the act, and that her sprite was no other. She clung to her belief in her dreaded friend.

The bath was a small log house, situated a short distance from the manor. It was divided into ante-room, dressing-room, and the bath proper. When we were ready, Alexandra, a famous bath-woman, took boiling water from the tank in the corner oven, which had been heating for hours, made a strong lather, and scrubbed us soundly with a wad of linden bast shredded into fibres. Her wad was of the choicest sort; not that which is sold in the popular markets, but that which is procured by stripping into rather coarse filaments the strands of an old mat-sack, such as is used for everything in Russia, from wrappers for sheet iron to bags for carrying a pound of cherries. After a final douche with boiling water, we mounted the high shelf, with its wooden pillow, and the artistic part of the operation began. As we lay there in the suffocating steam, Alexandra whipped us thoroughly with a small besom of birch twigs, rendered pliable and secure of their tender leaves by a preliminary plunge in boiling water. When we gasped for breath, she interpreted it is a symptom of speechless delight, and flew to the oven and dashed a bucket of cold water on the red-hot stones placed there for the purpose. The steam poured forth in intolerable clouds; but we submitted, powerless to protest. Alexandra, with all her clothes on, seemed not to feel the heat. She administered a merciless yet gentle massage to every limb with her birch rods, — what would it have been like if she had used nettles, the peasants' delight? — and rescued us from utter collapse just in time by a douche of ice-cold water. We huddled on all the warm clothing we owned, were driven home, plied with boiling tea, and put to bed for two hours. At the end of that time we felt made over, physically, and ready to beg for another birching. But we were warned not to expose ourselves to cold for at least twenty-four hours, although we had often seen peasants, fresh from their bath, birch besom in hand, in the wintry streets of the two capitals.

We visited the peasants in their cottages, and found them very reluctant to sell anything except towel crash. All other linen which they wove they needed for themselves, and it looked as even and strong as iron. Here in the south the rope-and-moss-plugged log house stood flat on the ground, and was thatched with straw, which was secured by a ladder-like arrangement of poles along the gable ends. Three tiny windows, with tinier panes, relieved the street front of the house. The entrance was on the side, from the small farm-yard, littered with farming implements, chickens, and manure, and inclosed with the usual fence of wattled branches. From the small ante-room, designed to keep out the winter cold, the store-room opened at the rear, and the living-room at the front. The left-hand corner of the living-room, as one entered, was occupied by the oven, made of stones and clay, and white-washed. In it the cooking was done by placing the pots among the glowing wood coals. The bread was baked when the coals had been raked out. Later still, when desired, the owners took their steam bath, more resembling a roasting, inside it, and the old people kept their aged bones warm by sleeping on top of it, close to the low ceiling. Round three sides of the room ran a broad bench, which served for furniture and beds. In the right-hand corner, opposite the door, — the "great corner" of honor, — was the case of images, in front of which stood the rough table whereon meals were eaten. This was convenient, since the images were saluted, at the beginning and end of meals, with the sign of the cross and a murmured prayer. The case contained the sacred picture wherewith the young couple were blessed by their parents on their marriage, and any

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others which they might have acquired, with possibly a branch of their Palm Sunday pussy willows, the æsthetic palms which are used all over Russia, from palace to hut. A narrow room, monopolizing one of the windows, opened from the living-room, beyond the oven, and served as pantry and kitchen. A wooden trough, like a chopping-tray, was the wash-tub. The ironing or mangling apparatus consisted of a rolling-pin, round which the article of clothing was wrapped, and a curved paddle of hard wood, its under-surface carved in pretty geometrical designs, with which it was smoothed. This paddle served also to beat the clothes upon the stones, when the washing was done in the river, in warm weather. A few wooden bowls and spoons and earthen pots, including the variety which keeps milk cool without either ice or running water, completed the household utensils. Add a loom for weaving crash, the blue linen for the men's trousers and the women's scant sarafáns, and the white for their aprons and chemises, and the cloth for coats, and the furnishing is done.

The village granaries, with wattled walls and thatched roofs, are placed apart, to lessen the danger from fire, near the large gates which give admission to the village through the wattled fence encircling it. These gates, closed at night, are guarded by peasants who are unfitted, through age or infirmities, for field labor. They employ themselves, in their tiny wattled lean-tos, in plaiting the low shoes of linden bark, used by both men and women, in making carts, or in some other simple occupation. An axe — a whole armory of tools to the Russian peasant — and an iron bolt are their sole implements.

We were cut off from intercourse with one of the neighboring estates by the appearance there of the Siberian cattle plague, and were told that, should it spread, arrivals from that quarter would be admitted to the village only after passing through the disinfecting fumes of dung fires burning at the gate.

Incendiaries and horse-thieves are the scourges of village life in Russia. Such men can be banished to Siberia, by a vote of the Commune of peasant householders. But as the Commune must bear the expense, and people are afraid that the evil doer will revenge himself by setting the village on fire, if he discovers their plan, this privilege is exercised with comparative rarity. The man who steals the peasant's horse condemns him to starvation and ruin. Such a man there had been in our friends' village, and for long years they had borne with him patiently. He was crafty and had "influence" in some mysterious fashion, which made him a dangerous customer to deal with. But at last he was sent off. Now, during our visit, the village was trembling over a rumor that he was on his way back to wreak vengeance on his former neighbors. I presume they were obliged to have him banished again, by administrative order from the Minister of the Interior, — the only remedy when one of this class of exiles has served out his term, — before they could sleep tranquilly.

When seen in his village home, it is impossible not to admire the hard-working, intelligent, patient, gentle, and sympathetic Muzhík, in spite of all his faults. We made acquaintance with some of his democratic manners during a truly unique picnic, arranged by our charming hosts expressly to convince us that the famous sterlet merited its reputation. We had tried it in first-class hotels and at their own table, as well as at other private tables, and we maintained that it was merely a sweet, fine-grained, insipid fish.

"Wait until we show you *zhiryókha* [sterlet grilled in its own fat] and *ukhá* [soup] as prepared by the fishermen of the Volga. The Petersburg and Moscow people cannot even tell you the meaning of the word 'zhiryókha,'" was

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the reply. "As for the famous 'amber' soup, you have seen that even Ósip's efforts do not deserve the epithet."

Accordingly, we assembled one morning at seven o'clock, to the sound of the hunting-horn, to set out for a point on the Volga twelve miles distant. We found Miltón, the Milliner, and the whole litter of officials in possession of the carriage, and the coachman's dignity relaxed into a grin at their antics, evoked by a suspicion that we were going hunting. Our vehicle, on this occasion, as on all our expeditions to field and forest, was a stoutly built, springless carriage, called a *linyáyka*, or little line, which is better adapted than any other to country roads, and is much used. In Kazán, by some curious confusion of ideas, it is called a "guitar." Another nickname for it is "the lieutenant's coach," which was bestowed upon it by the Emperor Nicholas. The Tsar came to visit one of the Volga provinces, and found a linyáyka awaiting him at the landing, for the reason that nothing more elegant, and with springs, could scale the ascent to the town, over the rough roads. The landed proprietors of that government were noted for their dislike for the service of the state, which led them to shirk it, regardless of the dignity and titles to be thus acquired. They were in the habit of retiring to their beloved country homes when they had attained the lowest permissible rung of that wonderful Jacob's ladder leading to the heaven of officialdom, established by Peter the Great, and dubbed the Table of Ranks. This grade was lieutenant in the army or navy, and the corresponding counselor in the civil service. The story runs that Nicholas stretched himself out at full length on it for a moment, and gave it its name. Naturally, such men accepted the Emperor's jest as a compliment, and perpetuated its memory.

At right angles to the coachman's seat of our carriage ran a long upholstered bench, on which we sat, back to back, — or rather, alternately, as the seat was not wide, — with our feet resting on footboards which curved upwards, as guards, over the low wheels. Transverse seats, each accommodating two persons, ran parallel with the box, in front and rear. This is a development of the Russian racing-gig, which is also used for rough driving in the country, by landed proprietors. In the latter case it is merely a short board, bare or upholstered, on which the occupant sits astride, with his feet resting on the forward axle. Old engravings represent this uncomfortable model as the public carriage of St. Petersburg at the close of the last century.

Our troïka of horses was caparisoned in blue and red leather, lavishly decorated with large metal plaques and with chains which musically replaced portions of the leather straps. Over the neck of the middle horse, who trotted, rose an ornamented arch of wood. The side horses, loosely attached by leather thongs, galloped with much freedom and grace, their heads bent downward and outward, so that we could watch their beautiful eyes and crimson nostrils. Our coachman's long *armyák*, of dark blue cloth, confined by a gay girdle, was topped by a close tarban hat of black felt, stuck all the way round with a row of eyes from a peacock's tail. He observed all the correct rules of Russian driving, dashing up ascents at full speed, and holding his arms outstretched as though engaged in a race, which our pace suggested.

Our road to the Volga lay, at first, through a vast grain-field, dotted with peasants at the harvest. Miles of sunflowers followed. They would provide oil for the poorer classes to use in cooking during the numerous fasts, when butter is forbidden, and seeds to chew in place of the unattainable peanut. Our goal was a village situated beneath lofty chalk hills, dazzling white in the sun. A large portion of the village, which had

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been burned a short time before, was already nearly rebuilt, thanks to the ready-made houses supplied by the novel wood-yards of Samára.

The butler had been dispatched, on the previous evening, with a wagon-load of provisions and comforts, and with orders to make the necessary arrangements for a boat and crew with fisherman Piótr. But, for reasons which seemed too voluble and complicated for adequate expression, Piótr had been as slow of movement as my bumptious *yamtschik* of the posting-station, and nothing was ready. Piótr, like many elderly peasants, might sit for the portrait of his apostolic namesake. But he approved of more wine "for the stomach's sake" than any apostle ever ventured to recommend, and he had ingenious methods of securing it. For example, when he brought crayfish to the house, he improved the opportunity. The fishermen scorn these dainties, and throw them out of the nets. The fact that they were specially ordered was sufficient hint to Piótr. He habitually concealed them in the steward's hemp patch or some other handy nook, and presented himself to our host with the announcement that he would produce them when he was paid his "tea money" in advance, in the shape of a glass of *vódka*. The swap always took place.

In spite of this weakness, Piótr was a very well-to-do peasant. We inspected his establishment and tasted his cream, while he was exhausting his stock of language. His house was like all others of that region in plan, and everything was clean and orderly. It had an air about it as though no one ever ate or really did any work there, which was decidedly deceptive, and his living-room contained the nearest approach to a bed and bedding which we had seen: a platform supported by two legs and the wall, and spread with a small piece of heavy gray and black felt.

Finding that Piótr's eloquence had received lengthy inspiration, we bore him off, in the middle of his peroration, to the river, where we took possession of a boat with a chronic leak, and a prow the exact shape of a sterlet's nose reversed. But Piótr swore that it was the stanchest craft between Ástrakhan and Rýbinsk, and intrepidly took command, steering with a long paddle, while four alert young peasants plied the oars. Piótr's costume consisted of a cotton shirt and brief trousers. The others added caps, which, however, they wore only spasmodically.

A picnic without singing was not to be thought of, and we requested the men to favor us with some folk songs. No bashful schoolgirls could have resisted our entreaties with more tortuous graces than did those untutored peasants. One of them was such an exact blond copy of a pretty brunette American, whom we had always regarded as the most affected of her sex, that we fairly stared him out of countenance, in our amazement; and we made mental apologies to the American on the spot.

"Please sing Adown dear Mother Volga," the conversation ran.

"We can't sing." "We don't know it." "You sing it and show us how, and we will join in."

The Affected One capped the climax with "It's not in the mo-o-o-ode now, that song!" with a delicate assumption of languor which made his comrades explode in suppressed convulsions of mirth. Finally they supplied the key, but not the keynote.

"Give us some vódka, and we may, perhaps, remember something."

Promises of vódka at the end of the voyage, when the danger was over, were rejected without hesitation. We reached our breakfast-ground in profound silence.

Fortunately, the catch of sterlet at this stand had been good. The fishermen grilled some "in their own fat," by salting them and spitting them alive on peeled willow wands, which they

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thrust into the ground, in a slanting position, over a bed of glowing coals. Anything more delicious it would be difficult to imagine; and we began to revise our opinion of the sterlet. In the mean time our boatmen had discovered some small, sour ground blackberries, which they gallantly presented to us in their caps. Their feelings were so deeply wounded by our attempts to refuse this delicacy that we accepted and actually ate them, to the great satisfaction of the songless rogues who stood over us.

Our own fishing with a line resulted in nothing but the sport and sunburn. We bought a quantity of sterlet, lest the fishermen at the camp where we had planned to dine should have been unlucky, placed them in a net such as is used in towns for carrying fish from market, and trailed them in the water behind our boat.

We were destined to experience all possible aspects of a Volga excursion, that day, short of absolute shipwreck. As we floated down the mighty stream, a violent thunderstorm broke over our heads with the suddenness characteristic of the country. We were wet to the skin before we could get at the rain-cloaks on which we were sitting, but our boatmen remained as dry as ever, to our mystification. In the middle of the storm, our unworthy vessel sprung a fresh leak, the water poured in, and we were forced to run aground on a sand-bank for repairs. These were speedily effected, with a wad of paper, by Piótr, who, with a towel cast about his head and shoulders, looked more like an apostle than ever.

It appeared that our fishing-camp had moved away; but we found it at last, several miles down stream, on a sand-spit backed with willow bushes. It was temporarily deserted, save for a man who was repairing a net, and who assured us that his comrades would soon return from their trip, for supplies, to the small town which we could discern on the slope of the hill shore opposite. There was nothing to explore on our sand-reef except the fishermen's primitive shelter, composed of a bit of sail-cloth and a few boards, furnished with simple cooking utensils, and superintended by a couple of frolicsome kittens, who took an unfeline delight in wading along in the edge of the water. So we spread ourselves out to dry on the clean sand, in the rays of the now glowing sun, and watched the merchandise, chiefly fish, stacked like cord wood, being towed up from Ástrakhan in great barges.

At last our fisher hosts arrived, and greeted us with grave courtesy and lack of surprise. They began their preparations by scouring out their big camp kettle with beach sand, and building a fire at the water's edge to facilitate the cleaning of the fish. We followed their proceedings with deep interest, being curious to learn the secret of the genuine "amber sterlet soup." This was what we discovered.

The fish must be alive. They remain so after the slight preliminaries, and are plunged into the simmering water, heads and all, the heads and the parts adjacent being esteemed a delicacy. No other fish are necessary, no spices or ingredients except a little salt, the cookery-books to the contrary notwithstanding. The sterlet is expensive in regions where the cook-book flourishes, and the other fish are merely a cheat of town economy. The scum is not removed, — this is the capital point, — but stirred in as fast as it rises. If the ukhá be skimmed, after the manner of professional cooks, the whole flavor and richness are lost.

While the soup was boiling and more sterlet were being grilled in their own fat, as a second course, our men pitched our tent and ran up our flag, and the butler set the table on our big rug. It was lucky that we had purchased fish at our breakfast-place, as no sterlet had been caught at this camp. When the soup made its appearance, we comprehended the epithet "amber" and its

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fame. Of a deep gold, almost orange color, with the rich fat, and clear as a topaz, it was utterly unlike anything we had ever tasted. We understood the despair of Parisian *gourmets* and cooks, and we confirmed the verdict, provisionally announced at breakfast, that the sterlet is the king of all fish. As it is indescribable, I may be excused for not attempting to do justice to it in words.

While we feasted, the fishermen cooked themselves a kettle of less dainty fish, as a treat from us, since the fish belong to the contractor who farms the ground, not to the men. Their meal ended, the regulation cross and prayer executed, they amiably consented to anticipate the usual hour for casting their net, in order that we might see the operation. The net, two hundred and fifty fathoms in length, was manœuvred down the long beach well out in the stream by one man in a boat and by five men on shore, who harnessed themselves to a long cable by halters woven from the soft inner bark of the linden-tree. We grasped the rope and helped them pull. We might not have been of much real assistance, but we learned, at least, how heavy is this toil, repeated many times a day, even when the pouch reveals so slender a catch as in the present instance. There was nothing very valuable in it, though there was variety enough, and we were deceived, for a moment, by several false sterlet.

The small samovár which we had brought gave us a steaming welcome, on our return to camp. Perched on the fishermen's seatless chair and stool, and on boxes, we drank our tea and began our preparations for departure, bestowing a reward on the men, who had acted their parts as impromptu hosts to perfection. It was late; but our men burst into song, when their oars dipped in the waves, as spontaneously as the nightingales which people these shores in springtime, — inspired probably by the full moon, which they melodiously apostrophized as "the size of a twenty-kopék bit." They sang of Sténka Rázin, the bandit chief, who kept the Volga and the Caspian Sea in a state of terror during the reign of Peter the Great's father; of his "poor people, good youths, fugitives, who were no thieves nor brigands, but only Sténka Rázin's workmen." They declared, in all seriousness, that he had been wont to navigate upon a felt rug, like the one we had seen in Piótr's cottage; and they disputed over the exact shade of meaning contained in the words which he was in the habit of using when he summoned a rich merchant vessel to surrender as his prize. Evidently, Sténka was no semi-epic, mythical hero to them, but a living reality.

"Adown dear Mother Volga
Adown her mighty sweep,"

they sang; and suddenly ran the boat aground, and fled up the steep slope like deer, carrying with them their tall winter boots of gray felt, which had lain under the thwarts all day. We waited, shivering in the keen night air, and wondering whether we were deserted on this lonely reach of the river at midnight. If the apostle Peter understood the manœuvre, he was loyal and kept their counsel. He gave no comfort beyond the oracular *seitchás*, which we were intended to construe as meaning that they would be back in no time.

When they did return, after a long absence, their feet were as bare as they had been all day. Their boots were borne tenderly in their arms, and were distended to their utmost capacity with apples! In answer to our remonstrances, they replied cheerfully that the night was very warm, and that the apples came from "their garden, over yonder on the bank." On further questioning, their village being miles distant, they retorted, with a laugh, that they had gardens all along the river; and they offered to share their plunder with us. The Affected One tossed an apple past my

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head, with the cry, "Catch, Sásha!" to our host, of whose familiar name he had taken note during the day. After this and other experiences, we were prepared to credit an anecdote which had been related to us of a peasant in that neighborhood, to illustrate the democratic notions of his class which prevailed even during the days of serfdom. One of the provincial assemblies, to which nobles and peasants have been equally eligible for election since the emancipation, met for the first time, thus newly constituted. One of the nobles, desirous of making the peasants feel at home, rose and began: —

"We bid you welcome, our younger brothers, to this" —

"We are nobody's inferiors or younger brothers any more," interrupted a peasant member, "and we will not allow you to call us so."

The nobles took the hint, and made no further unnecessary advances. Yes, these Volga peasants certainly possess as strong a sense of democratic equality as any one could wish. But the soft ingenuousness of their manners and their tact disarm wrath at the rare little liberties which they take. Even their way of addressing their former masters by the familiar "thou" betokens respectful affection, not impertinence.

Our men soon wearied of pulling against the powerful current, dodging the steamers and the tug-boats with their strings of barks signaled by constellations of colored lanterns high in air. Perhaps they would have borne up better had we been able to obtain some Ástrakhan water-melons from the steamer wharves, which we besieged in turn as we passed. They proposed to tow us. On Piótr's assurance that it would be a far swifter mode of locomotion, and that they would pay no more visits to "their gardens," we consented. They set up a mast through an opening in one of the thwarts, passed through a hole in its top a cord the size of a cod-line, fastened this to the stern of the boat, and leaped ashore with the free end. Off they darted, galloping like horses along the old tow-path, and singing vigorously. Piótr remained on board to steer. As we dashed rapidly through the water, we gained practical knowledge of the manner in which every pound of merchandise was hauled to the great Fair, from Ástrakhan, fourteen hundred and forty miles, before the introduction of steamers, except in the comparatively rare cases where oxen were made to wind windlasses on the deck of a bark. It would have required hours of hard rowing to reach our goal; but by this means we were soon walking across the yielding sands to Piótr's cottage. Our cunning rogues of boatmen took advantage of our scattered march to obtain from us separately such installments of tea money as must, in the aggregate, have rendered them hilarious for days to come, if they paid themselves for their minstrelsy in the coin which they had suggested to us before breakfast.

Piótr's smiling wife, who was small, like most Russian peasant women, had baked us some half-rye, half-wheat bread, to our order; she made it remarkably well, much better than Ósip. We secured a more lasting memento of her handiwork in the form of some towel ends, which she had spun, woven, drawn, and worked very prettily. Some long-haired heads were thrust over the oven top to inspect us, but the bodies did not follow. They were better engaged in enjoying the heat left from the baking.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we drove through the village flock of sheep, that lay asleep on the grassy street. With hand on pistol, to guard against a possible stray wolf, we dashed past the shadowy chalk hills; past the nodding sunflowers, whose sleepy eyes were still turned to the east; past the grain-fields, transmuted from gold to silver by the moonlight; past the newly ploughed land, which looked like velvet

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billows in its depths of brown, as the moon sank lower and lower beyond in a mantle of flame.

By this time practice had rendered us expert in retaining our seats in the low, springless linyáyka. Fortunately, for we were all three quarters asleep at intervals, with excess of fresh air. Even when the moon had gone down, and a space of darkness intervened before the day, our headlong pace was not slackened for a moment. As we drove up to the door, in the pearl-pink dawn, Tulip, the huge yellow mastiff with tawny eyes, the guardian of the courtyard, received us with his usual ceremony, through which pierced a petition for a caress. We heeded him not. By six o'clock we were fast asleep. Not even a packet of letters from home could keep our eyes open after that four-and-twenty hours' picnic, which had been unmarred by a single fault, but which had contained all the "experiences" and "local color" which we could have desired.

How can I present a picture of all the variations in those sweet, busy-idle days? They vanished all too swiftly. But now the rick-yard was heaped high with golden sheaves; the carts came in steady lines, creaking under endless loads, from those fields which, this present year, lie scorched with drought, and over which famine is brooding. The peasant girls tossed the grain, with forked boughs, to the threshing-machine, tended by other girls. The village boys had a fine frolic dragging the straw away in bundles laid artfully on the ends of two long poles fastened shaft-wise to the horse's flanks. We had seen the harvesting, the ploughing with the primitive wooden plough, the harrowing with equally simple contrivances, and the new grain was beginning to clothe the soil with a delicate veil of green. It was time for us to go. During our whole visit, not a moment had hung heavy on our hands, here in the depths of the country, where visitors were comparatively few and neighbors distant, such had been the unwearied attention and kindness of our hosts.

We set out for the river once more. This time we had a landau, and a cart for our luggage. As we halted to drink milk in the Tchuvásh village, the inhabitants who chanced to be at home thronged about our carriage. We espied several women arrayed in their native costume, which has been almost entirely abandoned for the Russian dress, and is fast becoming a precious rarity. The men have already discarded their dress completely for the Russian. We sent one of the women home to fetch her Sunday gown, and purchased it on the spot. Such a wonderful piece of work! The woman had spun, woven, and sewed it; she had embroidered it in beautiful Turanian, not Russian patterns, with silks, — dull red, pale green, relieved by touches of dark blue; she had striped it lengthwise with bands of red cotton and embroidery, and crosswise with fancy ribbons and gay calicoes; she had made a mosaic of the back which must have delighted her rear neighbors in church; and she had used the gown with such care that, although it had never been washed, it was not badly soiled. One piece for the body, two for the head, a sham pocket, — that was all. The footgear consisted of crash bands, bast slippers, rope cross-garters. The artists to whom I showed the costume, later on, pronounced it an ethnographical prize.

These Tchuváshi are a small, gray-eyed, olive-skinned race, with cheek-bones and other features like the Tatárs, but less well preserved than with the latter, in spite of their always marrying among themselves. There must have been dilution of the race at some time, if the characteristics were as strongly marked as with the Tatárs, in their original ancestors from Asia. Most of them are baptized into the Russian faith, and their villages have Russian churches. Nevertheless, along with their native tongue they are believed to retain many

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of their ancient pagan customs and superstitions, although baptism is in no sense compulsory. The priest in our friends' village, who had lived among them, had told us that such is the case. But he had also declared that they possess many estimable traits of character, and that their family life is deserving of imitation in more than one particular. This village of theirs looked prosperous and clean. The men, being brought more into contact with outsiders than the women, speak Russian better than the latter, and more generally. It is not exactly a case which proves woman's conservative tendencies.

On reaching the river, and finding that no steamer was likely to arrive for several hours, we put up at the cottage of a prosperous peasant, which was patronized by many of the neighboring nobles, in preference to the wretched inns of that suburb of the wharves. The "best room" had a citified air, with its white curtains, leaf plants, pretty china tea service, and photographs of the family on the wall. These last seemed to us in keeping with the sewing-machine which we had seen a peasant woman operating in a shop of the little posting-town inland. They denoted progress, since many peasants cherish religious scruples or superstitions about having their portraits taken in any form.

The athletic sons, clad only in shirts and trousers of sprigged print, with fine chestnut hair, which compensated for their bare feet, vacated the room for our use. They and the house were as clean as possible. Outside, near the entrance door, hung the family washstand, a double-spouted teapot of bronze suspended by chains. But it was plain that they did not pin their faith wholly to it, and that they took the weekly steam bath which is customary with the peasants. Not everything was citified in the matter of sanitary arrangements. But these people seemed to thrive, as our ancestors all did, and probably regarded us as over-particular.

To fill in the interval of waiting, we made an excursion to the heart of the town, and visited the pretty public garden overhanging the river, and noteworthy for its superb dahlias. As we observed the types of young people who were strolling there, we recognized them, with slight alterations only, which the lapse of time explained, from the types which we had seen on the stage in Ostrófsky's famous play The Thunderstorm. The scene of that play is laid on the banks of the Volga, in just such a garden; why should it not have been on this spot?

All peasant *izbái* are so bewilderingly alike that we found our special cottage again with some difficulty, by the light of the young moon. By this time "the oldest inhabitant" had hazarded a guess as to the line whose steamer would arrive first. Accordingly, we gathered up our small luggage and our Tchuvásh costume, and fairly rolled down the steep, pathless declivity of slippery turf, groping our way to the right wharf. How the luggage cart got down was a puzzle. Here we ordered in the samovár, and feasted until far into the night on the country dainties which we had brought with us, supplemented by one of the first watermelons from Ástrakhan, which we had purchased from a belated dealer in the deserted town market. The boat was late, as a matter of course; but we understood the situation now, and asked no questions. When it arrived, we and our charming hosts, whose society we were to enjoy for a few days longer, embarked for Samára, to visit the famous *kumýs* establishments on the steppes.

Russian harvest-tide was over for us, leaving behind a store of memories as golden as the grain, fitly framed on either hand by Mother Volga.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

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THE CHILDREN'S POETS.

Now and then I hear it affirmed by sad-voiced pessimists, whispering in the gloom, that people do not read as much poetry in our day as they did in our grandfathers', that this is distinctly the era of prose, and that the poet is no longer, even as Shelley claimed, the unacknowledged legislator of the world. Perhaps these cheerless statements are true, though it would be more agreeable not to believe them. Perhaps, with the exception of Browning, whom we study because he is difficult to understand, and of Shakespeare, whom we read because it is hard to content our souls without him, the poets have slipped away from our crowded lives, and are best known to us through the medium of their reviewers. We are always wandering from the paths of pleasure, and this may be one of our deviations. Yet what matters it, after all, while around us, on every side, in schoolrooms and nurseries, in quiet corners and by cheerful fires, the children are reading poetry? — reading it with a joyous enthusiasm and an absolute surrendering of spirit which we can all remember, but can never feel again. Well might Sainte-Beuve speak bravely of the clear, fine penetration peculiar to childhood. Well might he recall, with wistful sighs, "that instinctive knowledge which afterwards ripens into judgment, but of which the fresh lucidity remains forever unapproached." He knew, as all critics have known, that it is only the child who responds swiftly, pliantly, and unreservedly to the allurements of the imagination. He knew that, when poetry is in question, it is better to feel than to think; and that with the growth of a guarded and disciplined intelligence, straining after the enjoyment which perfection in literary art can give, the first careless rapture of youth fades into a half-remembered dream.

If we are disposed to doubt the love that children bear to poetry, a love concerning which they exhibit a good deal of reticence, let us consider only the alacrity with which they study, for their own delight, the poems that please them best. How should we fare, I wonder, if tried by a similar test? How should we like to sit down and commit to memory Tennyson's Œnone, or Locksley Hall, or Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean, or the battle scene in Marmion? Yet I have known children to whom every word of these and many other poems was as familiar as the alphabet; and a great deal more familiar — thank Heaven! — than the multiplication table or the capitals of the United States. A rightly constituted child may find the paths of knowledge hopelessly barred by a single page of geography or by a single sum in fractions; but he will range at pleasure through the paths of poetry, having the open sesame to every door. Sir Walter Scott, who was essentially a rightly constituted child, did not even wait for a formal introduction to his letters, but managed to learn the ballad of Hardyknute before he knew how to read, and went shouting it around the house; warming his baby blood to fighting-point, and training himself in very infancy to voice the splendors of his manhood. He remembered this ballad, too, and loved it all his life, reciting it once with vast enthusiasm to Lord Byron, whose own unhappy childhood had been softened and vivified by the same innocent delights.

In truth, the most charming thing about youth is the tenacity of its impressions. If we had the time and courage to study a dozen verses to-day, we should probably forget eleven of them in a fortnight; but the poetry we learned as children remains, for the most part, in-

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delibly fixed in our memories, and constitutes a little Golden Treasury of our own, more dear and valuable to us than any other collection, because it contains only our chosen favorites, and is always within the reach of reference. Once, when I was very young, I asked a girl companion — well known now in the world of literature — if she did not grow weary waiting for trains, which were always late, at the suburban station where she went to school. "Oh, no," was the cheerful reply. "If I have no book, and there is no one here to talk with, I walk up and down the platform and think over the poetry that I know." Admirable occupation for an idle minute! Even the tedium of railway traveling loses half its horrors if one can withdraw at pleasure into the society of the poets, and, soothed by their gentle and harmonious voices, forget the irksome recurrence of familiar things.

It has been often demonstrated, and as often forgotten, that children do not need to have poetry written down to their intellectual level, and do not love to see the stately Muse ostentatiously bending to their ear. In the matter of prose, it seems necessary for them to have a literature of their own, over which they linger willingly for a little while, as though in the sunny antechamber of a king. But in the golden palace of the poets there is no period of probation, there is no enforced attendance upon petty things. The clear-eyed children go straight to the heart of the mystery, and recognize in the music of words, in the enduring charm of metrical quality, an element of never-ending delight. When to this simple sensuous pleasure is added the enchantment of poetic images, lovely and veiled and dimly understood, then the delight grows sweeter and keener, the child's soul flowers into a conscious love of poetry, and one lifelong source of happiness is gained. But it is never through infantine or juvenile verses that the end is reached. There is no poet dearer to the young than Tennyson, and it should not be the least of his joys to know that all over the English-speaking world children are tuning their hearts to the music of his lines, are dreaming vaguely and rapturously over the beauty he has revealed. Therefore the insult seems greater and more wanton when this beloved idol of our nurseries deliberately offers to his eager audience such anxiously babyish verses as those about Minnie and Winnie, and the little city maiden who goes straying among the flowers. Is there in Christendom a child who wants to be told by the greatest of living poets that

> "Minnie and Winnie
> Slept in a shell;"

that the shell was pink within and silver without; and that

> "Sounds of the great sea
> Wandered about.
>
> "Two bright stars
> Peep'd into the shell.
> 'What are they dreaming of
> Who can tell?'
>
> "Started a green linnet
> Out of the croft;
> 'Wake, little ladies,
> The sun is aloft.'"

It is not in these tones that poetry speaks to the childish soul, though it is too often in this fashion that the poet strives to adjust himself to what he thinks is the childish standard. He lowers his sublime head from the stars, and pipes with painstaking flatness on a little reed, while the children wander far away, and listen breathlessly to older and dreamier strains.

> "She left the web, she left the loom,
> She made three paces thro' the room,
> She saw the water-lily bloom,
> She saw the helmet and the plume,
> She looked down to Camelot.
> Out flew the web and floated wide;
> The mirror crack'd from side to side;
> 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
> The Lady of Shalott."

Here is the mystic note that childhood

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loves, and here, too, is the sweet constraint of linked rhymes that makes music for its ears. How many of us can remember well our early joy in this poem, which was but as another and more exquisite fairy tale, ranking fitly with Andersen's Little Mermaid, and Undine, and all sad stories of unhappy lives! And who shall forget the sombre passion of Oriana, of those wailing verses that rang through our little hearts like the shrill sobbing of winter storms, of that strange tragedy that oppressed us more with fear than pity!

"When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana."

If any one be inclined to think that children must understand poetry in order to appreciate and enjoy it, that one enchanted line,

"When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,"

should be sufficient to undeceive him forever. The spell of those finely chosen words lies in the shadowy and half-seen picture they convey, — a picture with indistinct outlines, as of an unknown land, where the desolate spirit wanders moaning in the gloom. The whole poem is inexpressibly alluring to an imaginative child, and its atmosphere of bleak despondency darkens suddenly into horror at the breaking off of the last line from visions of the grave and of peaceful death, —

"I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana."

The same grace of indistinctness, though linked with a gentler mood and with a softer music, makes the lullaby in The Princess a lasting delight to children, while the pretty cradle-song in Sea Dreams, beginning,

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?"

has never won their hearts. Its motive is too apparent, its nursery flavor too pronounced. It has none of the condescension of Minnie and Winnie, and grown people can read it with pleasure; but a simple statement of obvious truths, or a simple line of obvious reasoning, however dexterously narrated in prose or verse, has not the art to hold a youthful soul in thrall.

If it be a matter of interest to know what poets are most dear to the children around us, to the ordinary "apple-eating" little boys and girls for whom we are hardly brave enough to predict a shining future, it is delightful to be told by favorite authors and by well-loved men of letters what poets first bewitched their ardent infant minds. It is especially pleasant to have Mr. Lang admit us a little way into his confidence, and confess to us that he disliked Tam O'Shanter, when his father read it aloud to him; preferring, very sensibly, "to take his warlocks and bogies with great seriousness." Of course he did, and the sympathies of all children are with him in his choice. The ghastly details of that witches' sabbath are far beyond a child's limited knowledge of demonology and the Scotch dialect. Tam's escape and Maggie's final catastrophe seem like insults offered to the powers of darkness; only the humor of the situation is apparent, and humor is seldom, to the childish mind, a desirable element of poetry. Not all the spirit of Caldecott's illustrations can make John Gilpin a real favorite in our nurseries, while The Jackdaw of Rheims is popular simply because children, being proof against cynicism, accept the story as it is told, with much misplaced sympathy for the thievish bird, and many secret rejoicings over his restoration to grace and feathers. As for The Pied Piper of Hamelin, its humor is swallowed up in tragedy, and the terror of what is to come helps little readers over such sad stumbling-blocks as

"So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!"

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lines which are every whit as painful to their ears as to ours. I have often wondered how the infant Southeys and Coleridges, that bright-eyed group of alert and charming children, all afire with romantic impulses, received The Cataract of Lodore, when papa Southey condescended to read it in the schoolroom. What well-bred efforts to appear pleased and grateful! What secret repulsion to a senseless clatter of words, as remote from the silvery sweetness, the cadenced music of falling waters, as from the unalterable requirements of poetic art!

> "And moreover he tasked me
> To tell him in rhyme."

Ah! unwise little son, to whose rash request generations of children have owed the presence, in readers and elocution books and volumes of "Select Lyrics for the Nursery," of those hated and hateful verses.

"Poetry came to me with Sir Walter Scott," says Andrew Lang; with Marmion, and the Last Minstrel, and The Lady of the Lake, read "for the twentieth time," and ever with fresh delight. Poetry came to Scott with Shakespeare, studied rapturously by firelight in his mother's dressing-room, when all the household thought him fast asleep, and with Pope's translation of the Iliad, that royal road over which the Muse has stepped, smiling, into many a boyish heart. Poetry came to Pope — poor little lame lad — with Spenser's Faerie Queene; with the brave adventures of strong, valiant knights, who go forth, unblemished and unfrighted, to do battle with dragons and "Paynims cruel." And so the links of the magic chain are woven, and child hands down to child the spell that holds the centuries together. I cannot bear to hear the unkind things which even the most tolerant of critics are wont to say about Pope's Iliad, remembering as I do how many boys have received from its pages their first poetic stimulus, their first awakening to noble things. What a charming picture we have of Coleridge, a feeble, petulant child, tossing with fever on his little bed, and of his brother Francis, stealing up, in defiance of all orders, to sit by his side and read him Pope's translation of Homer. The bond that drew these boys together was forged in such breathless moments and in such mutual pleasures; for Francis, the handsome, spirited sailor lad, who climbed trees, and robbed orchards, and led all dangerous sports, had little in common with his small, silent, precocious brother. "Frank had a violent love of beating me," muses Coleridge, in a tone of mild complaint (and no wonder, we think, for a more beatable child than Samuel Taylor it would have been hard to find). "But whenever that was superseded by any humor or circumstance, he was very fond of me, and used to regard me with a strange mixture of admiration and contempt." More contempt than admiration, probably; yet was all resentment forgotten, and all unkindness at an end, while one boy read to the other the story of Hector and Patroclus, and of great Ajax, with sorrow in his heart, pacing round his dead comrade, as a tawny lioness paces round her young when she sees the hunters coming through the woods. As a companion picture to this we have little Dante Gabriel Rossetti playing Othello in the nursery, and so carried away by the passionate impulse of these lines,

> "In Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
> And smote him, thus,"

that he struck himself fiercely on the breast with an iron chisel, and fainted under the blow. We can hardly believe that Shakespeare is beyond the mental grasp of childhood, when Scott, at seven, crept out of bed on winter nights to read King Henry IV., and Rossetti, at nine,

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was pierced to the soul by the agony of Othello's remorse.

On the other hand, there are writers, and very brilliant writers, too, whose early lives appear to have been undisturbed by such keenly imaginative pastimes, and for whom there are no well-loved and familiar figures illumined forever in "that bright, clear, undying light that borders the edge of the oblivion of infancy." Count Tolstóy confesses himself to have been half hurt, half puzzled, by his fellow-students at the University of Moscow, who seemed to him so coarse and inelegant, and yet who had read and enjoyed so much. "*Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them*," he says wistfully, "and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had studied as a child." But how, one wonders, could Pushkin have remained merely a "little book in yellow binding" to any boy who had had the happiness of studying him as a child? Pushkin is the Russian Byron, and embodies in his poems the same spirit of restless discontent, of dejected languor, of passionate revolt; not revolt against the Tsar, which is a limited and individual judgment, but revolt against the bitter penalties of life, which is a sentiment common to the youth of all nations and of every age. Yet there are Englishmen who have no word save that of scorn for Byron, and I feel uncertain whether such critics ever enjoyed the privilege of being boys at all. If to George Meredith's composed and judicial mind there strays any wanton recollection of young impetuous days, how can he write with pen of gall these worse than churlish lines on Manfred? —

"Projected from the bilious Childe,
This clatterjaw his foot could set
On Alps, without a breast beguiled
To glow in shedding rascal sweat.
Somewhere about his grinder teeth
He mouthed of thoughts that grilled beneath,
And summoned Nature to her feud
With bile and buskin attitude."

There is more of this pretty poem, but I have quoted as much as my own irascibility can bear. I, at least, have been a child, and have spent some of my childhood's happiest hours with Manfred on the Alps; and have with him beheld

— "the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance,"

and have believed with all a child's sincerity in his remorseful gloom: —

— "for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself —
The last infirmity of evil."

Every line is inexpressibly dear to me now, recalling, as it does, the time "when I was in my father's house, and *my path ran down with butter and honey*." Once more I see the big, bare, old-fashioned parlor, to dust which was my daily task, my dear mother having striven long and vainly to teach my idle little hands some useful housewifely accomplishment. In one corner stood a console-table, with chilly Parian ornaments on top, and underneath a pile of heavy books: Wordsworth, Moore, the poems of Frances Sargent Osgood, — no lack of variety here, — The Lady of the Lake, and Byron in an embossed brown binding, with closely printed double columns, well calculated to dim the keenest sight in Christendom. Not that mysterious and malignant mountain which rose frowning from the sea, and drew all ships shattered to its feet, was more irresistible in its attraction than this brown, bulky Byron. I could not pass it by! My dusting never got beyond the table where it lay; but sitting crumpled on the floor, with the enchanted volume on my lap, I speedily forgot everything in the world save only the wandering Childe,

"Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,"

or The Corsair, or Mazeppa, or Manfred, best loved of that dark group. Perhaps Byron is not considered wholesome reading for little girls, in these careful days, when expurgated editions of The Vicar of Wakefield and Paul

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and Virginia find favor in our nurseries. On this score I have no defense to offer, and I am not proposing the poet as a safe textbook for early youth; but having never been told that there was such a thing as forbidden fruit in literature, I was spared at least that alert curiosity concerning it which is one of the most unpleasant results of our present guarded system. Moreover, we have Goethe's word for it that Byron is not as immoral as the newspapers, and certainly he is more agreeable reading. I do sincerely believe that if part of his attraction for the young lies in what Mr. Pater calls "the grieved dejection, the endless regret," which to the undisciplined soul sounds like the true murmur of life, a better part lies in his large grasp of nature, — not nature in her minute and lovely detail, but in her vast outlines, her salient features, her solemn majesty and strength. Crags and misty mountain tops, storm-swept skies and the blue bosom of the restless deep, — these are the aspects of nature that childhood prizes, and loves to hear described in vigorous verse. The pink-tipped daisy, the yellow primrose, and the freckled nest-eggs

> "Hatching in the hawthorn-tree"

belong to a later stage of development.

Eugénie de Guérin, who recognized as clearly as Sainte-Beuve the "fine penetration" peculiar to children, and who regarded them ever with half-wistful, half-wondering delight, has written some very charming suggestions about the kind of poetry, "pure, fresh, joyous and delicate," which she considered proper food for these highly idealized little people, — "angels upon earth." The only discouraging part of her pretty pleading is her frank admission that — in French literature, at least — there is no such poetry as she describes, which shows how hard it is to conciliate an exclusive theory of excellence. She endeavored sincerely, in her Infantines, to remedy this defect, to "speak to childhood in its own language;" and her verses on Joujou, the Angel of the Playthings, are quaintly conceived and full of gentle fancies. No child is strongly moved or taught the enduring delight of song by such lines as these, but most children will take a genuine pleasure in the baby angel who played with little Abel under the myrtle-trees, who made the first doll and blew the first bubble, and who finds a friend in every tiny boy and girl born into this big gray world. Strange to say, he has his English counterpart in Robert Louis Stevenson's Unseen Playmate, that shadowy companion whose home is the cave dug by childish hands, and who is ready to share all games in the most engaging spirit of accommodation.

> "'T is he, when you play with your soldiers of tin,
> That sides with the Frenchmen, and never can win;"

a touch of combative veracity that brings us down at once from Mademoiselle de Guérin's fancy flights to the real playground, where real children, very faintly resembling "angels upon earth," are busy with mimic warfare. Mr. Stevenson is one of the few poets whose verses, written especially for the nursery, have found their way straight into little hearts. His charming style, his quick, keen sympathy, and the ease with which he enters into that brilliant world of imagination wherein children habitually dwell make him their natural friend and minstrel. If some of the rhymes in A Child's Garden of Verses seem a trifle bald and babyish, even these are guiltless of condescension; while others, like Travel, Shadow March, and The Land of Story-Books, are instinct with poetic life. I can only regret that a picture so faultless in detail as Shadow March, where we see the crawling darkness peer through the window pane, and hear the beating of the little boy's heart as he creeps fearfully up the stair, should be marred

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at its close by a single line of false conception : —

"All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead."

So fine an artist as Mr. Stevenson must know that shadows do not tramp, and that the recurrence of a short, vigorous word which tells so admirably in Scott's William and Helen, and wherever the effect of sound combined with motion is to be conveyed, is sadly out of place in describing the ghostly things that glide with horrible noiselessness at the feet of the frightened lad. Children, moreover, are keenly alive to the value and the suggestiveness of terms. A little eight-year-old girl of my acquaintance, who was reciting Lord Ullin's Daughter, stopped short at these lines,

"Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer,"

and called out excitedly, "Don't you hear the horses?" She, at least, heard them as if with the swift apprehension of fear, heard them loud above the sounds of winds and waters, and rendered her unconscious tribute of praise to the sympathetic selection of words.

There is, as we know, a great deal of poetry written every year for childish readers. Some of it makes its appearance in Christmas books that are so beautifully bound and illustrated that the little foolish, feeble verses are forgiven, and in fact forgotten, ignored altogether amid more important accessories. Better poems than these are published in children's periodicals, where they form a notable feature, and are, I suppose, read by the young people whose tastes are catered to in this fashion. Those of us who are familiar with these periodicals — either weeklies or monthlies — are well aware that the verses they offer may be easily divided into three classes. First, mere rhymes and jingles, intended for very little readers, and with which it would be simple churlishness to quarrel. They do not aspire to be poetry, they are sometimes very amusing, and they have an easy swing that is pleasant alike to young ears and old. Laura Richards has written some of the best of these modest lyrics for St. Nicholas, and it must be a hard heart that does not sympathize with the unlucky and ill-mated gnome who was

— "full of fun and frolic,
But his wife was melancholic;"

or with the small damsel in pigtail and pinafore who comforts herself at the piano with this engaging but dubious maxim : —

"Practicing is good for a good little girl;
It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl."

The second kind of verse which abounds in our juvenile magazines appears to be written solely for the sake of the accompanying illustration, and is often the work of the illustrator, who is more at home with his pencil than his pen. Occasionally it is comic, occasionally sentimental or descriptive; for the most part it is something in this style : —

THE ELF AND THE BUMBLE BEE.

"Oh, bumble bee!
Bumble bee!
Don't fly so near!
Or you will tumble me
Over, I fear."

"Oh, funny elf!
Funny elf!
Don't be alarmed!
I am looking for honey, elf;
You sha'n't be harmed."

"Then tarry,
Oh, tarry, bee!
Fill up your sack;
And carry, oh, carry me
Home on your back."[1]

Now, as far as my knowledge of the nursery goes, I venture to assert that even the average child does not read those empty little verses (very prettily illustrated) more than once, and then turns

[1] Oliver Herford in St. Nicholas.

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instinctively back to other sprites that sing in different strains, — to the fairy who wanders

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough briar,"

seeking pearl eardrops for the cowslips' ears; and to that softer shape, the music of whose song, once heard, haunts us forever: —

> "Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes:
> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

These are the sweet, mysterious echoes of true fairyland, where Shakespeare and little children wander at their will.

It is of the third class of poems, however, that I wish most to speak, — poems that are intended for growing girls and boys, and that aspire to be considered literature. They are well written, as a rule, with a smooth fluency of versification that seems to be the distinguishing gift of the minor verse-makers of our age, who, even when they have least to say, say it with unbroken sweetness and grace. This pretty, easy insignificance is much better adapted to adult readers, who demand little of poets beyond brevity, than to children, who love large issues, real passions, fine emotions, and an heroic attitude in life. Pleasant thoughts couched in pleasant language, trivial details, and photographic bits of description make no lasting appeal to the expansive imagination of a child. Analysis is wasted upon him altogether, because he sees things swiftly, and sees them as a whole. He may disregard fine shading and minute merits, but there are no boundaries to his wandering vision. "Small sciences are the labors of our manhood, but the round universe is the plaything of the boy." As a specimen of the subtle, or would-be subtle, poem which is offered occasionally, like a mild spiritual problem, to children, and is designed, apparently, to draw down their thoughts from the "round universe" to their own unimportant little selves, I quote the following pretty, fluent, and unwise verses from Wide Awake: —

A CHILD'S MOOD.

I want that rose the wind took yesterday,
I want it more than this;
It had no thorn — it was the best that grew.
I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings
That brushed across my hand
Last night, between the sunset and the dew —
It came from fairyland.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,
Where all those pansies bloom;
They gave it wings to get away from me,
I lost it in the gloom.

And yesterday the bees on all the heads
Of clover swung so slow,
I saw them take their honey; but to-day
They only sting and go.

That star that always came before the moon
Dropped out of heaven last night;
I hunted where I saw it fall — and found
A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go, and let the dark
Hide everything away.
That was the sweetest rose in all the world
The wind took yesterday.

Most of us, I think, are tolerably familiar with the "mood" this poem illustrates. Our grandmothers would have observed that the little girl "got out of the wrong side of her bed" that morning, and we see a precisely similar frame of mind treated with less sentiment by Miss Edgeworth in Rosamond's Day of Misfortunes. Whether it is worth while for a child to have her insignificant naughtiness glorified into a poetic "mood" is at least doubtful. She would probably be better employed in reading some wild ballad of adventure, or war, or love, where real issues are at stake, than in learning, like Harriet Martineau, to analyze her own pettish ill temper.

Poetry of a less intelligible type is exceedingly popular with our children's

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magazines, and is useful, perhaps, in training the youthful mind for its coming struggle with Browning. Such mysterious effusions unhesitatingly sacrifice sense to sound, a poetic principle which great masters of the craft have heralded in persuasive music, but which is a perilous pathway for less unerring footsteps. What, I wonder, are we to understand from these verses of Mrs. Piatt's, published in St. Nicholas, and entitled

THE SHADOW-BIRD AND HIS SHADOW.

Through the Dark Land's reeds and rushes,
Down the palm-glooms, I have heard,
Rose-lit with the sun's last blushes,
Comes the Shadow-Bird.

And he leads his Shadow. Dimly
Through the sands they two advance.
Then he bows, and, somewhat grimly,
They begin to dance.

Fair his Shadow is. Each feather
Of her wild wings looks like lace.
And they whirl and float together
With unearthly grace.

One night when the Sphinx was staring
At them with an evil eye,
And the black man's stars were flaring
In the desert sky —

Then the Shadow-Bird grew merry!
"My sweet Shadow," whispered he,
"You are looking lovely, very,
Will you dance with me?"

"No," she said, "you hear me, do you?
You can go and dance awhile
With those lilies nodding to you,
There across the Nile.

"No," she said, and off she started;
There was not another word.
So it was his Shadow parted
With the Shadow-Bird.

(She prefers another fellow,
If the truth must be confest,
Picturesque with green and yellow,
With a splendid crest!)

And the Shadow-Bird now muses,
Like a priest in temple dim.
Just because his Shadow chooses
Not to dance with him.

I have already committed myself to a liking for indistinctness, and here we have it in unsparing measure; but there is a difference between the indistinctness of Oriana, of Kubla Khan, or of Ulalume and the meaningless vacuity of verses the riddle of which is not worth deciphering. It is well for a child to ponder by the side of the sacred river, or to stand aghast by the dark tarn of Auber,

"In the misty mid region of Weir."

It is not well for her to puzzle her brain over the vagaries of the Shadow-Bird's Shadow, and to feel her gentler instincts repelled by the vulgarity of that touch about "another fellow." In justice to Mrs. Piatt, I should say that she has written much prettier verses than these, and her story of the Seven Little Indian Stars, a legend of the Pleiades, is very sweetly and tenderly told. On the other hand, she wrote the painful lines called Little Henry, which purpose to narrate the true history of a seven-year-old boy who drowned himself because his mother refused to give him a slice of bread; and even our nursery moralists will agree that a child is as well employed in reading Mazeppa or The Corsair as in speculating, at a tender age, over the poetical aspects of suicide.

The question at issue, however, is not so much what kind of poetry is wholesome for children as what kind of poetry do children love. In nineteen cases out of twenty that which they love is good for them, and they can guide themselves a great deal better than we can hope to guide them. I once asked a friend who had spent many years in teaching little girls and boys whether her small pupils, when left to their own discretion, ever chose any of the pretty, trivial verses out of new books and magazines for study and recitation. She answered, Never. They turned instinctively to the same old favorites she had been listening to so long; to the same familiar poems that their fathers and

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mothers had probably studied and recited before them. Hohenlinden, Glenara, Lord Ullin's Daughter, Young Lochinvar, Rosabelle, To Lucasta on Going to the Wars, the lullaby from The Princess, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Annabel Lee, Longfellow's translation of The Castle by the Sea, and The Skeleton in Armor, — these are the themes of which children never weary; these are the songs that are sung forever in their secret Paradise of Delights. The little volumes containing such tried and proven friends grow shabby with much handling; and I have seen them marked all over with mysterious crosses and dots and stars, each of which denoted the exact degree of affection which the child bore to the poem thus honored and approved. I can fancy Andrew Lang's Blue Poetry Book fairly covered with such badges of distinction; for never yet has any other selection of poems appealed so clearly and insistently to childish tastes and hearts. When I turn over its pages, I feel as if the children of England must have brought their favorite songs to Mr. Lang, and prayed, each one, that his own darling might be admitted, — as if they must have forced his choice into their chosen channels. Its only rival in the field, Palgrave's Children's Treasury of English Song, is edited with such nice discrimination, such critical reserve, that it is well-nigh flawless, — a triumph of delicacy and good taste. But much that childhood loves is necessarily excluded from a volume so small and so carefully considered. The older poets, it is true, are generously treated, — Herrick, especially, makes a braver show than he does in Mr. Lang's collection; and there are plenty of beautiful ballads, some of which, like the Lass of Lochroyan, we miss sorely from the pages of the Blue Poetry Book. On the other hand, where, in Mr. Palgrave's Treasury, are those lovely snatches of song familiar to our earliest years, and which we welcome individually with a thrill of pleasure, as Mr. Lang shows them to us once more? Rose Aylmer, County Guy, Proud Maisie, How Sleep the Brave, Nora's Vow, — the delight of my own childhood, — Burns's pathetic Farewell,

> "It was a' for our rightfu' King,
> We left fair Scotland's strand;
> It was a' for our rightfu' King,
> We e'er saw Irish land,"

and Hood's silvery little verses beginning,

> "A lake and a fairy boat
> To sail in the moonlight clear, —
> And merrily we would float
> From the dragons that watch us here!"

All these and many more are gathered safely into this charming volume. Nothing we long to see appears to be left out, except, indeed, Waller's Go, Lovely Rose, and Herrick's Night Piece, both of them very serious omissions. It seems strange to find seven of Edgar Poe's poems in a collection which excludes the Night Piece, so true a favorite with all girl children, and a favorite that, once rightfully established, can never be thrust from our affections. As for Praed's Red Fisherman, Mr. Lang has somewhere recorded his liking for this "sombre" tale, which, I think, embodies everything that a child ought not to love. It is the only poem in the book that I wish elsewhere; but perhaps this is a perverse prejudice on my part. There may be little readers to whom its savage cynicism and gloom carry a pleasing terror, like that which oppressed my infant soul as I lingered with Goodman Brown in the awful witch-haunted forest where Hawthorne has shown us the triumph of evil things. "It is his excursions into the unknown world which the child enjoys," says Mr. Lang; and how shall we set a limit to his wanderings! He journeys far with careless, secure footsteps; and for him the stars sing in their spheres, and fairies dance in the moonlight, and the hoarse clashing of arms rings bravely from hard-won fields,

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and lovers fly together under the stormy skies. He rides with Lochinvar, and sails with Sir Patrick Spens into the northern seas, and chases the red deer with Allen-a-Dale, and stands by Marmion's side in the thick of the ghastly fray. He has given his heart to Helen of Troy, and to the Maid of Saragossa, and to the pale child who met her death on the cruel Gordon spears, and to the lady with yellow hair who knelt moaning by Barthram's bier. His friends are bold Robin Hood, and Lancelot du Lac, and the white-plumed Henry of Navarre, and the princely scapegrace who robbed the robbers to make "laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." A lordly company these, and seldom to be found in the gray walks of middle age. Robin Hood dwells not on the Coal Exchange, and Prince Hal dare not show his laughing face before societies for leveling thrones and reorganizing the universe. We adults pass our days, alas, in the Town of Stupidity, — abhorred of Bunyan's soul, — and our companions are Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and Mr. Despondency, and Mr. Want-wit, still scrubbing his Ethiopian, and Mr. Feeble-mind, and the deplorable young woman named Dull. But it is better to be young, and to see the golden light of romance in the skies, and to kiss the white feet of Helen, as she stands like a star on the battlements. It is better to follow Hector to the fight, and Guinevere to the sad cloisters of Almesbury, and the Ancient Mariner to that silent sea where the death-fires gleam by night. Even to us who have made these magic voyages in our childhood there comes straying, at times, a pale reflection of that early radiance, a faint, sweet echo of that early song. Then the streets of the Town of Stupidity grow soft to tread, and Falstaff's great laugh frightens Mr. Despondency into a shadow. Then Madeline smiles on us under the wintry moonlight, and Porphyro steals by with strange sweets heaped in baskets of wreathed silver. Then we know that with the poets there is perpetual youth, and that for us, as for the child dreaming in the firelight, the shining casements open into fairyland.

Agnes Repplier.

A BELLE OF ST. VALERIEN.

I.

You will flit through on the steam-cars, or rush along the great winding river, and say, "It is a very fine life here in New France." You will look to the right, you will look to the left, and, as far as the eye can see, the roofs and steeples of the little churches will be sparkling in the sun, and you will say, "How beautiful! How full of peace and repose!" And if you go away from the river and the railway you will say, "What simplicity! What contentment!" When you come to St. Valerien, you will say, "The life here is the most beautiful of all." Yes; that is because you want to get away from the noise and confusion. It is very beautiful at St. Valerien. The gentle curé, smiling always, moves slowly along the board walk to the little church. The bright-eyed boys who attend the school of the Frères Maristes, close by, are not boisterous at their play. The neighbors do not talk loudly when they gossip together, and the cattle lie down in the fields long before noon. Everything has the air of repose; contentment seems to brood everywhere.

Very well. But suppose you were compelled to remain in St. Valerien, and

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partake of its peace and contentment from year's end to year's end? A few weeks in the summer, when the children are picking wild raspberries in the fields near by, and singing their songs, — that is not much. But a whole lifetime! Well, yes, that is another matter. Look at Monsieur Phaneuf. Seventy-seven years here at St. Valerien, and every hour of them spent within sight of the shining church steeple. You think he is contented? Well, then, keep away from him, if you do not want to hear your funeral preached. Look at Madame Delima Benoit. Born here at St. Valerien; married three husbands here, and buried two. You think she ought to be happy and contented? Well, then, don't pass her doors without putting your fingers in your ears. You see Aimé Joutras, the tall shoemaker; Aimé, but yes, it is a friendly name. You see him there on the corner, — tap, tap, tap, — stitch, stitch, stitch, — all day long, and humming a tune; you see him cut out the *sabot*, you see him fashion the *soulier-de-bœuf*, and you think, "Here is a man who ought to glow with happiness." But good! Wait till you hear him railing at his little ones, and growling at the *belle-mère* who is at once his slave and his benefactress. Wait till you see him jostle rudely against the old *pepère* who sits drooling and dribbling in the corner, and then tell me whether he is happy and contented. Look, yonder is Euphemie Toupin, running lightly across the fields, the roses blooming in her face, her eyes sparkling with youth and hope, and her beautiful hair flying loose in the wind. Presently you will hear her calling the cows, — "Come thou! Come thou on!" and the echo will fall softly and sweetly on her own ears, — "Come thou! Come thou on!" And then the memory of another voice calling thus in a neighboring field will rise in her heart, and she will clasp her hands together and give way to her misery.

No, no, messieurs, the peace and contentment at St. Valerien, as elsewhere, are found in the deep skies, in the purple mists that settle over the farlying fields, and in the little garden of the dead. There is life here, and where there is life there you will find trouble and passion, doubt and despair, and, whirling in and around these, the stinging swarm of worries and vexations that belong to human experience. Is it not so, Caderet? Is it not so, Desmoulin? Where men and women meet and look at each other, and smile and take hold of hands, there is much to be forgotten and forgiven.

There was Euphrasie Charette. Is it true, then, that you have never heard of her? I wonder at that, for it was a fine piece of gossip she set going about here. The men shrugged their shoulders and lifted their eyebrows, and the women put their heads together over the palings and in the chimney corners. Pouah! to hear the chatter was sickening, and it was kept up until, one Sunday, Père Archambault stood up in his pulpit and looked at the people a long time. Then he hung his head and sighed, saying, "My friends, to-day I shall preach you two sermons. My first sermon is this: What is bolder than innocence?" Then he paused again, turned over the leaves of the Book, read from the gospel, and preached his second sermon, on charity.

Well, the gossip soon died out, and no wonder; for, with all her beauty and wild impulsiveness, where could be found a purer or a tenderer-hearted girl than Euphrasie Charette? It will be very many years before another such as she will be running and romping and singing through the village, laughing with the young and sympathizing with the old. This was when the great world beyond St. Valerien was a dream as vague to her as the story of *le loup-garou*. Then, when she was a little older and more beautiful than ever, she was sent to the convent at St. Hyacinthe,

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and there she heard larger rumors of the great world. She had not much to learn in music, — her whole nature was tuned to melody; but while she was learning her English and her other lessons, she was also learning something of the world she had barely caught a glimpse of. Not much, no, but something, — just a little. Two of her school friends were from the States. French, yes; their families belonged near Montreal, but had gone to the States, where work is easy and wages are good. Euphrasie, inquisitive as a weasel, found out everything her school friends knew; how their mothers worked in the big cotton-mills, and how their older sisters clerked in the stores. She saw some photographs of these sisters, and oh, how lovely they looked, with their lace and finery, and their hair *frisé!* And she saw some of the letters the girls wrote, telling of the gay times the young people had in the mill town.

All this in the ears of a child of St. Valerien. She was not young, — seventeen is neither old nor young, — but she was at the turning-point. Take it to yourself! Would you prefer the life in St. Valerien to that in the mill town in the States, where everything is gay? Think of it! All the summer long, calling the cows and milking them, cooking, scrubbing, working, raking hay; all the winter long, mending, scrubbing, washing, spinning, weaving, and attending to the sheep and cattle. It is very nice, you think. Yes, for a little while, but wait until you have tried it for a whole lifetime, and then tell me what you think.

Well, Ma'm'selle Charette was old enough to look at these things, and she made up her mind. She liked St. Valerien, and she was fond of the people here; and she was so fond of Joi Billette, her little cavalier, that the children had long ago run their names together in some nonsense rhymes. Euphrasie Charette, little Joi Billette, — you see how they go? She made up her mind that she would see something of those gay times in the mill town in the States, and so when she came home from the convent there was no longer any peace among the Charettes. Euphrasie could not go to the mill town in the States; that was settled. Madame Charette said so, and madame had a quick temper and a sharp tongue. "And you!" she would say to Euphrasie, — "how would you look, a young girl like you, running away to the States? Have you any shame?" But Pierre Charette, the father, sat in the corner and smiled to himself. He had been in the States, and he knew it was no great journey. "Would you then go away and leave Joi and St. Valerien?" madame would say.

"What, then," Euphrasie would reply, "is Joi a stick that he can no longer walk? And what storm is to blow St. Valerien away?"

Then letters came to Euphrasie from her school friends; and finally her sister, the wife of Victor Donais, made up her mind to go to the States. As for Victor, he said that where the tongs went the shovel must go, and that was all. Madame Charette made a fine quarrel, — the sheep in the fields could hear her; but Pierre Charette sat in the corner smoking his black pipe and smiling to himself; and when madame could quarrel no more, he rubbed his knees, and said that Euphrasie would find much benefit in traveling in the States.

"Oho! a fine lady! traveling in the States! But yes, a fine lady! She will have money, — oh, a great pocketful! Oh, certainly!" Madame Charette made a grand gesture.

"Well, then," remarked Joi Billette, who was sitting near Euphrasie, his head leaning on his hands, "she can have some money from me."

"Yes? Then you would do well to keep it for yourself."

"It is hers," Joi said. "I can make more."

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There was nothing to do but for Madame Charette to give her consent; and though her tongue was sharp her heart was tender, for she wept more than any one when Euphrasie was going, and in the long nights afterwards she lay awake to weep. But there was so much to do nobody could sit and grieve. Joi Billette worked harder than ever, and he found time to help the madame. He cut wood and carried water, and she told him he was handier about the house than Euphrasie, who had too many ideas from books.

It was not such a long year, after all. In the spring and summer there was the farm work to do, the milk to be carried to the cheese factory, and the bark to be gathered for the tannery. Everybody was busy, and Joi Billette was busiest of all. For a little while Euphrasie wrote to him every week, and then she wrote no more. Joi said nothing. He could hear of her through Madame Charette, and that was enough. Perhaps she was too busy, — perhaps everything, except that she had forgotten him. So the year went on, and at last Euphrasie wrote that she was coming home for the *fête* of Jour de l'An. It is the custom here for the absent ones to return home on the first day of the year, to ask their father's blessing; and there is often a friendly contest among the members of the family as to which shall get the blessing first.

Euphrasie came on the Day of the New Year, and she was dressed very fine, — oh, ever so much finer than any girl you see here in St. Valerien. When her father had given her his blessing, he sat and watched her curiously a long time without smiling. Then he said in English, speaking slowly: —

"I ting you toss you' 'ead too much."

"Me toss my 'ead too much!" replied Euphrasie. "Well, you should see dem girl of Fall River. If you can see dem girl toss 'er 'ead, I ting you won't say I toss my 'ead too much."

"I ting you 'ave too much feader on de 'at," suggested the father, not without some display of diffidence. His daughter had developed into a beautiful young woman, and her finery was not unbecoming.

"Well, now!" Euphrasie retorted triumphantly. "If you only can see how much feader dem oder girl 'ave, I ting you will say dere is not one feader on my 'at."

"What is it, then?" cried the madame sharply. She could not understand English.

"C'est rien, ma bonne femme." The old man sighed.

"I ting I give you good 'ug for dat." Euphrasie put her arms around her father's neck.

He shook his head slowly as he filled his pipe, and said no more.

Joi Billette sat in the corner, watching everything and listening. He was restless and uneasy. He was quick to see the great change that had come over Euphrasie. She was no longer his little girl of St. Valerien. The change meant more to him than it did to the others. More than once it seemed to him that some other girl had donned Euphrasie's face and voice for a New Year's masquerade. He had heard of such things in the fireside folk tales. Would Euphrasie look at him scornfully or speak to him mockingly, as this vision of beauty did? No, it could not be so. He looked at his hard and horny hands, at his coarse and dirty shoes, at his rough clothes, and then at the trim, neat figure of Euphrasie, her white hands and dainty feet. He rose, playing with his hat nervously, and would have slipped away, but Pierre Charette laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Wouldst thou go, then? Thy place is here. Let the women talk."

At that moment Euphrasie was busy telling Suzette Benoit about a Monsieur Sam Pettingill, who had come all the way from Fall River to Montreal, and

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who was coming to St. Valerien. Pierre Charette was carrying his pipe to his mouth, but he paused, with his hand suspended in the air.

"'Ow you call 'is name?" he asked in English.

"M'sieu Sam Pattangeel," said Euphrasie, reddening a little.

"You know 'im, you?"

"Oh, yes; 'e was clerk in de mill store."

"'E clerk dere no more; no?"

"Of course, yes. 'E is taking his recess. 'E belong at de store." Euphrasie continued to redden. English was not often heard in that house, and the women were vainly straining their ears to catch the meaning.

"Aha-a-a!" exclaimed the old man. There was the faintest trace of contempt in his tone.

"'E say 'e come to see de country, if 'e like it or not," explained Euphrasie.

"If 'e like it, den 'e carry it back to 'is 'ouse?" Pierre Charette suggested.

"'Ow 'e can do dat?" asked Euphrasie.

"I 'ave seen dem clerk, me," said the old man. "Dey de mos' pow'ful of all. If dis one like de country so 'e mus' take it back, what we goin' do? If 'e don't like it so 'e mus' take 'is scissor to cut it off, what we goin' do?"

Euphrasie could not misunderstand the sarcasm that seasoned the old man's tongue. It touched her temper.

"If 'e come visitin' de country, 'ow I can 'elp 'im? If you can 'elp 'im, den go 'elp 'im." Her tone was sharper than her words.

"Ah-h-h!" cried Pierre Charette, "dat is 'ow you fine ladies talk to old man!"

"No, no," said the girl impulsively, "I mean not dat. No, no." She went to her father and would have embraced him, but he pushed her away and resumed his pipe, while Euphrasie threw herself on a chair and began to cry.

But it was a small storm, more wind than rain, as the farmers say, and it soon passed over, but not until the madame had made some vigorous remarks, aimed at those who forget themselves sufficiently to quarrel in the English tongue. It was a queer father who would abuse his daughter the instant she set foot in the house, and it was a queer daughter who would be disrespectful to the father she had not seen for a year, — and all in English, too. Well, madame knew men, large and small, and she knew girls, old and young, but never did she know such a man as this, never did she see such a girl. As for the English, — bah! C'est la blague!

II.

Around the corner from Pierre Charette's, and not very far up the street, is the little *auberge*, kept by Toussaint Chicoine. There Joi Billette went when he could slip out of the family storm, and there he found some of his village comrades sitting around the huge stove in the public room, listening to the famous stories told by Chicoine. Of course you will think Chicoine is nobody, because he can do nothing but keep this tavern, with his mother and his sisters and his old father. But good! You wait! Before long you will see that man in the Parliament at Quebec. When he is not telling stories he is talking politics. Some people are quick to forget. Chicoine is fifty, and remembers. A Liberal? Yes, and better, — a Red; *le Rouge* written in his glowing eyes and in his quick gestures. No sooner had Joi Billette settled himself to listen to Chicoine's tremendous yarns than the sound of sleighbells was heard coming over the snow.

"One dollar it is Barie's horse," said Chicoine, — "Barie of Upton."

"How then can you know?" asked Joi Billette.

"Hard-head! It is by the sound of the bells. Listen!"

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"It is even so," said Pierre Charette.

At that moment the sleigh paused at the door, and Barie himself called out:

"Hey, Chicoine! Hey! Are you deaf, then?"

"Good-day, Barie," said Chicoine, opening the door. "Good-day, m'sieu. Within you will find it warmer."

"It is to be hoped," said Barie dryly. "I have brought you a customer, Chicoine," he continued. "Lift your feet; make some stir."

The customer Barie had brought was Mr. Sam Pettingill, of Fall River. He was nice looking, yes, but you would not say he was fine. He had yellow hair and gray eyes, and one of his front teeth was gone. He was smoking a cigarette, and he had a look on his face as if he knew a great deal more than older people. He kept trying to twist his little mustache, which was too thin to be twisted.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as he got out of the sleigh; "is this the Hotel Imperial?"

"'Ow you please," replied Chicoine gravely. "'Otel, auberge, 'ouse, — it all de same when you git col' an' 'ungry. You spik French? No?"

"Rats!" cried young Mr. Pettingill. "How can I speak French in this weather? It freezes everything except American cuss-words. You ask his Nibs, here, if it don't." Barie shrugged his shoulders and threw the sleigh robe over his horse. "You may n't have much of a hotel," said Pettingill, "but maybe you 've got a fire. It 's colder 'n Flujens."

With his hat on the side of his head, and his red cravat creeping from under his overcoat, Pettingill swaggered into the little tavern and stood close to the big stove. Joi Billette looked at the new-comer, and then at Pierre Charette. Pierre Charette looked at the new-comer, and then at Joi Billette. Each, by an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, telegraphed his comment. You know how shoulders and eyebrows can talk here in St. Valerien: a word, a glance, a little movement of the shoulders, and much more than a long story is told.

"Say!" said Pettingill, removing his overcoat, "I don't see no hotel register around here, but I guess that 's all skewvee. My name 's Pettingill, and it would be the same if it was wrote down in a book."

"Hall ri', m'sieu," returned Toussaint Chicoine, bowing. "You 'ear dat, Joutras? You 'ear dat, Billette? You 'ear dat, everybody? M'sieu Pattungeel."

"Kee-rect," said Pettingill approvingly. "You flatten it a little too much in the middle, and pull it out too much at the end, but that 's my maiden name." He shook himself, and strode around the room, looking at the cheap prints pasted on the wall. The little company looked at each other somewhat sheepishly, all save Charette and Chicoine. Charette stood gloomily by the stove, while Chicoine, with his arms akimbo and his chin drawn in until it was hid by the muscles of his neck, watched Pettingill closely.

At one end of the room, above a worn and battered sofa, hung a faded tintype. It was the picture of a very old man. He was leaning forward on a stout cane, and a weak and trembling smile had been caught and fastened on his face.

"What old duck is this?" inquired Pettingill, after he had studied the picture. Receiving no answer, he turned and looked at Chicoine.

"'Ow you call it, m'sieu?" Surely there was no menace in the sweetly spoken accent. Yet something that he heard or felt caused Pettingill to change his question.

"What old gent is this?" he asked.

"Dat my fader," replied Chicoine.

"Is he still kicking?"

"'Ow, m'sieu?"

"Is he dead?"

"No, no, m'sieu. 'E right in dis 'ouse."

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"Well, I wanter know!" Pettingill exclaimed, with genuine admiration. "I thought old uncle Cy Pettingill, down to Pittsfield, was the oldest inhabitant, but the colonel here can give him odds and beat him thirteen laps in a mile."

"'Ow you say, m'sieu?" asked Chicoine.

"I was lettin' out a family secret. Uncle Cy Pettingill is so old he can't see nothin' but a silver dollar, but the colonel here lays a long ways over him. I 'd like to see them two old coons git together and jabber about the landin' of Christopher Columbus."

"Yes, yes, m'sieu, pair'aps dat would be nice." Chicoine spoke so seriously that Pettingill had to lean against the wall to laugh.

"Just have my grip sent up to my room," he said, after a while. "I 'll hang out here a day or two, and see how the climate suits my complexion. And while you 're about it, you might jest as well show me where I am to roost."

"You want fin' you' room? Well, I show you."

He led Monsieur Pettingill up a narrow stairway into a snug little attic.

"It ain't bigger 'n a squirrel cage," said the American.

"It 'ave comfort." Chicoine stretched his hand toward the stovepipe, which ran through a sheet-iron drum; then he went down.

Charette, Billette, Joutras, and the rest sat just as he had left them. They had neither moved nor spoken. Chicoine stood and glared at them, his arms akimbo, his chin drawn into his neck, and his under lip stuck out ominously. Suddenly he raised his right arm, and brought down his clenched fist in the palm of the other hand with a tremendous whack.

"Pig! beast! that he should strut in this place! But that I had pity on him I would have crushed him with my hand." Toussaint Chicoine's eyes gleamed.

"Softly, softly!" Pierre Charette raised his hand.

"*Ah-h-h!* Softly, yes, softly. Good! But I have seen my old father take off his hat and bend his knee to just such a man as that. Yes, me! I have seen that. I am old enough. When the lord of the land came where his slaves could see him — off hat! bend knee! Well, yes, I have seen that." The veins in Chicoine's neck stood out angrily.

"But those days, they are no more." Charette spoke gently.

"No?" Chicoine made a hideous grimace. "Well, they are here!" With that he struck his broad breast a tremendous blow. "For what does he come?"

Joi Billette rose and shook himself viciously, and turned his back to the stove. "This ugly beast is detestable!"

"But wait, then!" It was Joutras who spoke. "What the thunder! Are we all taking leave of ourselves? Let this pig alone. Is he stealing corn from our pen? Well, then, show it to me."

Pierre Charette chuckled to himself, and Joi Billette shrugged his shoulders.

It was not long before Monsieur Pettingill came down from his room. He found only Chicoine and Joi Billette. As if to refresh his memory or to confirm some afterthought, he went again to the portrait of old Anthime Chicoine. He looked at it a little while, and then shook his head.

"That lays over uncle Cy Pettingill," he repeated, with admiration. "He 's mighty nigh too old to make a shadder." He paused a moment, and then, with just the faintest trace of embarrassment, remarked: "Say! can any of you chaps tell me where Miss Euphrasie Charette lives? As long as I 'm in town, with nothin' much to prey on my mind, I might as well drop in an' tell her I 'm still her humble-come-tumble. See?"

"I dunno if I can show you," said Chicoine; "pair'aps M'sieu Billette will

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show you de 'ouse. He been dere some time befo' now. Is not that so, M'sieu Billette?" he went on, switching off into French. "I have told m'sieu that you would have much pleasure to show him the house of Charette. Is it not so, then? Ah, little boy! make not your face to wrinkle so. At forty you will laugh at the physic of this kind."

Billette shrugged his shoulders, but he did not smile.

"'E spik only French," said Chicoine to Pettingill, by way of explanation, "but dat make no diffrance. 'E can show you de 'ouse."

"All skewvee," said Pettingill. "If he can walk in English, that 's enough for me."

Joi Billette, coiled in the chair, had seemed to be an insignificant creature, but when he rose, glancing furtively at Chicoine, it was seen that he was taller than Pettingill, — taller and stronger, and much handsomer. The innocence of youth shone in his face. Without a word, he went out at the door, followed by Pettingill. Billette's slouching gait carried him forward swiftly, and in a few moments he paused, waved his hand toward Charette's house, from which the blue smoke cheerfully curled, and stood watching Pettingill as he made his way to the door. He saw the door open, and heard Euphrasie's exclamation: —

"Ah, 't is you. I di' n' ting you come so soon."

When the door was closed, Billette went forward to the house, and passed through the yard and into the kitchen. There he found Pierre Charette enjoying his pipe. As Joi entered, Charette nodded his head toward the inner room and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," said Joi, "it is the stranger. Euphrasie was glad to see him, then?"

"How can I know?" responded Charette. "Of the women we know nothing. They pet the pig and scald it. Go see for yourself if she is glad. The man cannot comprehend."

"No, no," said Joi, the blood mounting to his face.

"You have fear, then? Yes?"

For reply Joi laughed loudly, and the sound of it was so harsh and unnatural that those in the next room paused to listen, and madame put her head in the door to make inquiry.

"Prutt! prutt!" exclaimed Pierre Charette, mimicking the inquisitive turkey hen. "Allez-vous-en! Back to the pig."

Then there was silence in the kitchen. The old man and the young man sat smoking. Each had his own thoughts. One was thinking how much money his grain and hay would fetch; the other was thinking bitterly of the day, a year ago, when he and Euphrasie, with their village companions, sang their holiday songs together. Ah! they were happy then, but now —

Madame Charette was surely at her best this day. She rattled away at Pettingill in French, and Euphrasie interpreted the words the best she knew how; but she could not keep up, madame was so jolly and hearty. Pettingill had never been in such a storm of French and broken English, and he wished himself well out of it. All he could do was to sit and grin helplessly, and mop his face aimlessly with his gorgeous silk handkerchief. Euphrasie, too, was jolly, or pretended to be, and she carried on her interpretations with a great deal of laughter.

"Ma mère say if you like dis country?" she remarked.

"Just tell her," said Pettingill, "that if she will give me the daughter she may keep the country."

"'Ush up, you!" said Euphrasie, blushing; "you too bad." To her mother, "He is very fond of the country, — oh, much."

This caught the ear of Pierre Charette, and it recalled him from his mental grain speculation. He turned in his chair and looked at Billette with half-

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closed eyes. At this moment there was a shuffling of feet and a moving of chairs in the next room. Some of the girls and boys of the village had come in to see Euphrasie. Presently, madame, glowing with hospitality, came into the kitchen for more chairs.

"It is the whole village," she explained. "And Joi hiding like a thief! Shame upon him! Take these chairs, then, and cease to be a stick. Leave dozing to the gray cat."

Joi Billette took the chairs, but with no good grace. He was not himself. He placed them around the room mechanically, and stood in the midst of his friends awkward and ill at ease. Some wanted to laugh at him, while others tried to tease him, but his air of preoccupation restrained them; they were already somewhat subdued by the presence of a stranger. In this diffident company Pettingill sat serene, smiling and confident. He was even patronizing. When an embarrassing silence was about to fall on all, he was superior to circumstances.

"Rats!" he exclaimed. "Don't set here moping. Can't we have some play-songs?"

"Oh," said Euphrasie, trying to understand, "some play-song, — yes."

"Something like 'Here's a young man set down to sleep'" —

"Oh, to sleep! I know," said Euphrasie.

"'He needs a young girl to keep him awake.'"

"Oh, yes, — to kip 'im 'wake!" Then she rattled away in French to the rest. The result was that all the young men chose partners, except Joi, — there was no partner for him to choose, — and proceeded to promenade slowly around the small room, singing as they went. The song was about a maiden and her bashful lover, and the clear voice of Euphrasie carried the tune. The cavalier sees his sweetheart laughing; then runs the song: —

"Qu'avez-vous, belle? Qu'avez-vous, belle?
Qu'avez-vous à tant rire?"

Whereupon the girl replies: —

"Je ris de moi, je ris de toi,
De nos fortes entreprises:
C'est d'avoir passé le bois
Sans un petit mot me dire!"

The maiden is going away from the lover, who is too bashful to speak the little word. She is supposed to be waving her hand in the distance. Then the lover is aroused.

"Revenez, belle! Revenez, belle!
Je vous donnerai cent livres!"

But the girl does n't want his fortune. She has had a glimpse of a larger world.

"Ni pour un cent, ni pour deux cent,
Ni pour cinq cent mille livres:
Il fallait mangé la perdrix
Tandis qu'elle était prise!"

And the pretty little partridge will never come back. The girl, still going, cries:

"La perdrix a pris sa volée.
Elle se mit en ville;
Je vois mes amants promener
Dans le parc de la ville!"

All through the singing Joi Billette kept his eyes on Euphrasie, and he thought she was singing at him. The motions of her pretty head, the glances of her bright eyes, — in every way she seemed to be saying that she would not return, but would promenade with other lovers. Joi understood it so, too, for by the time the song was ended he had disappeared, and the small company saw him no more that day. But they heard of him, — oh, yes!

He went into the kitchen, and sat with his face in his hands. No one could say whether his attitude was one of laziness or despair, so little do we know of what is going on before our very eyes. For a while he sat still as death; then he rose and went about the room, searching for something. On the wall hung a piece of looking-glass. He looked into it as he passed, and saw that his face was very white. He shook his head; he did

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not know the man that looked back at him from the glass. He went about the room, hunting in the corners, on the shelves, and under the pans. At last a long knife lay under his hand. He picked it up, looked at it curiously, and hid it under his jacket. Then he seated himself again, his face hid in his hands, and waited. Euphrasie came for a drink of water; he knew the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps, but he did not stir. She looked at him and tossed her head. She said to herself, "Now he is angry; to-morrow he will feel better." He sat and waited, his face in his hands. Some one went away, — that was Hélène Joutras; he knew her voice. One by one they all went away, except the serene and smiling stranger. Then, too, after a while, he was ready to go. Euphrasie went to the door with him. Her broken English seemed very queer to Joi Billette, and very beautiful, too. The door was closed, and then Joi heard the stranger's feet crunching in the snow. He rose from his chair, feeling strangely oppressed. He was so weak he was compelled to steady himself. It was not fear; it was pity. He heard Pettingill going along whistling a gay tune, and he pitied him. But what was pity? There are other things more important than pity. He went out at the back door, and the cold air stung his face and made him feel stronger.

Once out of the gate, he pressed forward rapidly. Just ahead of him Pettingill was sauntering along, still whistling. The stranger was in no hurry, then? So much the better. Joi Billette was so intent on carrying out the purpose he had formed that he did not hear heavy footsteps behind him, nor did he hear a strong voice call his name. He had eyes and ears for no one but Pettingill. As he went forward, he drew the knife from beneath his jacket and held it firmly in his hand, quickening his pace. Pettingill's careless swagger whetted his anger. The wretch! Would he come here, then, and lord it over the village?

Pettingill, hearing footsteps behind him, paused and looked around. He saw Joi Billette coming swiftly towards him, followed as swiftly by a tall, black-robed figure. Like a flash his mind recurred to the stories he had read of Roman Catholics, and now, here before his eyes, as he imagined, was an emissary of the Pope about to administer discipline.

"Run, buster! he 's gainin' on you!" he called out gayly. He had no opportunity to say more. At that moment Joi Billette seized him by the arm and swung him around violently.

"Beast! devil!" the Canadian hissed through his clenched teeth. "Take that!" He made an effort to plunge the knife into the American, but a powerful hand was laid on his arm. He turned, looked into the eyes of the *frère directeur* of the Maristes, and then sank trembling on the snow. The Mariste stood over him, tall and severe.

"What, then, have I taught thee to assassinate?" There was grief in his voice, and supreme pity.

"Say!" exclaimed Pettingill, who had been too much astonished to speak, "what kinder game is he up to? Ain't he off his kerzip?"

"Go!" The Mariste waved his hand imperiously.

"Come off!" Pettingill spoke roughly. "Wait till I give you a pointer. Don't you let that chap rush after me. Because if you do" — he drew a shining pistol from his overcoat pocket — "I 'll give him a tetch of the United States that 'll last him."

"Go!" the Mariste repeated.

"So long," said Pettingill, whereupon he turned on his heel and went away.

The Mariste lifted Joi Billette to his feet, brushed the snow from his clothes, took him by the hand, and led him back the way he had come. Past Charette's, past all the houses, they went, the Mariste still holding Joi by the hand. At

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the end of the street, the white crosses of the little cemetery gleamed almost as white as the snow piled up on the graves. Into the garden of the dead they went, and there the Mariste led Joi to one of the little white crosses. In the centre of the cross had been fixed a small frame, and in this frame was the likeness of a young woman, a souvenir of the dead. It was a common tintype, but there was an air of nobility about it. It had the beauty of youth and the tenderness of maturity. It was the picture of Joi Billette's mother. He fell on his knees before it, and sobbed convulsively. The Mariste stood, with hat off and folded arms, his black hair blown about by the wind. Aimé Joutras, watching from a distance, saw the two emerge from the cemetery and go into the church, not far away. Then he saw them no more.

When Pettingill returned to the little auberge, he found Barie still there, tasting and testing Chicoine's *la p'tite bière*, and it was not long before he was seated in the grizzled habitant's sleigh, on his way to Upton. One day passed, then two days, then three. Pettingill could be accounted for, — he had gone away; but where was Joi Billette? The times were not so gay at Charette's as before. Euphrasie ceased to toss her head and forgot to put on her fine airs. She was continually looking up the street for Joi, but no Joi came. She went to see André Billette, Joi's father, but André looked at her coldly and shook his head. He had no information to give. Joi was of age; he could take care of himself.

"You know where he is?" said Euphrasie.

"I know where I am, ma'm'selle," said André. "I bother nobody."

There was no comfort for the girl in such talk as that. Then there was the story that Joutras told of seeing Joi with the frère directeur of the Mariste school. To the school Euphrasie went. One of the pupils opened the door, and in a little while the frère directeur came. He was very grave, but there was a twinkle of fun in his eyes when he saw Euphrasie. The girl was excited and defiant. Her face was very white and her hands trembled. She made no salutation.

"Where is Joi Billette?" she asked bluntly.

The Mariste regarded her curiously.

"Why do you come to me for Joi Billette?" he asked gently. "If he is here, why disturb him? He asks to see no one. He is content."

"I ask you, where is Joi Billette?" the girl repeated. Her attitude was almost threatening.

"Why come to me?" the Mariste insisted. "What am I?"

"For you," exclaimed Euphrasie, "I do not care that!" She raised her hand and snapped her fingers. "Where is Joi Billette?"

Her voice rang through the hallway, and at that moment Joi appeared behind the Mariste, his face pale and his eyes full of wonder. When Euphrasie saw him, she turned away from the door and began to weep. Joi looked at the Mariste for an explanation, but, without waiting for it, he ran to Euphrasie, as she was going away, and threw his arms around her.

The Mariste nodded his head approvingly, and closed the door.

Joel Chandler Harris.

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THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF CYBELE.

I.

Among the individuals of one's human environment, some live in a world of wonder, of daily phenomenon, of hourly revelation of beauty, of momentary sensation, of novelty and delight. Others, whose paths are seen to intersect theirs, live, on the contrary, in a world of seamy conditions, of most unlovely commonplace, of jaded interest, of livelong irksomeness. Each sort of person is liable to infect with his own view of Cosmos any "sensitive" who may come within range. It is well, then, for the "sensitive" to consort with those whose world yet bears the stamp of a wonderful creation, and has not suffered from that familiarity which breeds contempt. Moreover, this caution is well observed, whether it is the world of men and women, or of nature and the humbler creatures. Only the other morning, a friend of mine, who has not yet encountered *tedium vitæ*, but lives "surrounded by beauty and wonder," was sitting at the breakfast-table, and greatly enjoying a traveler's tale of staging adventure in the Rocky Mountain and grizzly-bear West. "I wish *I* could see a bear crossing the road!" exclaimed this enthusiastic listener. Immediately, as though in response to the utterance of this desire, a mouse glided across the dining-room floor, and out of sight again. "Why, that is a bear!" was the involuntary ejaculation of my friend, who recognizes the monitions of the universal delivered through the particular, the great in the little, and the Queen of Faëry disguised as withered eld. "That *is* a bear, or as good as a bear, for it is just as admirable a piece of creation, and to me, at this moment, looks as unusual and astonishing."

I cannot say that I am as easily gratified, or as content to take my Natural History thus epitomized, and yet at times some least pensioner of Fauna has appeared to me invested with a like glamourish interest; as on that remembered day in the woods, when suddenly the genius of Candlemas-tide, Sir Marmot, and I stood face to face, he erect on his haunches, with forepaws held up in timid deprecation, — each of us in rustling the dead leaves having alarmed the other. I cannot say but that this little encounter was as entertaining, in its way, as a visit to the menagerie or a page of Æsop. Of the same order of half-supernatural wonder are childhood's occasional discoveries of any new and curious though obscure denizen of the world in which it lives. So shall I always remember the summer afternoon made notable by the following circumstance. There had been a brisk shower. There was a fading rainbow in the eastern sky. The owner of bare feet, trudging along the country road, delighted in making the drenched sand "lighten," which was accomplished by quick, forcible spats of the bare feet upon the wet ground. But, in so doing, a wonderful, diminutive crocodilian creature, red as a glowing coal (unquenched for all the torrent of rain), was started out from the shelter of a loose stone, when it burned its way across the soaked and yellow sand! A salamander issuing from the fireplace would scarcely prove so exciting now as did the sudden vision of the little eft on that distant summer day. No less of mystery attended another and similar discovery at about the same period. In a disused porch on the sunny side of the house, sparsely shaded by a straggling grapevine, I used to watch the evolutions of certain singular creatures, as deservedly earning the qualification of "swifts" as the chimney-swallows them-

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selves. Half admired, half feared, these phenomenal apparitions darted back and forth, — rapid lines in darkest blue, cutting through the golden sunlight. Their name I did not learn until long afterward; and in a much later time, the mystery of their quick and furtive movements, with the entire pictorial setting, gave a vivid objective character to the lines in Shelley's Song: —

> "Like a lizard with the shade
> Of a trembling leaf,
> Thou with sorrow art dismayed."

II.

Along the bank of a little stream, whose gently sloping margin of umber sand and its inverted reflection in the water take on the guise of a closed mussel-shell, I used frequently to find, after the loosening of the ground in early spring, an osseous fragment, of a peculiar appearance. Some two or three inches in length, the breadth much less; oblong, the edges minutely serrate; furnished with a plainly marked midrib, and with a stem proceeding from the under-surface, this fragment strikingly suggested a leaf carved out of ivory. I am yet ignorant what intimate of the stream or of its pleasant banks had there laid down with its life this foliaceous souvenir which I so often found, and found increasingly invested with a certain pathos. Abstract Natural History allows little for sentiment in its student; but as I was not so much a student of Natural History as of Natural Romance in Nature, in my ignorant content I was permitted full enjoyment of the suggestion the bone leaf offered to my fancy. It seemed to speak of a subtle consent existing between animal and vegetable structures. Last year's outworn skeleton of a leaf and this leaf-resembling remnant of a more vital organism, found in the same spot, appeared to be there together not without intention to furnish some hint as to a coörigin of types. I thought, at least, that a student of Natural Romance has some privileges of construction as well as has the true *savant* who can rehabilitate the mastodon from the evidence of a tooth!

Deeply or lightly read in Nature's lore, the observer loses no opportunity, nor suggestion of opportunity, for gathering up any possible "connecting link" that may be lying about in those fields of fancy which border most closely upon fact. For instance, not long ago I was desirous of establishing some claim of kinship for the lowly children of the earth with the lovely broods of the air. Soon after, this claim was allowed in a most unexpected manner, and confirmed by a most creditable eye-witness. A rambler in Staten Island, in the month of November, wishing to possess himself of a fine bird's-nest which he observed in a young tree, easily climbed to the limb on which the nest rested. Reaching up for it, he was surprised to find the top covered over, and, further, that his hand came in contact with something warm and mobile. The next instant several mice ran down the tree, showing that if there are no birds in last year's nest, it is not, always, practically deserted on that account. On descending, the rambler made another interesting discovery. At the foot of the tree lay a snake awaiting its opportunity for a substantial meal, — too sagacious, it appeared, to accept implicitly the proverb just cited! While certain families of wild mice thus passively approve of the bird's architectural methods by occupying its abandoned home, the domestic mouse, in the *cunabula* which it constructs for its young, actually emulates the bird's beautiful ingenuity. Such a snuggery I found not long ago: exactly circular in shape, composed of fine bits of nibbled paper, with here and there a string or a straw intertwined, and with the addition of an occasional feather and scrap of bright cloth. An excellent bird's-nest, save that it was overspread by the same marvelously light covering

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of paper. This covering, touched by my finger, fell off, and revealed five blind nestlings, at first uneasily stirring, but soon motionless, as though recognizing an alien touch, or as though they had received some sign of warning from the timid mother who had deserted them on the approach of danger. The chief wonder of this nest was that the surrounding spherical mass of light and loose paper could have remained intact, and not fallen away at the least motion of the inmates. If there could be any interchange of experience and wisdom between these two nest-builders, the bird, in this particular, might learn something of the mouse.

Is it not suggestive that while the rodent, who insists upon occupying our house and feeding from its stores, is looked upon with something akin to disgust, the wild cousin, who is capable of quite as much mischief, encounters no such shuddering aversion? The cinnamon-colored furry little colonists that run every way when, preparatory to husking, the corn-shocks are pulled down in the November fields, excite only one's tenderest sympathy, and an anxiety lest they become the victims of canine sport. Held in the hollow of the hand or laid against the cheek, the warm, throbbing little creatures make their mute appeal most forcibly. They have taken their quantum of corn, as the waste upon the ground testifies; yet somehow I am inclined to view the tearing down of the shock as a wanton sacking of a peaceful and happy village, whose charter has been destroyed or disregarded. The same spirit of protective sympathy for the wild is uppermost when I find my young neighbor, a good amateur "shot," turning an honest enough penny by defending a field of springing corn from the blackbirds: I am sorry or glad according as his aim hits or misses. Or rather, the case is one of mixed sympathies: on the one hand, solicitude for the Indian Ceres and the interests of her farmer guardian; and, on the other, anxiety that the black freebooters, who would carry her away, shall not forfeit their jovial lives. One can perfectly well understand the mood in which Thoreau pursued his solitary fox-hunt, when, to use his own words, "it seemed the woods rang with the hunter's horn, and Diana and all the satyrs joined in the chase and cheered me on." And yet the advantage of the fox was the paramount interest; for, adds the amateur huntsman, after duly practicing the vulpine neophyte up hill and down dale, "hoping this experience would prove a useful lesson to him, I returned to the village by the highway of the river."

It was but lately, and in a manner not to be anticipated, that the sense of compassion was stirred in behalf of one of Nature's dumb pensioners. Passing through Washington market, in New York, noting the kaleidoscopic coloring displayed by the stalls of fruits, foreign and domestic, of vegetables, of garnished meats, of birds of lustrous plumage, of fish, checkered or wave-marked, as becomes the herds of Proteus, I made a discovery that interested me more than aught else. This was a group of turtles, of great size, helpless, supine, showing the golden plastron; perhaps the only yet living victims in that place of sacrifice; perhaps, also, of a venerability exceeding the years of the eldest and gnarliest of the marketmen. The discomfort and ignominy to which these old autochthones were subjected should have moved any country heart; and I longed for the exercise of some necromancy which would have released and marshaled them all in slow saturnine procession, to take their way to freedom and the leisurely drawing out of another secular period.

In speaking of the tortoise, it seems to deserve mention as among the most filial of the rude sons of the earth herein considered. Was it not a giant of his kind, a cosmical tortoise, that, Æneas-like, bore on his broad and steady back

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our common parent, until groping Science, by finding an effective substitute, released him from such service? Even yet, unless Botany errs and tells a mere fairy tale, the tortoise is the stable foundation whereon rests a minute portion of the vegetable world.

For beauty has our tortoise little care,
Who seeks but to supply his daily needs;
Yet on his rugged armor does he bear
A hanging-garden of fresh water-weeds.
(No more knows man what graceful whim of Fate
Man's rude and homely lot may decorate!)

As to the great age which this most deliberate of animals is said to attain, I can add no testimony except of the slight character contained in the incident subjoined: —

SAGES DISAGREE.

The ancient Crow bespake the Tortoise thus:
"What human generations born with us
Have we seen rise, and flourish for a while,
Then sink into a narrow dim defile, —
And all because so tardy is their pace,
Death can but overtake them in the race!"

"Nay, brother sage" (the Tortoise slowly spake),
"'T is rather that too rapid strides they make;
Too great their zeal, too soon they spend their breath, —
They fairly run into the arms of Death!"
Each thought upon the other's novel view
Some ten brief years, then spake his own anew!

III.

A lady of my acquaintance has her summer study in a breezy old barn, with wide doors opening upon the morning and the evening. She keeps a bribe for certain cunning genii of the place. Thus induced, the genii come and go, noiselessly, while she reads or writes, or pauses to observe their movements. They hastily fill the pouches they have brought with them with the nuts or grains of corn that form the bribe, and quickly disappear to add an increment to supplies subterraneously stored against the coming winter. Often there is sharp but mainly silent contention between two of these excellent "providers;" and sometimes the human umpire withholds the scattered harvest, and places a condition which insists upon more amenity of behavior. The genii are then compelled to search for the stores thus withdrawn from easy possession, at last finding that the treasured nut or kernel of corn lies on the palm of the gentle disciplinarian's hand; then, whichever is, at once, more tame or more courageous secures the coveted food. To this end there is a quick spring from the floor to a bench, from the bench to the tantalizing hand that holds the nut, an instantaneous seizure of the nut, and an immediate retreat, while the glance of the bright eye and every movement of the body are eloquent of desire, anxious speculation, resolve, desperate venture, triumphant possession. When more than one nut is to be disposed of, the adjustment to suit the capacity of the cheek-pouch becomes a matter of patient and almost ludicrously grave experiment. These chipmunks are in reality the genii of the place, abiding over winter, and on the return of their friend in the spring making it evident that they have not forgotten the bounty which lightened their labors. Very different, if we consider the accounts given in Natural History, is the disposition of the chipmunk's arboreal cousin, the gray squirrel. Like the ancient Gauls, who were desirous of new things, whole communities of gray squirrels have been observed in migration from one part of the country to the other. That they expedite the crossing of rivers by each extemporizing a raft in the shape of a chip, which has, for that purpose, been brought from the *débris* of some wood-lot, reads like a story from Herodotus! Yet the latter authority is constantly gaining in credit; and why should not the traveling squirrel look out for his safety and comfort? However, no conclusive theory has yet been offered in explanation of these migrations, which take place in the autumn,

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and at a somewhat regular interval of years. What pied piper goes in advance, invisible and inaudible except to the marching legions that follow, must be left to conjecture.

As the squirrels swept down from the north,
A questioner stood in the way:
"Why thus go ye forth?
Is it peace, is it war, that takes ye so far?"
"Oh, that is our secret," said they,
"And we will not tell!"

As the squirrels swept on from the north,
Said one to the other, "Disclose
Why 't is we go forth."
Then answered the other, "Heav'n's secret, my brother!
Not one of our company knows,
Heav'n keeps it so well!"

A Natural Romance sketch such as this, independent in its classification, may be permitted to range through genera and species widely dissimilar, so that it does not go far forth from the arms of the great mother whose home-staying children it celebrates.

The other day, opening the window, I put out my hand to pick up a bit of lichen-covered bark, grizzly-gray as the weather-beaten sill on which it rested. In so doing I involuntarily recoiled, for the supposed bark was soft, yielding, and unpleasantly cold, — in fact was a tree-toad, arrayed in what modern Science terms "protective coloring." A yard distant from my eyes, I yet could not see this creature's actual contours! This the voice, birdlike, shrill, heard chiefly at morning and evening, seemingly near, but the owner safely concealed in his cloak of chameleon magic! The hyla scarcely winced at my touch, scarcely twitched a diminutive eyelid; and so I made the acquaintance of the more ambitious member of an order whose other representatives I already knew: one in the uncouth but grateful individual whom I had pampered with impaled flies by the doorstep, and another in the musician of the pool, whose nocturne none dares to praise, although to me it suggests that

Some mighty sea-shell lost among the hills
The ear of Night with dim reverberance fills.

In the winter one comes across, near or within any woodland, what might be regarded as a vast leaf from the cast-away Sibylline books. But the parchment is of the purest white; the cryptic characters are of recent inscribing, in which many and various individuals have joined to leave a record, telling you, in spite of the sheer silence of the woods, that the winter inhabitants thereof are not all house-bound. Social considerations, as well as concern for the table, induce activity. The many-tracked snow-carpet overlaying the broad level surface of some old chestnut stump bears suggestion of mysterious revelry but recently indulged in by the squirrel and his congeners. There is also a more serious view of the matter. As a cruelty superadded to the rigor of the winter, this same soft, white, echoless carpet of snow serves to betray the wild travelers that pass over it. The fox cannot "take a turn" for his health, the rabbit cannot visit our young fruit-trees to steal a lenten repast of bark therefrom, but the enemies of each are duly advised. Every step is a fatal index of the direction taken. Some gentle, oblivious spirit there should be who, with white eraser, should follow and blot out the telltale detective legend. Meantime friendly speculation endeavors to decide as to which wild foot this or that trail may belong: this, like the etching of a fine necklace in which the beads are strung at most regular intervals; or this, which, sharp in the inception, concludes with a blur, as though the traveler who made it had worn snow-shoes. To Thoreau these hasty vestiges were themselves a sort of game, which he hunted with eager assiduity, and described often with minute precision. But not to go so far as the wild, — indeed, to go no farther than the lane leading from barn to pasture, — some curious, half-symbolic specimens in footmarks are to be observed.

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CLASSIC GROUND.

Colin, how can your herds and your flocks
Be skilled in the letters of old?
And yet you shall see where the ox
Coming forth from the hay-littered byre,
And the sheep crowding forth from the fold,
Footprinting the plastic mould,
Have left on the ground,
(In a night, winter-bound,)
The one, a keen sketch of the lyre,
The other, *omega* (ω), behold!

IV.

These small four-footed children of the earth should be endeared to us for their all-the-year-round constancy, — a sort of poor we have with us always. The birds have wings, and, like riches, betake themselves away. Fitted for long and rapid journeys, they can easily pursue and find again the Summer who brought them hither, and who, departing, threw them a subtle clue whereby to follow her. But these poor *filii terræ* have no such recourse. Yet are they not altogether forgotten of Nature. Something is done for them, — very like what would happen should the patrons of a foundling asylum, finding supplies exhausted and the treasury low, cosily put to sleep all its young charges, waking them only when the prospect was improved.

CYBELE AND HER CHILDREN.

The Mother has eternal youth,
Yet in the fading of the year,
For sake of what must fade, in ruth
She wears a crown of oak-leaves sear.

By whistling woods, by naked rocks,
That long have lost the summer's heat,
She calls the wild unfolded flocks,
And points them to their shelter meet.

In her deep bosom sink they all:
The hunter and the prey are there;
No ravin-cry, no hunger-call;
These do not fear, and those forbear.

The winding serpent watches not;
Unwatched, the field-mouse trembles not;
Weak hyla, quiet in his grot,
So rests, nor changes line or spot.

For food the Mother gives them sleep;
Against the cold she gives them sleep;
To cheat their foes she gives them sleep, —
For safety gives them deathlike sleep.

The Mother has eternal youth,
And therefrom, in the wakening year,
Their life revives; and they, in sooth,
Forget their mystic bondage drear!

The trance which these passive creatures keep is a sort of equivalent tropics, one might say, reached without migration. It would not seem strange if these organizations that thus sleep the winter away, taking up their lives as though *de novo* each spring, should be found to be, on this account, somewhat less sensible of the actual stroke of death. When this comes, such semblance of thought as they possess may tell them that what they experience is only the old numbness and recession of force, so many times before undergone, and emerged from as many, in the mysterious reawakening of the spring. How can they guess that a spring will come which is unable to restore them?

Apropos of our much ignorance concerning most of the humbler Fauna, and of their probably overlooked wit and sagacity in many particulars, the Mole shall have the epilogue.

Tell all your wise men who pronounce me blind,
Mine eyes are good, though small and hard to find,
Yet, even so, serve better than their own,
Else they had *looked*, nor said that I have none!

Edith M. Thomas.

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THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

THE author of Sam Slick has suffered some loss in fair appreciation by the very success of his best known book. The avidity with which readers of The Clockmaker adopted the central figure in that satirical work as a type of the Yankee people, and their enjoyment of his keen sayings, caused them to overlook the prime intention of his creator; and so thoroughly has Judge Haliburton been identified, in the minds of the reading public, with this typical character that his more serious work as a publicist has been disregarded by all but a few. Yet, of late, he has not been without honor even in his own country. In 1884, a society having for its object the development of Canadian literature was founded at the university town of Windsor, N. S., the birthplace of Judge Haliburton, and the seat of his Alma Mater, King's College, with which the society is affiliated. It was named The Haliburton in his honor, and its first publication was an essay on his works and characteristics, by the present writer, from which some quotations are made in this article. Of late years lectures upon the judge's works have not been uncommon in Canada, and some of his yarns have been republished in the newspapers, a *réchauffé* of one winning a prize in Halifax in 1885.

The existing biographical sketches of Haliburton are not only meagre, but also full of errors, some of which are actually grotesque. Allibone, following the British Annual Register for 1865, confuses the author with his creation, Sam Slick, and states that Haliburton, "in 1842, visited England as an attaché of the American Legation [!], and in the next year embodied the results of his observations in his amusing work The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England." The Encyclopædia Britannica says, and Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography follows it in both errors: "In 1840 he was promoted to be a judge of the Supreme Court; but within two years he resigned his seat on the bench and removed to England." His promotion was in 1841, his resignation in 1856. The sketch in Stephen's new Dictionary of National Biography avoids these blunders, and has an accurate list of his works, but contains one or two minor errors.

The comparative lack of appreciation for the judge in his native province, until recent years, has often struck American and British travelers. It was forcibly illustrated by a remark in the Bibliotheca Canadensis, that, while the great University of Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., *honoris causa*, in 1858, his little Alma Mater at Windsor, N. S., had thought him worthy only of an honorary M. A. One of his books, The Season Ticket, was not only unread, but apparently unknown, in Nova Scotia, a couple of years ago. Not one of his kinsfolk there was then aware of its existence; a near relation of his even doubted its authenticity. It was not in any of the then existing lists of his works, and had at first been published anonymously in the Dublin University Magazine in 1858–59; and it had been made into a book in London, with the name of "Sam Slick" as its author, about the time when the judge was most forgotten by his countrymen.

This past neglect of Haliburton in Nova Scotia was probably due in part to the distasteful truths he told its inhabitants, and in part to the fact that he left his native province to reside abroad. But the lack of due appreciation for the judge among his countrymen savored strongly of ingratitude; for he has advertised Nova Scotia widely and permanently. Charles Dudley Warner in his

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Baddeck, Miss Marian Reeves and Miss Emily Read in their Pilot Fortune, Professor De Mille in his "B. O. W. C." and Grand Pré School, the Abbé Casgrain in his Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline, Miss Grace Dean McLeod in her Stories of the Land of Evangeline, Professor Roberts in several of his poems, have drawn more or less attention to Acadia. But Haliburton has done more to make it known than any writer except Longfellow, who was indeed largely indebted to Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia for his material when composing Evangeline. Besides writing the history of his country, Haliburton described her scenery, the features of her climate, and her natural resources faithfully and fully. He sketched her social life of half a century ago in The Old Judge and other works. Above all, he drew the attention of his countrymen to their remediable weaknesses. He found among them too much self-satisfaction and too much politics, and too little enterprise and industry. Too many of them were waiting inertly for political panaceas, or wasting their energy in clamoring for them. He strove, shrewdly, to cure these defects by the wholesome example and the caustic comments of a very live Yankee. As a politician, he thought it expedient to tell his countrymen unpalatable truths through the lips of a foreigner. For the clockmaker's satiric utterances — so often grotesquely and perhaps purposely exaggerated — his constituents could not hold him responsible. "A satirist," says Sam Slick, in Nature and Human Nature, speaking of his previously published sayings and doings, — "a satirist, like an Irishman, finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter."

That the judge's vicarious sarcasms bore some good fruit in Nova Scotia there can be little doubt. But they had not then, and they have not yet, produced the signal results which Sam Slick complacently notes in Nature and Human Nature. "I have held the mirror up to these fellows," he says, "to see themselves in, and it has scared them so they have shaved slick up and made themselves decent. . . . The blisters I have put on their vanity stung 'em so, they jumped high enough to see the right road, and the way they travel ahead now is a caution to snails."

As a humorist, Haliburton's chief qualifications were a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, an excellent memory for absurdities, the faculty of hitting off quaint and fancy-tickling phrases, and a most lively imagination. All these characteristics are copiously illustrated in the multitudinous yarns which his characters spin upon the smallest provocation. Indeed, it is evident that he often moots a subject merely to introduce an anecdote; and the very slight main plot of each of the four books narrating Mr. Slick's career is little more than a thread to string his tales and talks upon. The same may be said of The Old Judge and The Season Ticket.

Artemus Ward was not without warrant in terming Haliburton the founder of the American school of humor, for most of its forms and phases are illustrated in the pages of this pioneer humorist. Specimens of affected simplicity, Mark Twain's characteristic, occur in the second chapter of Nature and Human Nature, and elsewhere. Undeveloped prototypes of Mrs. Partington may be found in Mrs. Figg, in the female servant in the Letter-Bag, and in an old woman in The Season Ticket.

Several modern jests and jocular phrases were anticipated by Haliburton, if they have not been borrowed from him. In The Old Judge, an Indian explains to the governor, who expresses surprise at seeing him drunk so soon again, that it is "all same old drunk." "Fact, I assure you," the pet phrase of the liar in Brass, is often used by a character in The Old Judge, and by another in The Season Ticket. Mr. Locke

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(Petroleum V. Nasby) told me that he made a hit in a stump speech by dividing his hearers into "men with clean shirts and Democrats." I wonder whether he had read the definitions quoted by Sam Slick of a Tory ("a gentleman every inch of him, . . . and he puts on a clean shirt every day") and of a Whig ("a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts on an unfrilled shirt every other day")? Fifteen years before Topsy's famous phrase appeared in Uncle Tom's Cabin, a country girl in The Clockmaker, being asked where she was brought up, replied: "Why, I guess I was n't brought up at all. *I growed up.*"

The temptation to distort words, which led the judge occasionally to perpetrate a *double-entendre*, also led him into endless punning. How strong this temptation must have been may be gathered from his making a speaker pun while earnestly protesting against the shabby treatment of the loyalists in the little Canadian rebellion of 1837–38, a subject on which Haliburton felt very deeply indeed, and to which he often recurs. "He who quelled the late rebellion amid a shower of balls," he makes a colonist complain, "was knighted. He who assented, amid a shower of eggs, to a bill to indemnify the rebels was created an earl. Now, to pelt a governor-general with eggs is an overt act of treason, for it is an attempt to throw off the *yolk!*" Punning, good, bad, and indifferent, was a feature of his conversation as well as of his anecdotal works.

Haliburton's sarcasm was usually pointed at types and classes, seldom at individuals. He saw an unoccupied field for a satirist at home, and he took possession of it. "The absurd importance attached in this country to trifles," one of his characters observes, "the grandiloquent language of rural politicians, the flimsy veil of patriotism under which selfishness strives to hide, . . . present many objects for ridicule and satire."

Haliburton used dialogue largely in his humorous books, with the definite object of making them popular. "Why is it," says Mr. Slick in Wise Saws, "if you read a book to a man, you set him to sleep? Just because it is a book, and the language ain't common. Why is it, if you talk to him, he will sit up all night with you? Just because it 's talk, the language of natur'." And written chat, Haliburton thought, was the next best medium to oral chat for holding the attention of all classes. His dialogue, however, is not always consistently suited to his characters, either in matter or in manner. Even the spelling which he uses to represent local mispronunciations is carelessly or capriciously varied.

The fame of Haliburton, as we have intimated, depends largely upon the freaks and tales of his most popular creation, Sam Slick of Slickville. This inconsistent personage is evidently meant to be a typical, wide-awake Yankee. Although not so uniformly representative of New England as Hosea Biglow, in many respects Mr. Slick corresponds to his type. He is full of shifts and dodges. He devises an effective lure to get a passenger on a steamer to leave a comfortable seat, and when the latter reclaims his chair he feigns ignorance of the English language. He has a fast horse in Boston, which will not cross a bridge because it has once fallen through one. He manages to sell it at a high figure, — advertising, with literal truth, that he would not sell it at all if he did not want to leave Boston. When there is a duty of thirty per cent on lead, and no duty on works of art, he makes a large profit by investing in leaden busts of Washington, and melting the Father of his Country after he has passed the custom house. Sam Slick loves to "best" anybody in a "trade," — particularly when the other party thinks himself knowing. To take in another smart "Down-Easter" is an intense joy

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to him: he compares it to coaxing a sly fish to take the bait. He wants to turn everything to practical use: at Niagara, he is struck first by the water-power, and secondly by the grandeur of the falls. If he flatters and "soft-sawders" everlastingly, he cringes to no man. If he sometimes abuses his country himself, he never lets others do so with impunity. He is especially hard upon tourists in search of facts to verify their prejudices against America, and he loves to "bam" them by shocking tales of "gouging-schools" and "black stoles," — garments made of "nigger-hide," and used to punish refractory slaves, who are "etarnally skeered" at being dressed in dead men's skins, and can be heard screeching a mile away. Self-conceited, Mr. Slick is too sublimely so to be conscious of the failing. He boasts, of course, but sometimes with a peculiar object. "Braggin' *saves advertisin'*," he remarks; "it makes people talk and think of you, and incidentally of your wares. I always do it, for, as the Nova Scotia magistrate said, 'what 's the use of being a justice, if you can't do yourself justice?'" Mr. Slick is a cyclopædia of slang, and his sayings are widely quoted, to illustrate colloquialisms, all through Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms.

But in some of his characteristics Sam Slick is far from being a typical New Englander. He satirizes both abolitionists and prohibitionists. He believes that women require "the identical same treatment as horses." He has an extreme contempt for mock modesty or squeamishness, from which New Englanders, in his time, were not supposed to be specially exempt. He repeatedly casts ridicule upon it. He has little appreciation for Puritanism. "Puritans," he observes in Nature and Human Nature, "whether in or out of church, make more sinners than they save, by a long chalk. They ain't content with real sin. . . . Their eyes are like the great magnifier at the Polytechnic, that shows you awful monsters in a drop of water, which were never intended for us to see, or Providence would have made our eyes like Lord Rosse's telescope."

To believe that any human being, much less one who starts life under considerable disadvantages, could know all that Mr. Slick says he knows would tax one's credulity overmuch. He is equally at home in the politics of England, Canada, and the United States. He paints, he plays the piano and the bugle, he dances, he is skilled in woodcraft and angling, he rows and paddles neatly, he shoots like Leather-Stocking or Dr. Carver. He can speculate in all lines with equal success. He has a fair smattering of medicine and chemistry. He offers a hawker of patent cement a much better receipt, of his own invention. He has been in almost every country, including Poland, South America, and Persia. In the latter country he has learned the art of stupefying fishes and making them float on the surface. He dyes a drunken hypocrite's face with a dye which he got from Indians in "the great lone land;" and when the hypocrite repents he has a wash ready to efface the stain. "I actilly larned French in a voyage to Calcutta," he says, "and German on my way home." He knows a little Gaelic, too, which he has learned from a pretty girl, on a new and agreeable system.

At Rome, in Juvenal's time, it was the "hungry Greek," in Johnson's London it was the "fasting monsieur," who knew all the sciences; and let it be granted that the typical Jack-of-all-trades in this century and on this continent is the inquisitive and acquisitive Yankee. Yet Sam Slick beats the record of his shifty countrymen. He has been wherever a lively reminiscence can be located, and he is endowed with any art or attainment which comes in handy "to point a moral or adorn a tale," to snub a snob or help a friend. He understands every phase of human nature, male and female.

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black, white, and red, high and low, rich and poor. He is equally familiar with every social stratum. In Nature and Human Nature he minutely describes two picnics. At one the belles are Indian half-breeds; at the other they are fashionable Halifax young ladies. If the ex-clockmaker has obtained the *entrée* into the illogically exclusive society of Halifax, it is the first time that talent, unaided by modish manners or a scarlet uniform, has ever succeeded in doing so.

As an historian, Haliburton's style is generally clear and classical, although it has not the uniform polish of a master of style, and sometimes deviates into ponderosity. His reflections are mostly shrewd and philosophical, if sometimes biased by his strong conservatism and love for British institutions. All through his Bubbles of Canada he shows his fondness for the British connection, and points out the dangers that have threatened it in the past, and may threaten it in the future. In his Rule and Misrule of the English in America he labors to prove, and claims to have proved, "that American democracy does not owe its origin to the Revolution and to the great statesmen that formed the federal Constitution; but that . . . a republic *de facto* was founded at Boston in 1630, which subsisted in full force and vigor for more than half a century." He was not very painstaking or exhaustive in his researches. Most of his studies for the first of his books, An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia (Halifax, 1829), were made vicariously. His hasty statement that all records in Halifax relating to the expulsion of the Acadians were "carefully concealed" has been amply disproved by the finding of many such records without difficulty by the late Dr. T. B. Akins, while arranging the provincial archives, and by the latter's admirably chosen Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia, published in 1869. The judge himself does not seem to have thought very highly of his Nova Scotian history, some years after its publication. A character in The Clockmaker describes it as being, "next to Mr. Josiah Slick's History of Cuttyhunk in five volumes, the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen."

Haliburton cut a still more disappointing figure than Macaulay in the British Parliament, where he represented Launceston from 1859 until within a few months of his death, in 1865; and his comparative failure in the House has most unfairly injured his reputation as a man of talent. Though he had made some impressive set speeches in the Nova Scotian Assembly, little, if any, of his fame had rested upon his oratory. Besides, when he entered the House of Commons, he was more than sixty-two years old, — an age at which most celebrities, having regard to their reputation only, would be wise to rest upon their laurels. And Haliburton had been too self-indulgent a liver to be exceptionally vigorous in mind or body at the beginning of his old age. His habitual proneness to wander from his subject had perceptibly increased. Commenting on a speech of his on the 5th of April, 1861, Bernal Osborne, "the wit of the House," observed that he had "touched upon nearly every topic except the issue which is immediately under our consideration. The honorable and learned gentleman," continued Mr. Osborne, "is a man famous for his literary ability, and as the author of works of fiction which are universally read; but I must say that, after the exhibition which he has made to-night, he had, in my opinion, better undertake another edition of The Rambler." It is quite likely that, at this time, Haliburton's success had made him so self-complacent that he thought it needless to give much care or study to his speeches. Only a few months before his election, he had made a gentleman in The Season Ticket speak of "such

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men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens."

The mottoes of his Wise Saws and Nature and Human Nature avow that the author's study was mankind; that his subjects, like Juvenal's, were human joys, griefs, powers, passions, and pursuits. And in spite of the careless inconsistencies in Sam Slick, Haliburton was an apt student and sound judge of character. His knowledge of human nature is displayed in many of his aphorisms, and the sententious remarks, such as the following, which are made by several of his personages: "No man nor woman can be a general favorite and be true." "Nothing improves a man's manners like running an election." "There is a private spring to every one's affections." "A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy: the smile that accepts the lover before words are spoken, and the smile that alights on the first-born baby and assures it of a mother's love."

For a man who began life as a provincial lawyer and politician, Haliburton's horizon was remarkably, almost phenomenally wide. He intuitively recognized the tendencies of the age, noted all the currents of public opinion, and gauged their volume and force with approximate exactness. Indeed, the time may come when his fame as a political and ethical thinker, and forecaster of events and movements, may exceed his fame as a humorist.

He foretold the confederation of the British North American provinces, the building of a trans-continental railroad on Canadian soil, and the rise of a great metropolis at Vancouver, where "the enterprise, science, and energy of the West will require and command the labor of the East." His suggestion for a ship-way across the isthmus connecting New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is now being carried out. He foresaw that there would be a civil war in the United States on the question of States' rights. "General government and state government," Mr. Slick had observed, "every now and then square off and spar, and the first blow given will bring a genu-ine set-to."

Haliburton fretted under the cramping influence of belonging to an unrepresented dependency of the British Empire. He has compared the colonies to ponds which rear frogs, but want only outlets and inlets to become lakes and produce fine fish. He observed that the stanzas of Gray's Elegy beginning, "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid," might be aptly inscribed over the gate of any colonial cemetery; for to those who rested there, as completely as to the peasants who slept in the churchyard at Stoke Poges, "their lot forbade" either to "sway the rod of empire," or to "read their history in a *nation's* eyes."

It is a curious coincidence that his ablest depreciator, Professor Felton, of Harvard College, shared Haliburton's views on this subject. In his review of The Attaché, in the North American Review for January, 1844, Felton attributed what he terms "the antiquated political absurdities" of the judge to "the belittling effects of the colonial system on the intellects of colonists. A full and complete national existence," added the Harvard professor, "is requisite to the formation of a manly, intellectual character. What great work of literature or art has the colonial mind ever produced? What free, creative action of genius can take place under the withering sense of inferiority that a distant dependency of a great empire can never escape from? Any consciousness of nationality, however humble the nation may be, is preferable to the second-hand nationality of a colony of the mightiest empire that ever flourished. The intense national pride which acts so forcibly in the United States is something vastly better than the intellectual paralysis that deadens the energies of men in the British North American provinces."

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To give Canadians full national life, with its wider horizon and more stimulating intellectual environment, Haliburton proposed an imperial federation, in which his country should be a full partner. The words "colonies" and "dependencies," he urged, should be disused; all the "British possessions" should be "integral parts of one great whole." He thought the time was already at hand when "the treatment of adults should supersede that of children," in the case of colonies possessing responsible government. But he was not of those who want to obtain all the privileges of manhood, and to shirk its obligations and responsibilities. He did not clamor for the right to make treaties and have them enforced by the imperial services without offering something in return. He did not desire representation without taxation, as some parasitic colonists do to-day. He wanted to see Britons and colonists "united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government." Professor Drummond has strikingly described the deterioration of the hermit crab resulting from its habitually evading the natural responsibility of self-defense. Haliburton evidently feared an analogous fate for a nation permanently evading the same responsibility; and he tried sarcasm as well as argument to rouse his countrymen from their ignoble content. "Don't use that word 'our' till you are entitled to it," said the clockmaker. "Be formal and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, etc., and never strut under borrowed plumes."

But Haliburton advocated imperial federation not only to improve the status of the colonies, but also to strengthen the empire, which, in its present state, he aptly likened to a barrel without hoops, and to a bundle of sticks, which must either be bound together more securely or else fall apart. He was a little too sanguine in expecting an early change. "Things *can't and won't remain long as they are*," said Mr. Slick in Nature and Human Nature, which was published in 1855. "England has three things among which to choose for her North American colonies: First, incorporation with herself, and representation in Parliament. Secondly, independence. Thirdly, annexation with the States." There are, however, some quiet observers in England, and one or two even in Canada, who hold that the prophecy hazarded by Senator Sherman in 1887, that within ten years Canada would be represented at Westminster or Washington, may yet prove true; but that the longer she defers choosing her path, the more likely she is to decide upon independence.

Having so forcibly pleaded for imperial federation long before the modern movement was either named or started, Judge Haliburton has been erroneously credited with the fatherhood of the idea. A Canadian journalist, named David Chisholme, had published a book in 1832 on the Rights of British Colonists to Representation in the British Parliament. "We desire," he said, "to be put on the same footing with the other members of the family. . . . Being now of mature age, we desire that our leading-strings may be cut away from us." Even before the steam-engine or electric telegraph existed, Governor Thomas Pownall had proposed making of Great Britain and her dependencies "a grand marine dominion . . . united into a one empire, in a one centre, where the seat of government is." Twelve years before the American Revolution, Pownall had argued, in his thoughtful work on the Administration of the Colonies, that "the scheme of giving representatives to the colonies annexes them to and incorporates them with the realm. Their interest is contrary to that of Great Britain only so long as they are continued in the unnatural artificial state

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of being considered as external provinces; and they can become rivals only by continuing to increase in their separate state." During the Revolutionary War, and therefore a little too late, the great thinker, Adam Smith, suggested offering representation with taxation to each State detaching itself from the confederacy. He even contemplated the ultimate removal of the empire's capital to America. "In the course of a little more than a century," he observed, "perhaps the produce of American might exceed that of the British taxation. The seat of empire would then naturally remove itself to that part of the empire which contributed most to the general defense and support of the whole." The germ of the idea of imperial federation may be traced as far back as Francis Bacon. His letter to King James, On the True Greatness of the Kingdom of Britain, recognized the cardinal principle that the stability of a vast empire requires a reciprocity of rights, benefits, and obligations among its parts. The last of his four conditions under which alone "greatness of territory addeth strength" is "that no part or province of the state be utterly unprofitable, but do confer some use or service to the state." And, comparing an empire to a tree, Bacon observed that, "if the top be overgreat and the stalk too slender, there can be no strength. . . . Therefore we see that when the state of Rome grew great they were enforced to naturalize the Latins or Italians, because the Roman *stem* could not bear the provinces and Italy both *as branches*; and the like they were content after to do to most of the Gauls."

If Haliburton hoped to see the British Empire federated, and made what Professor James K. Hosmer gracefully calls "a great world-Venice, through which indeed the seas shall flow, — to unite, however, not to divide," — he anticipated Professor Hosmer's belief that this federation would probably lead to a greater fraternity between the two great English-speaking powers. He did not fear, like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, that imperial federation would arouse an implacable jealousy in the United States, but rather trusted that the increasing grandeur of both powers might enlarge their mutual respect and the pride of each in their common race. Indeed, Haliburton's imagination had conceived the very grandest of all the schemes propounded for the welfare and civilization of mankind, — an Anglo-American union or alliance, "dominating the world, and dictating peace to the too heavily armed nations." "Now we are two great nations," observed Sam Slick in Wise Saws, "the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world, — speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United, we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies, and millions. Single, we could n't stand against all; and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin' over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that helps to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on."

This warm utterance of Mr. Slick is a conclusive answer to Professor Felton's charge that Haliburton had conceived "the ingenuous purpose of exciting ill will between the two countries." The professor based this hasty accusation merely upon a little bit of satire upon Mr. Everett (in the person of Abednego Layman, in The Attaché), and upon an allusion to "American bad faith in the business of the Boundary question." It is strange that he should have thought this phrase a proof of the

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author's dishonesty; for Haliburton was doubtless alluding to the silence of the United States plenipotentiary as to the existence of the "red-line map," — a silence possibly justifiable by the diplomatic code of morality, but concerning which there have always been two opinions. These are the words used by Mr. Webster, in his own justification, at a meeting of the New York Historical Society: "I must confess that I did not deem it a very urgent duty on my part to go to Lord Ashburton and tell him that I had found a bit of doubtful evidence in Paris, out of which he might perhaps make something to the prejudice of our claims."

The truth is that, though Haliburton sometimes satirized Americans as freely as he satirized his countrymen, he frequently and warmly referred to their good qualities; and it was principally by the notable example of New England energy and enterprise that he strove to reform Nova Scotians. For the Constitution of the United States he had the greatest admiration. "Nothing," he said of it in his Rule and Misrule of the English in America, "by any possibility could be devised more suited to the situation, feelings, wants, habits, and preconceived ideas of the people. It has conferred happiness and safety on many millions. *Esto perpetuo.*"

F. Blake Crofton.

THE AMERICAN PESSIMIST.

Pessimism is a philosophy greatly in repute just now. Schopenhauer and Hartmann are in the mouths of many people who have not read their works at all, and of some who have read them with very little understanding. Many people who call themselves pessimists, however, hardly go the full length, or are conscious what they are proclaiming. To believe deliberately that the whole universe exists for nothing but evil, misery, and suffering; that there is a power, or an unconscious force, which finds a pleasure, or follows a natural tendency, in the mere causing of destruction, is to believe something very contrary to the natural inclinations of humanity. For this is more, far more, than simple materialism; more than the mere belief that nature is a vast, inexorable machine, indifferent to the welfare of the sentient world. Materialism is consistent with a philosophy of great calmness and resignation, if not of joy. But to be a pessimist philosophically is to feel one's self in fierce and deadly antagonism with the universe, to hate with redoubled hatred all that is manifestly pernicious, and to see in all that is apparently alluring nothing but the hollow magic of a snare.

Nor is it easy to think that pessimism has ever been a prevalent system of philosophy, or indeed, until to-day, an elaborated system of philosophy at all, at least among Western peoples, and outside of some vast and shadowy dream-vision of Asia. A theory so enervating could not have flourished among the pushing and practical races of Europe: it is too inconsistent with all action, too blighting to force and vitality of will. But pessimism as a mood, not as a system, is as old as the world, and as lasting as the thinking animal itself. We are all optimists and pessimists by turns. We all have our after-dinner moods, when life is suffused with a glow of rose. We all have our moments of dejection and despair, caused perhaps at times by some great grief, but full as often the result of a little over-fatigue, a jarring of the nerves, an indigestion, and we become

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temporarily as black pessimists as Leopardi.

Yes, it is coeval with the birth of thought itself, the wild and sobbing shriek of overburdened grief, the cold sigh of indifference and *ennui*. We hear it in Job with a burst of passion: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." We hear it in the terrible verdict of Ecclesiastes: "For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow? for who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?" Lucretius overflows with it: —

"Surgit amari aliquid medio de fonte leporum."

Nor is this tone less familiar to the Christian than to the antique mind. Religious writers often dwell on the misery of this world to bring out the attractions of the next, but the misery of this seems the prominent feature.

Nor is the cry of agony confined to dark and melancholy souls. It is more frequent with them, but the great master spirits of the world give way at times. Even Shakespeare, bright magician, skilled in loveliness and charm, had his moments of despair, — moments unknown to us except for the sonnets: —

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry."

Even Emerson, most optimistic of men, has touches here and there, if one looks for them, of vast discouragement.

When the warm autumn evenings settle down, who can resist this mood; or in the first days of bursting spring, when the world is flooded, drenched, with vitality, and one asks one's self in terror, almost, For what is it all, for what, for what? — so resistless is the flow and tide of nature, so aimless and incomprehensible, so vast. The frail intelligence of man seems diluted in this wider element of semi-nothingness, of unprecipitated being. Again, on some clear October or January morning, it is as if the will of the universe were concentrated in the muscles of one's own right arm. Strange, uncontrollable shifting of our moods and purposes!

But there is a pessimism which is a matter neither of mood nor of theory, but of temperament. Most men are born with a moderate view, taking things as they come, but some with a natural tendency to see the world all white or all black. Who does not know the constitutional optimist, who is always well, always has been well, or always is going to be well; who is pleased with the present, satisfied with the past, full of gorgeous hope for the future; for whom it never rains, or shines, or blows, except for the benefit of some one; who sees what he calls the good side in all events, in all people; who makes one wish, sometimes, that some misfortune would befall him signal enough to make him "curse God and die"? Who does not know the constitutional pessimist, to whom the opposite of this description applies; who may not have intelligence or knowledge enough to accept the theories of Schopenhauer and Leopardi, but who carries them out in practice? Every inauspicious glance of Nature is especially for him. The dust flies for him, the frost bites for him, the whole planetary system revolves with the sole end of frustrating his purposes. One wearies, at times, of the optimist, but, except for those who are obliged to tolerate him, a prolonged cohabitation with such a pessimist becomes simply intolerable.

This is but a crude form of constitutional pessimism, however, — a form of indigestion, perhaps I should rather say, peculiarly attendant on the combination of a vigorous temperament with a lack of occupation. There is another manifestation of the tendency, infinitely finer and more subtle, — the only one, as I think, really worthy of the name. This species of pessimism is found, I sup-

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pose, all over the world; most intellectual maladies are, though this may never have been so highly developed as in our nineteenth century. But it has especially come under my observation here in our own America; and it is as it exists here that I wish to describe it. Not that it is very common. Many of my readers will say they do not know such a person as I am portraying; but some will be able to lay their fingers on one instantly. The disease, too, is important, not from its quantity, but from its quality; it attacks some of the very clearest and richest and subtlest minds among us.

This pessimism is wholly different from the crude discontent and lack of harmony with surroundings that I have referred to above. Such a man as we are speaking of has too much philosophy, if I may call it so, too much pride, too large a view, to set himself in a pitiful and petty antagonism with the ample and eternal forces which go to make up what we call Nature. He has a suave indifference to small discomforts that at times leads superficial people to confound him with the optimist; for he has few of those turbulent and fleeting bursts of temper which overcome the serenest of us. He faces great misfortunes and even small annoyances with the same inexplicable, unalterable smile, — a smile more fitted to move the looker-on to tears than to any outbreak of accordant mirth.

No, the modern pessimist, the true, incurable pessimist, is not, perhaps, a pessimist at all. He does not rail, or curse God, or despise man. If his state of mind can be described, it is by saying that he has thought, not himself, but everything besides himself, into a shadow. He is a man who has embarked on the wide sea of intellectual discovery, and has found that for him it is a barren sea, blank, desolate, — a sea shoreless, where the traveler voyages on aimlessly forever in a misty void. He is a man for whom the fevered, passionate whirl of life, so fierce, so intense, so real, to other men, is but a disordered dream, — a dream of which no one knows the beginning, and no one can prophesy the end. He is a man to whom the present is a reality only in comparison with the utter darkness of the future and the past, — a man to whom faith and hope are shadows, and charity is the emptiest and vainest of superstructures, from which all foundation has been eaten away.

But, some one says, this is not pessimism. You are misusing the word, and disguising in flowery rhetoric something which should go by another name. But no other name will quite cover what I mean. Practical Epicureanism is a philosophy very popular among us, as indeed it has been popular at all times and everywhere, though not always so openly proclaimed and without veil as it is to-day. The practical Epicurean is quite as much without belief as the pessimist I speak of; he is quite as free from prejudices as to morals or religion, quite as ready to disclaim adherence to inherited ideas. But he simply flings all these things aside. From his want of belief, when he reasons at all, he draws a solid and comfortable conclusion: Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. That conclusion is the basis, conscious or unconscious, of a vast deal of American life to-day, modified only by the fact that the American has not yet really learned how to enjoy himself, and seeks distraction in endless and feverish mental excitement rather than in the subtle and judiciously husbanded pleasures of the senses.

Now, the life of our pessimist is as far from this as possible. It is true that he has lost all faith, if he ever had any. He has long ago recognized that the intellect is a will-o'-the-wisp, kindling its fitful gleam, now here, now there, in the vast plashy meadow of perceptive existence, but leading to no sure and solid foothold, drawing the weary wanderer only deeper and deeper in the mire. Yet, knowing this, he cannot resist the

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fatal charm. He has tasted the alluring sweets of abstract reverie, and he can never give them up. Once caught in the toil of that enchantress, there is no escape, — she, the true Circe, who, instead of enslaving men to the joys of sense, turns those joys themselves into the shadow of a shade. Yes, even if the pessimist would shut up the cavern of his mind and strew it over with the roses and the charm of life, he cannot. Still, still he is haunted with the consciousness of the drear abyss beneath. It is true to him, too true, that to-morrow we die, and, in the face of that fact, how can he eat, drink, and be merry?

But am I not describing an agnostic? To a certain extent, yes. The pessimist, in this sense, does deny the possibility of real knowledge, cognition of the Absolute, as does the agnostic. Yet no! He does not deny or assert anything. He himself knows nothing about the Absolute, but others may. After all, the agnostic belongs to a sect, a dogmatic sect, a sect ready for the most part to decry what it calls the superstitions of other people. Now, to our pessimist, dogmatism is, of all things, hateful. Just because he believes nothing, he is alive to the possibility of believing anything or everything. The most monstrous superstition, except as it involves intolerance and cruelty, is to him as worthy of respect as the refined abstractions of the Hegelian. As faiths, they mean to him nothing; as phenomena of the human intelligence, they are alike curious objects for the ceaseless play of thought.

It is true that we might fall back on the term "skeptic." But that, also, implies a system, bears with it some inference of Pyrrhonism, and a hardened determination to question everything whatever. So natural are theory and a creed to humanity that it erects even its profoundest doubt into a dogma.

Therefore, until something better is suggested, we still must call the subject of our examination a pessimist. He is not a shrieking fanatic, like Leopardi or Schopenhauer, who parades his own despair in the eyes of an unsympathetic world. Such demonstrations seem to him crude and unwarrantable. The deepest mystery of things is too august to be hailed with such abuse as a fretful child showers upon its nurse. But his pessimism is rather an indefinable shade of gray which pervades his whole view of life, — silent, uncomplaining, but profoundly hopeless.

It is here that the peculiarity of the American type must be taken into account. Men such as I have been describing are to be found all over Europe, all over the civilized world. In France they are very numerous, and the great French literature of to-day is largely built up by them. Indeed, the tradition of the race began long ago in France, in more or less disguised forms: clad in gorgeous rhetoric in Châteaubriand, touched with fevered passion in Sénancour, nursed to his own destruction by Maurice de Guérin. It is the ground tone of the great French realistic novelists, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, the De Goncourts, Zola, the half-French Turgeneff; and, in the younger generation, of such men as Paul Bourget and Guy de Maupassant. But there is an immense distinction between these men and their American fellow. He is as profoundly and completely skeptical as they are; but, owing to a difference of race, or, it may be, to the traditions of Puritanism that still linger in his blood, he is less brutal than they, — is, in fact, as far as possible from brutality. From their complete disbelief in all moral law, they deduce a profound viciousness and uncleanness of tone and habit, not from any great pleasure in the enjoyments of the senses, but simply from hatred of the conventional, the *bourgeois*. To him such licentiousness is wholly repulsive, it offends his taste; he lives and thinks as purely as a fanatic.

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Yes, he has inherited many things from his Puritan ancestors, this child of the nineteenth century, whom they would spurn and scorn more even than the fiercest heretic or the most godless debauchee. Their glowing love of a saintly ideal still lingers in his veins, possesses him at times with a wild desire for the beauty of holiness, making the void only blacker and bleaker when it fades away. He has inherited from them a fastidious scrupulosity of conscience, which haunts him in minute details, even when conscience itself has become to him an idle illusion. Vices he has none. Faults he may have, arising from indifference and lack of enthusiasm; but the more passive virtues, gentleness, tenderness, mildness, infinite toleration, — no one has them more than he. These things make him beloved in spite of the chill which he casts over everything, for he is ready to listen to other people's joys and woes, and not burden them with his own. Indeed, simply to meet him and talk with him, you would never become aware of the profound darkness at the bottom of his heart. You would think him ready to agree with your own Methodism, or Episcopalianism, or what not. Only rarely, if you are unusually penetrating, there would be a glance that would put you on your guard.

Is he then hypocritical, inconsistent? Inconsistent, yes. I have heard a Philistine described as one "who lives from convention, not from conviction." If the definition is accurate, our pessimist is a thorough Philistine; for he abhors convictions, and has none of any kind whatever. Yet the poor man must live.

And he does live. If you ask him, he will probably say that life brings him, on the whole, more misery than happiness, by far. Yet he lives, either because he is mistaken, or because the tremendous unreasoning instinct that makes us cry out for life — life, good or bad — predominates over him as over the rest of us. He lives, often, to a gray old age, and sees his children around him. There are bright spots, too, even for him, sunny nooks in an autumn day, where he can fly the cold north and dream that there is something that is not a dream; something stable, worth grasping, worth loving; something that will not fade away. But, for the rest, he bears his lot as he can, without murmur or complaint; looking on at the vast and varied banquet of the world, from which he alone goes away unsatisfied; gazing, an idle and yet not an uninterested spectator, at the curious and futile show which the vagaries of language and the traditions of our ancestors have taught us to call life.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

DOUBTS ABOUT UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

During the past year a step has been taken in American education which already excites the interest and hopes of us all. England has been our teacher, — England and a persuasive apostle from that country. A few years ago the English universities became discontented with their isolation. For generations they had been devoting themselves to a single class in the community, and that, too, a class which needed least to be brought to intelligence and power. The mass of the nation, those by whom its labor and commerce were conducted, had little access to Oxford and Cambridge. Poverty first, then social distinctions, and, until recent days, sectarian haughtiness barred them out. Their exclusion reacted on the training of the universities themselves. Conservatism

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flourished. The worth of an intellectual interest was rated rather by its traditional character than by its closeness to life. The sciences, latter-day things, were pursued hardly at all. The modern literatures, English included, had no place. Plato and Aristotle furnished most of the philosophy. While the rest of the world was deriving from Germany methods of study, from France methods of exposition, and from America methods of treating all men alike as rational, English scholarship, based on no gymnasia, lycées, or high schools, went its way, little regarding the life of its nation or that of the world at large.

But there has come a change. During the last twenty-five years Professor Stuart and others have been endeavoring to go out and find the common man, and, in connection with him, to develop those subjects which before, according to university tradition, were looked at somewhat askance. English literature, political economy, modern history, have been put in the foreground of this popularized education. Far and wide throughout England, an enthusiastic band of young teachers, under the guidance of officers of the universities, have been giving instruction in these subjects to companies in which social grades are for the time forgotten. And since public libraries are rare in England, and among the poorer classes the reading habit is but slightly formed, an ambitious few among the hearers have prized their opportunities sufficiently to undertake a certain amount of study, and to hand in papers for the lecturer to inspect and to mark. In exceptional cases, as many as one third of the audience have thus written exercises and passed examinations. The great majority of those in attendance during the three months' term of course do nothing more than listen to the weekly lecture.

This is the very successful English movement which, for several years, has been exciting admiration the world over, and which it is now proposed to introduce into the United States. Rightly to estimate its worth, those aspects of it to which attention has just been directed should carefully be borne in mind. They are these: the movement is as much social as scholarly, and accompanies a general democratic upheaval of an aristocratic nation; it springs up in the neighborhood of universities, to which the common people do not resort, and in which those subjects which most concern the minds of modern men are little taught; in its country other facilities for enabling the average man to capture knowledge — public libraries, reading-clubs, illustrated magazines, free high schools — are not yet general; it flourishes in a small and compact land, where a multitude of populous towns are in such immediate neighborhood, and so connected by a network of railroads, that he who is busied in one place to-day can, with the slightest fatigue and expense, appear in five other towns during the remaining days of the week.

These conditions, and others as gravely distinctive, do not exist in America. From the first the American college has been organized by the people and for the people. It has been about as much resorted to by the poor as by the rich. Through a widely developed system of free public schools it has kept itself closely in touch with popular ideals. Its graduates go into commercial life as often as into medicine, the ministry, or the law. It has shown itself capable of expansion, too, in adjusting itself to the modern enlargement of knowledge. The rigid curriculum, which suited well enough the needs of our fathers, has been discarded, and every college, in proportion to the resources at its command, now offers elective studies, and seeks to meet the needs of differing men. To all who can afford four years (soon it may be three), and who are masters of about half as much capital as would support them during the same

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time elsewhere, the four hundred colleges of our country offer an education far too good to be superseded, duplicated, or weakened. In these colleges excellent provision has been made, and has been made once for all, for everybody who has a little time and a little money to devote to systematic education of the higher sort.

But our educational scheme has one serious limitation, and during the last fifty years there have been many earnest efforts to surmount it. Not every man is free to seek a systematic training. Multitudes are tied to daily toil, and only in the evening can they consider their own enlargement. Many grow old before the craving for knowledge arises. Many also, with more or less profit, have attended a college, but are glad subsequently to supply those defects of education which the experiences of life relentlessly bring to view. To all these classes, caught in the whirl of affairs, the college does not minister. It is true that much that such people want they get from the public library, especially as our librarians of the modern type energetically accept their duties as facilitators of the public reading. Much is also obtainable from the cheap issues of the press, and from such endowed courses of higher instruction as those of the Lowell, Cooper, Brooklyn, Peabody, and Drexel institutes. But, after all, these supplementary aids, though valuable, are deficient in guiding power. Most persons, especially if novices, work best when under inspection. To learners teachers are generally important. There seems to be still a place in our well-supplied country for an organization which shall arouse a more general desire for knowledge; which shall stand ready to satisfy this desire more cheaply, with less interruption to daily occupation, and, consequently, in ways more fragmentary, than the colleges can; and yet one which shall not leave its pupils alone with books, but shall supply them with the impulse of the living word, and, through writing, discussion, and directed reading, shall economize and render effective the costly hours of learning. Unquestionably there is a field here which the colleges cannot till, — a field whose harvest would enrich us all. But can any other agency till it? To every experiment thus far it has yielded only meagre, brief, and expensive returns. A capital thing it would be to give to the busy that which normally requires time and attention; but how to do it is the question, — how to do it in reality, and not in mere outward seeming.

Chautauqua has not done it, impassioned though that rough and generous institution has been for wide and fragmentary culture. Its work, indeed, has had a different aim; and, amusing as that work often appears, it ought to be understood and acknowledged as of fundamental consequence in our hastily settled and heterogeneous land. Chautauqua sends its little books and papers into stagnant homes from Maine to California, and gives the silent occupants something to think about. Conversation springs up; and with it fresh interests, fresh hopes. A new tie is formed between young and old, as together they pursue the same studies, and in the same graduating class walk through the Golden Gate. Any man who loves knowledge and his native land must be glad at heart when he visits a summer assembly of Chautauqua: there listens to the Orator's Recognition Address; attends the swiftly successive Round Tables upon Milton, Temperance, Geology, the American Constitution, the Relations of Science and Religion, and the Doctrine of Rent; perhaps assists at the Cooking School, the Prayer Meeting, the Concert, and the Gymnastic Drill; or wanders under the trees among the piazzaed cottages, and sees the Hall of Philosophy and the wooden Doric Temple shining on their little eminences; and, best of all, perceives in what throngs have gath-

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ered here the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, — a throng themselves, their wives and daughters a throng — all heated in body, but none the less aglow for learning and a good time. The comic aspects of this mixture of science, fresh air, flirtation, Greek reminiscence, and devoutness are patent enough; but the way in which the multitude is being won to discard distrust of knowledge, and to think of it rather as the desirable goal for all, is not so generally remarked by scholarly observers. Yet that is the weighty fact. The actual product in education may not be large; enthusiasm and the memory may be more stimulated than the rational intelligence. But minds are set in motion; an intellectual world, beyond the domestic and personal, begins to appear; studious thought forms its fit friendship with piety, gladness, and the sense of a common humanity; a groundwork of civilization is prepared. To find a popular movement so composite and aspiring, we must go back to the mediæval Crusades or the Greek Mysteries. In these alone do we observe anything so ideal, so bizarre, so expressive of the combined intellectual and religious hopes of a people. In many Chautauqua homes pathetic sacrifices will be made in the next generation to send the boys and girls to a real college.

Now, in proposing to transport to this country English extension methods, the managers have had in mind nothing so elementarily important as Chautauqua. They have felt the pity we all feel for persons of good parts who, through poverty or occupation, are debarred from a college training. They seek to reach minds already somewhat prepared, and to such they undertake to supply solid instruction of the higher grades. It is this more ambitious design which calls for criticism. Mr. R. G. Moulton speaks of extension education as "distinguished from school education, being moulded to meet the wants of adults." And again, "So far as method is concerned, we have considered that we are bound to be not less thorough, but more thorough, if possible, than the universities themselves." If, in the general educational campaign, we liken Chautauqua to a guerrilla high school, university extension will be a guerrilla college. Both move with light armor, have roving commissions, attack individuals, and themselves appear in the garb of ordinary life; but they are equipped for a service in which the more cumbrous organizations of school and college have thus far proved ineffective. It is a fortunate circumstance that, with fields of operation so distinct, no jealousy can exist between the two bands of volunteers, or between them both and the regular army. The success of either would increase the success of the other two. To Chautauqua we are all indebted for lessening the popular suspicion of expert knowledge; and if the plans of the extension committee could be carried out, college methods would have a vogue, and a consequent respect, which they have never yet enjoyed.

Every one, accordingly, civilian or professional, wishes the movement well, and recognizes that the work it proposes to do in our country is not at present performed. Its aims are excellent. Are they also practicable? We cannot with certainty say that they are not, but it is here that doubts arise, — doubts of three sorts: those which suspect a fundamental difference in the two countries which try the experiment; those which are incredulous about the permanent response which our people will make to the education offered; and those which question the possibility of securing a stable body of extension teachers. The first set of these doubts has been briefly but sufficiently indicated at the beginning of this paper; the second may, with still greater brevity, be summed up here in the following connected series of inquiries: —

With the multitude of other opportunities for education which American

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life affords, will any large body of men and women attend extension lectures? Will they attend after the novelty is worn off, — say during the third year? Will they do anything more than attend? Will they follow courses of study, write essays, and pass examinations? Will the extension system, any better than its decayed predecessor, the old lyceum system, resist the demands of popular audiences, and keep itself from slipping out of serious instruction into lively and eloquent entertainment? If the lectures are kept true to their aim of furnishing solid instruction, can they in the long run be paid for? Will it be possible to find in our country clusters of half a dozen towns so grouped and so ready to subscribe to a course of lectures on each day of the week that out of the entire six a living salary can be obtained? Will the new teachers be obliged to confine themselves to the suburbs of large cities, abandoning the scattered dwellers in the country, that portion of our population which is almost the only one at present cut off from tolerable means of culture? If, in order to pursue these destitute ones, correspondence methods are employed, in addition to the already approved methods of lecture instruction, will lowering of the standard follow? In England three or four years of extension lectures are counted equivalent to one year of regular study, and a person who has attended extension courses for this time may be admitted, without further examination, to the second year of university residence. Will anything of the sort be generally attempted here?

These grave questions are as yet insusceptible of answer. Affirmative, desirable answers do not seem probable; but experience alone can make the matter plain. Of course the managers are watchfully bearing such questions in mind, and critical watchfulness may greatly aid the better answer, and hinder the less desirable. Accordingly, anything like a discussion of this class of practical doubts would be inappropriate here. Data for the formation of a confident opinion do not exist. All that can be done by way of warning is to indicate certain large improbabilities, leaving them to be confirmed or thwarted by time and human ingenuity.

But with the third class of doubts the case is different. These relate to the constitution of the staff of teachers, and here sufficient facts are at hand to permit a few points to be demonstrated with considerable certainty. When, for example, we ask from what source teachers are to be drawn, we are usually told that they must come from college faculties. If the method of the extension lecturer is to be as thorough as that of the universities themselves, the lecturers must be experts, not amateurs; and where, except at the colleges, does a body of experts exist? No doubt many well-trained men are scattered throughout the community as merchants, doctors, school-teachers, and lawyers. But these men, when of proved power, have more than they properly can attend to in their own affairs. It seems to be the colleges, therefore, to which the new movement must look for its teachers; and in the experiments thus far made in this country the extension lecturing has been done for the most part by college officers. A professor of history, political economy, or literature has, in addition to his college teaching, also given a course of instruction elsewhere. This feature of the American system, one may say with confidence, must prove a constant damage to the work of the colleges, and, if persisted in, must ultimately destroy the extension scheme itself.

In England the extension teachers are not university teachers. To have no independent staff for extension work is a novelty of the American undertaking. The very name, university extension, besides being barbaric, is, in its English employment, largely misleading; since neither the agencies for extending, nor

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indeed, for the most part, the studies extended, are found at the universities at all. A small syndicate or committee, appointed from among the university officers, is the only share the university has in the business. The impression, so general in this country, that English university teachers are roaming about the island, lecturing to mixed audiences, is an entire error. The university teachers stay at home, and send other people — their own graduates, chiefly — to instruct the multitude. A committee of them decides on the qualifications for the work of such persons as care to devote themselves to itinerant teaching as a profession. For those so selected they arrange times, places, and subjects; but they themselves do not move from their own lecture rooms. Nor is there occasion for their doing so. In the slender development of popular education in England, many more persons of the upper classes become trained as specialists than can find places as university teachers. There thus arises a learned and leisured accumulation which capitally serves the country in case of a new educational need. On this accumulated stock of cultured men — men who otherwise could not easily bring their culture to market — the extension movement draws. These men are its teachers, — its permanent teachers, since there are not competing places striving to draw them away. In the two countries the educational situation is exactly reversed: in England there are more trained men than positions; in America, more positions than trained men. It seems probable, too, that this condition of things will continue long, so far as we are concerned: at least there is no present prospect of our reaching a limit in the demand for competent men. Whenever a college has a chair to fill, it is necessary to hunt far and wide for a suitable person to fill it. The demand is not from the old places alone. Almost every year a new college is founded. Every year the old ones grow. In twenty-five years Harvard has quadrupled its staff. Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Yale, the University of Michigan, the University of Pennsylvania, — indeed, almost every strong college in the country, — shows an immense advance. A Western State is no sooner settled than it establishes a state university, and each of the sects starts from one to three colleges besides. No such perpetual expansion goes on in England. The number of learned positions there is measurably fixed. If more experts than can fill them, or than care to enter political life, the liberal professions, and the civil service, are manufactured in the course of a year, the surplus stock is at the disposal of the extension syndicate. Many of these men, too, are persons of means, to whom a position of dignity is of more consequence than a large salary. The problem, accordingly, of organizing popular instruction out of such a body of waiting experts is a comparatively simple one; but it is not so simple here. In our country, any man who has a fair acquaintance with a special subject and moderate skill in imparting it, especially if he will be contented with a small salary, can be pretty sure of college appointment.

Naturally enough, therefore, the organizers of the extension movement, despairing of finding among us competent unattached teachers, have turned at once to the colleges; but the colleges are a very unsafe support to lean upon. A professor in a university where the studies are elective has no more superfluous time than a busy lawyer, or doctor, or business man. Merely to keep up with the literature of a subject, to say nothing of that research and writing which should enlarge its limits, is an enormous task. Teaching, too, is no longer an affair of textbooks and recitations. Leisurely days of routine ease belong to the past. A professor, nowadays, must prepare lectures incessantly; must per-

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petually revise them; must arrange examinations; direct the reading of his students; receive their theses; himself read a large part of their voluminous written work; personally oversee his advanced men; gather them about him in laboratory, seminary, and conference; attend innumerable committee and faculty meetings; devise legislation for the further development of his college and department; correspond with schools and colleges where his students, after taking their higher degree, may suitably be placed; and if, at the end of a hard-worked day, he can find an hour's leisure, he must still keep his door open for students or fellow-officers to enter. So laborious have become the duties of a university teacher that few large staffs now go through a year without one or two of their members breaking down. With the growing complexity of work, it often seems as if the proper business of college officers, study and teaching, must some day cease altogether, crowded out by the multifarious tasks with which they are only indirectly connected. It is useless to say that these things are not necessary. Whoever neglects them will cease to make his college, his subject, and his influence grow. It is because professors now see that they cannot safely neglect them that the modern college differs fundamentally from its humdrum predecessor of a quarter of a century ago. Any movement which seeks to withdraw a professor's attention from these things, and induces him to put his soul elsewhere, inflicts on the community a serious damage. No amount of intellectual stimulus furnished to little companies here and there can atone for the loss that must fall on education when college teachers pledge themselves to do serious work in other places than in their own libraries and lecture rooms. To be an explorer and a guide in a department of human knowledge is an arduous profession. It admits no half-hearted service.

Of course, if the work demanded elsewhere is not serious, the case is different. Rather with benefit than with damage a college teacher may, on occasion, recast the instruction that was intended for professionals and offer it to a popular audience. In this way a professor makes himself known, and makes his college known. Many of the small colleges are now engaging in university extension as an inexpensive means of advertising themselves. But such lecturing is incidental, voluntary, and perpetually liable to interruption. Beyond the immediate series of lectures it cannot be depended on. There is nothing institutional about it. The men who undertake it are owned elsewhere, and a second mortgage is not usually a very valuable piece of property. A movement which places its reliance on the casual teaching of overworked men is condemned from the start. University extension can never pass beyond the stage of amateurism and temporary expedient until, like its English namesake, it has a permanent staff of instructors exclusively devoted to its service.

Where, then, is such a staff to be obtained? In view of the conditions of education in this country, already described, it is improbable that it can be obtained at all. But something may still be done, — something, however, of a more modest sort than enthusiasts at present have in mind. There issue from our great universities every year a number of men who have had two or three years' training beyond their bachelor's degree. Some of them have had a year or two of foreign study. They frequently wish to teach. Places do not immediately open to them. If the extension movement would set them to work, it might have all their time, at a moderate salary, for two or three years. Such men, it is true, would be inexperienced, and their connection with itinerant teaching could not be rendered lasting. As soon as one of them proved

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his power as a teacher, some college would call him; and he would seldom prefer the nomadic and fragmentary life to an established one. Plainly, too, under the charge of such men, the grade of instruction could not be the highest; but it might be sound, inspiriting even, and it is in any case all that present circumstances render possible. We may mourn that those who are masters in their several provinces are already fully employed. We may wish there were a multitude of masters sitting about, ready for enlistment in a missionary undertaking. But there are no such masters. The facts are evident enough; and if the extension movement aims at a durable existence, it will respect these facts. The men it wants it cannot have without damaging them; and, damaging them, it damages the higher education of which they are the guardians. Teachers of a lower grade are at hand, ready to be experimented with. The few experiments already tried have been fairly successful. Let the extension leaders give up all thought of doing here what has been done in England. The principal part of that work is performed for us by other means. The wisest guidance, accordingly, may not lead the movement to any long success. If, however, university extension can keep itself clearly detached from other educational agencies and make a quiet offer of humble yet serviceable instruction, there is a fair prospect that, by somewhat slow degrees, a permanent new power may be added to the appliances for rendering busy Americans intelligent.

George Herbert Palmer.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

A ROARING, blustering beast of March,
Set free from out a cloud-hung arch
In pallid skies, as dim of dye
And cold as frosted violet's eye.

A lion March that shakes his mane
To fright those steeds of golden rein,
Whose charioteer drives on apace
With steady splendor, godlike grace.

For sand by sand, and hour by hour,
And day by day, Apollo's power
Repels the dark, encroaching night
With long and longer shafts of light.

The lion halts. His rolling eyes
Are fixed as with a spell's surprise;
For emerald grasses rock and rise
Beneath his feet like lullabies;
The soothing zephyrs charm his ear;
The Psyche butterflies appear
On restless wings aflame, and fain
To search for missing Love again;

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The blossom-bells are swaying fine
To rhythms of some thought divine.

The lion in the path of Spring
Has couched, and low is listening
To melodies, like waterfalls,
Of choiring birds, whose crystal calls
Make herald's way before her feet
Who comes like Una, pure and sweet,
In bluish haze, — her lucent veil
And trailing garments virginal
Of green and white all blossom-wreathed, —
The fairest fancy heaven has breathed
Or earth has crowned. The lion dumb,
With desert vision, sees her come.

Beside him sweeps her fragrant gown;
Her hand is laid like thistle-down
Upon his head. Oh, wondrous sight!
His sulphurous mane to fleeces white
As those imparked in yonder blue,
New dipt in Flora's mountain dew,
Has changed; his eyes are mild and calm;
The lion stands confessed — a lamb.

Elizabeth Buckus Mason.

A VILLAGE WATCH-TOWER.

It stood on the gentle slope of a hill, the old gray house, with its weather-beaten clapboards and its roof of ragged shingles. It was in the very lap of the road, so that the stage-driver could almost knock on the window pane without getting down from his seat, on those rare occasions when he brought "old Mis' Bascom" a parcel from Saco.

Humble and dilapidated as it was, it was almost beautiful in the springtime, when the dandelion-dotted turf grew close to the great stone steps, or in the summer, when the famous Bascom elm cast its graceful shadow over the front door. The elm, indeed, was the only object that ever did cast its shadow there. Lucinda Bascom said her "front door 'n' entry never hed ben used except for fun'rals, 'n' she was goin' to keep it nice for that purpose, 'n' not get it all tracked up."

She was sitting now where she had sat for thirty years. Her high-backed rocker, with its copperplate cushion and crocheted tidy, stood always by a southern window that looked out on the river. The river was a sheet of crystal, as it poured over the dam; a rushing, roaring torrent of foaming white, as it swept under the bridge and fought its way between the rocky cliffs below, sweeping, swirling, eddying, in its narrow channel, pulsing restlessly into the ragged fissures of its shores, and leaping with a tempestuous roar into the Indian Cellar, a deep wooded gorge cleft in the very heart of the granite bank.

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But Lucinda Bascom could see more than the river from her favorite window. It was a much-traveled road, the road that ran past the house on its way from Liberty Village to Milliken's Mills. A tottering old signboard, on a verdant triangle of turf, directed you over Deacon Chute's hill to the "Flag Medder Road," and from thence to Liberty Centre; the little post office and store, where the stage stopped twice a day, was quite within eyeshot; so were the public watering-trough, Brigadier Hill, and, behind the ruins of an old mill, the wooded path that led to the Indian Cellar, a favorite walk for village lovers. This was all on her side of the river. As for the bridge which knit together the two tiny villages, nobody could pass over that without being seen from the Bascoms'. The rumble of wheels generally brought a family party to the window, — Jot Bascom's wife (she that was Diadema Dennett), Jot himself, if he were in the house, little Jot, and Grandpa Bascom, who looked at the passers-by with a vacant smile parting his thin lips. Old Mrs. Bascom herself did not need the rumble of wheels to tell her that a vehicle was coming, for she could see it fully ten minutes before it reached the bridge, — at the very moment it appeared at the crest of Saco Hill, where strangers pulled up their horses, on a clear day, and paused to look at Mount Washington, miles away in the distance. Tory Hill and Saco Hill met at the bridge, and just there, too, the river road began its shady course along the east side of the stream: in view of all which "old Mis' Bascom's settin'-room winder" might well be called the "Village Watch-Tower," when you consider further that she had moved only from her high-backed rocker to her bed, and from her bed to her rocker, for more than thirty years, — ever since that July day when her husband had had a sunstroke while painting the meeting-house steeple, and the baby Jonathan had been thereby hastened into a world not in the least ready to receive him.

She could not have lived without that window, she would have told you, nor without the river which had lulled her to sleep ever since she could remember. It was in the south chamber upstairs that she had been born. Her mother had lain there and listened to the swirl of the water, in that year when the river was higher than the oldest inhabitant had ever seen it, — the year when the covered bridge at the Mills had been carried away, and when the one at the Falls was in hourly danger of succumbing to the force of the freshet.

All the men in both villages were working on the river, strengthening the dam, bracing the bridge, and breaking the jams of logs; and with the parting of the boom, the snapping of the bridge timbers, the crashing of the logs against the rocks, and the shouts of the river-drivers, the little Lucinda had come into the world. Some one had gone for the father, and had found him on the river, where he had been since daybreak, drenched with the storm, blown from his dangerous footing time after time, but still battling with the great heaped-up masses of logs, wrenching them from each other's grasp, and sending them down the swollen stream.

Finally the jam broke, and a cheer of triumph burst from the excited men, as the logs, freed from their bondage, swept down the raging flood, on and ever on in joyous liberty, faster and faster, till they encountered some new obstacle, when they heaped themselves together again, like puppets of Fate, and were beaten by the waves into another helpless surrender.

When the jam broke, one dead monarch of the forest leaped into the air as if it had been shot from a cannon's mouth, and lodged between two jutting peaks of rock high on the river bank. Presently another log was dashed against it, but rolled off and hurried down the

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stream; then another, and still another; but no force seemed enough to drive the giant from its intrenched position.

"Let it alone, Raish!" cried the men. "It 'll git washed off in the night!"

Then from the shore came a boy's voice calling, "There 's a baby up to your house!" And the men repeated in stentorian tones, "Baby up to your house, Raish! Baby up to your house!"

"Boy or girl?" shouted the young father.

"Girl!" came back the answer above the roar of the river.

Whereupon Raish Dunnell reached forward from the raft where he was standing and scratched a rude letter "L" with his pick upon the side of the stranded log.

"That 's for Lucindy," he laughed. "Now go 'long down to Saco to my wife's folks, you log, 'n' tell 'em the news."

There had not been such a freshet for years before, and there had never been one since; so, as the quiet seasons went by, "Lucindy's log" was left in peace, the columbines blooming all about it, the harebells hanging their heads of delicate blue among the rocks that held it in place, the birds building their nests in the knot-holes of its withered side.

Seventy years had passed, and on each birthday, so long as she was able to walk, Lucinda, even after she had become Lucinda Bascom, had wandered down by the river side, and gazed, a little superstitiously perhaps, on the log that had been marked with an "L" on the morning she was born. It had stood the wear and tear of the elements bravely, but now it was beginning, like Lucinda, to show age. Its back was bent, like hers; its face was seamed and wrinkled, like her own; and the village lovers who looked at it from the opposite bank wondered if, after all, it would hold out as long as "old Mis' Bascom."

She held out bravely, old Mrs. Bascom, though she was "all skin, bones, and tongue," as the neighbors said; for nobody went into the Bascoms' to brighten up Aunt Lucinda a bit, or take her the news; one went in to get a bit of brightness, and to hear the news.

"I should get lonesome, I s'pose," she was wont to say, "if it wa'n't for the way this house is set, and this chair, and this winder, 'n' all. Men folks used to build some o' the houses up in a lane, or turn 'em back or side to the road, so the women folks could n't see anythin' to keep their minds off their churnin' or dish-washin'; but Aaron Dunnell hed somethin' else to think about, 'n' that was himself, first, last, and all the time. His store was down to the bottom of the hill, 'n' when he come up to his meals he used to set where he could see the door; 'n' if any cust'mer come, he could call to 'em to wait a spell while he finished eatin'. Land! I can hear him now, yellin' to 'em, with his mouth full of victuals! They hed to wait till he got good 'n' ready, too. There wa'n't so much comp'tition in business then as there is now, or he 'd 'a' hed to give up eatin' or hire a clerk. . . . I 've always felt to be thankful that the house was on this rise o' ground. The teams hev to slow up on 'count o' the hill, 'n' it gives me consid'ble chance to see folks 'n' what they 've got in the back of the wagon, 'n' one thing 'n' other. . . . The neighbors is continually comin' in here to tell me things that 's goin' on in the village. I like to hear 'em talk, but land! they can't tell me nothin'! They often say, 'For massy sakes, Lucindy Bascom, how d' you know that?' 'Why,' says I to them, 'I don't ask no questions, 'n' folks don't tell me no lies; I just set in my winder 'n' put two 'n' two together, — that 's all I do.' I ain't never ben in a playhouse, but I don't suppose the play-actors git down off the platform on t' the main floor to explain to the folks what they 've ben doin', do they? I expect, if folks can't understand their draymas

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when they 're actin' of 'em out, they have to go ignorant, don't they? Well, what do I want with explainin', when everythin' is acted out right in the road?"

There was quite a gathering of neighbors at the Bascoms' on this particular July afternoon. No invitations had been sent out, and none were needed. A common excitement had made it vital that people should drop in somewhere and speculate about certain interesting matters well known to be going on in the community, but going on in such an underhanded and secretive fashion that it well-nigh destroyed one's faith in human nature.

The sitting-room door was open into the entry, so that whatever breeze there was might come in, and an unusual glimpse of the new foreroom rug was afforded the spectators. Everything was as neat as wax, for Diadema was a housekeeper of the type fast passing away. The great coal stove was enveloped in its usual summer wrapper of purple calico, which, tied neatly about its ebony neck and portly waist, gave it the appearance of a buxom colored lady presiding over the assembly. The kerosene lamps stood in a row on the high, narrow mantelpiece, each chimney protected from the flies by a brown paper bag inverted over its head. Two plaster Samuels "praying" under pink mosquito netting adorned the ends of the shelf. There were screens at all the windows, and Diadema fidgeted nervously when a visitor came in the mosquito-netting door, for fear a fly should sneak in with her.

On the wall were certificates of membership in the Missionary Society; a picture of Maidens welcoming Washington in the Streets of Alexandria, in a frame of cucumber seeds; and an interesting document setting forth the claims of the Dunnell family as old settlers long before the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, — the fact being established by an obituary notice reading, "In Saco, December 1791, Dorcas, daughter of Abiathar Dunnell, two months old of Fits unbaptized."

"He may be going to marry her, and he may not," observed Almira Coffin; "though what she wants of Reuben Hobson is more 'n I can make out. I guess he 's ben lookin' around these six years, but could n't find anybody that was fool enough to give him encouragement."

"Mebbe she wants to get married," said Hannah Sophia Palmer, in a tone that spoke volumes for her opinion of the married state. "When Parson Perkins come to this parish, one of his first calls was on Eunice Emery. 'Have you got your weddin' garment on, Miss Emery?' says he. 'No,' says she, 'but I 've ben tryin' to these twenty years.' She was always full of her jokes, Eunice was!"

"The Emerys was always a humorous family," remarked Diadema, as she annihilated a fly with a newspaper. "Old Silas Emery was an awful humorous man. He used to live up on the island; and there come a freshet one year, and he said he got his sofy 'n' chairs off, anyhow! That was just his jokin'. He had n't a sign of a sofy in the house; 't was his wife Sophy he meant, she that was Sophy Swett. Then another time, when I was a little mite of a thing runnin' in 'n' out o' his yard, he caught holt o' me, and says he, 'You 'd better take care, sissy; when I kill you and two more, thet 'll be three children I 've killed!' Land! you could n't drag me inside that yard for years afterwards. . . . There! she 's got a fire in the cookstove; there 's a stream o' smoke comin' out o' the kitchen chimbley. I 'm willin' to bet my new rug she 's goin' to be married to-night!"

"Mebbe she 's makin' jelly," suggested Hannah Sophia.

"Jelly!" ejaculated old Mrs. Bascom scornfully. "Do you s'pose Eunice

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Emery would build up a fire in the middle o' the afternoon 'n' go to makin' jelly, this hot day? Besides, there ain't a currant gone into her house this week, as I happen to know."

"It 's a dretful thick year for fol'age," mumbled Grandpa Bascom, appearing in the door with his vacant smile. "I declare, some o' the maples looks like balls in the air."

"That 's the twentieth time he 's hed that over since mornin'," said Diadema. "Here, father, take your hat off 'n' set in the kitchen door 'n' shell me this mess o' peas. Now think smart, 'n' put the pods in the basket 'n' the peas in the pan; don't you mix 'em."

The old man hung his hat on the back of the chair, took the pan in his trembling hands, and began aimlessly to shell the peas; while he chuckled at the hens that gathered round the doorstep when they heard the peas rattling in the pan.

"Reuben needs a wife bad enough, if that 's all," remarked the Widow Buzzell, as one who had given the matter some consideration.

"I should think he did," rejoined old Mrs. Bascom. "Those children 'bout git their livin' off the road in summer, from the time the dand'lion greens is ready for diggin' till the blackb'ries 'n' chokecherries is gone. Diademy calls 'em in 'n' gives 'em a cooky every time they go past, 'n' they eat as if they was famished. Rube Hobson never was any kind of a pervider, 'n' he 's consid'able snug besides."

"He ain't goin' to better himself much," said Almira. "Eunice Emery ain't fit to housekeep for a cat. The pie she took to the pie supper at the church was so tough that even Deacon Dyer could n't eat it; and the boys got holt of her doughnuts, and declared they was goin' fishin' next day 'n' use 'em for sinkers. She lives from hand to mouth, Eunice Emery does. I know for a fact she don't make riz bread once a year."

"Mebbe her folks likes buttermilk bread best; some do," said the Widow Buzzell. "My husband always said, give him buttermilk bread to work on. He used to say my riz bread was so light he 'd hev to tread on it to keep it anywheres; but when you 'd eat buttermilk bread he said you 'd got somethin' that stayed by you; you knew where it was every time. . . . For massy sake, there 's the stage stoppin' at the Hobsons' door. I wonder if Rube's first wife's mother has come from Moderation? If 't is, they must 'a' made up their quarrel, for there was a time she would n't step foot over that doorsill. She must be goin' to stay some time, for there 's a trunk on the back o' the stage. . . . No, there ain't nobody gettin' out. Ain't that a wash-boiler he 's handin' down? . . . Well, it 's a mercy; he 's ben borrowin' long enough!"

"What goes on after dark I ain't responsible for," returned old Mrs. Bascom, "but no new wash-boiler has gone into Rube Hobson's door in the daytime for many a year, and I 'll be bound it means somethin'. There goes a broom, too. Much sweepin' he 'll get out o' Eunice; it 's a slick 'n' a promise with her! She 's ben carryin' home bundles 'bout every other night for a month, but she 's ben too sly to buy anythin' here at the store. She had Packard's horse to go to Saco last week. When she got home, jest at dusk, she drove int' the barn, 'n' bimeby Pitt Packard come to git his horse, — 't was her own buggy she went with. She looked over here when she went int' the house, 'n' she ketched my eye, though 't was half a mile away, 'n' she never took a thing in with her; but soon as 't was dark she made three trips out to the barn with a lantern, 'n' any fool could tell 't her arms was full o' pa'cels by the way she carried the lantern."

"Eunice never had a beau in her life that I can remember of," said Almira Coffin, waving her palm-leaf fan. "Cyse Higgins set up with her for a spell, but it never amounted to nothin'. It seems

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queer, too, for she was always so fond o' seein' men folks round that when Pitt Packard was shinglin' her barn she used to go out nights 'n' rip some o' the shingles off, so 't he 'd hev more days' work on it."

"Do tell!" "I want t' know!" "How you talk!" came from the lips of her enraptured auditors.

"I always said 't was she that begun on Rube Hobson, not him on her," remarked the Widow Buzzell. "Their land joinin' made courtin' come dretful handy. His critters used to git in her field 'bout every other day (I always suspicioned she broke the fence down herself), and then she 'd hev to go over and git him to git 'em out. She 's wed his onion bed for him two summers, as I happen to know. Diademy, don't you want to look out the back way 'n' see if Rube 's come home yet?"

"He ain't," said old Mrs. Bascom; "the curtains is all down. He 's gone up to the Mills, 'n' it 's my opinion he 's gone to speak to the minister."

"He hed somethin' in the back o' the wagon covered up with an old linen lap robe; 't ain't at all likely he 'd 'a' hed that if he 'd ben goin' to the minister's," objected Mrs. Jot.

"Anybody 'd think you was born yesterday, to hear you talk, Diademy," retorted her mother-in-law. "When you 've set in one spot 's long 's I hev, p'raps you 'll hev the use o' your faculties! Men folks has more 'n one way o' gettin' married, 'specially when they 're ashamed of it. . . . Well, I vow, there 's the Hobson children comin' out o' the door this minute, 'n' they 're all dressed up!"

Every woman in the room rose to her feet, and Diadema removed her murderous eye from a fly which she had been endeavoring to locate for some moments.

"I guess they 're goin' up to the church to meet their father 'n' Eunice, poor little things," ventured the Widow Buzzell.

"P'raps they be," said old Mrs. Bascom sarcastically; "p'raps they be goin' to church, takin' a three-quart tin pail 'n' a brown paper bundle along with 'em. . . . They 're comin' over the bridge, just as I s'posed. . . . Now, if they come past this house, you head 'em off, Almiry, 'n' see if you can git some satisfaction out of 'em. . . . They ain't hardly old enough to hold their tongues."

An exciting interview soon took place in the middle of the road, and Almira reëntered the room with the expression of one who had penetrated the inscrutable and solved the riddle of the Sphinx. She had been vouchsafed one of those gleams of light in darkness which almost dazzle the beholder.

"That 's about the confirmingest thing I 've heern yet!" she ejaculated, as she took off her Shaker bonnet. "They say they 're goin' up to their aunt Hitty's to stay two days. They 're dressed in their best clean to the skin, 'n' it 's their nightgownds they 've got in the bundle. . . . Mote has gone to Union to stop all night with his uncle Abijah, 'n' that leaves Rube all alone, for the Smith girl that does his chores is home sick with the hives. And what do you s'pose is in that pail? *Fruit cake*, — that 's what 't is, no more 'n' no less! I knowed that Smith girl did n't bake it, 'n' so I asked 'em, 'n' they said Miss Emery give it to 'em. There was two little round tea-cakes, baked in muffin-rings. Eunice hed took some o' the batter out of her big loaf 'n' baked it to see how it was goin' to turn out."

"There aint no gittin' round that," agreed the assembled company.

"I don't know what they 're goin' to live on," sighed Hannah Sophia Palmer. "Add nothin' to nothin' 'n' you git nothin', — that 's arethmetic! He ain't hed a cent o' ready money sence he failed up, four years ago; 'thout it was that fifty dollars that fell to him from his wife's aunt. Eunice 'll hev her hands full this winter, I guess, with them three

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hearty children, 'n' him all wheezed up with phthisic from October to April! . . . Who 's that comin' down Tory Hill? It 's Rube's horse 'n' Rube's wagon, but it don't look like Rube."

"Yes, it 's Rube, but he 's got a new Panama hat, 'n' he 's hed his linen duster washed," said old Mrs. Bascom. . . . Now, do you mean to tell me that that woman with a stuck-up hat on is Eunice Emery? It ain't, 'n' that green parasol don't belong to this village. He 's drivin' her into his yard! Land o' liberty! it 's the school-teacher up t' the Mills that he 's married! He 's gone and brought another woman int' this village, 'stid o' weedin' one of 'em out, as he 'd oughter! Yes, he 's helpin' of her out, 'n' showin' her in. . . . Of all things!"

"See if he takes his horse out," said Hannah Sophia. "Mebbe he 'll drive her back in a few minutes. No, he 's on-hitched! . . . There, he 's hangin' up the headstall!"

"I 've ben up in the attic chamber," panted Diadema; "she 's pulled up the curtains, and took off her hat right in front o' the winder, 's bold as a brass kettle! She 's come to stay!"

Almira drew on her mitts excitedly, tied on her Shaker, and started for the door.

"I 'm goin' over to Eunice's," she said, "and I 'm goin' to take my bottle of camphire. I should n't wonder a mite if I found her in a dead faint on the kitchen floor."

"I 'll go with you," said the Widow Buzzell. "I 'd like to see with my own eyes how she takes it, 'n' it 'll be too late to tell if I wait till after milkin'. If she 'd ben more open with me 'n' ever asked for my advice, I could 'a' told her it wa'n't the first time Rube Hobson has played that trick."

"I 'll go as fur as the bridge with you," said Hannah Sophia. "'n' then I 'll wait int' the store till I see you comin' out, 'n' then I 'll walk along back with you and hear what she says. . . . Good-by, Lucindy; glad to see how well you stan' this hot spell. You look slim, but I guess you 'll tough it out 's long 's the rest of us. I see your log was all right, last time I was down side o' the river."

"They say it 's jest goin' to break in two in the middle, and fall into the river," cheerfully responded Lucinda. "They say it 's jest hangin' by a thread. Well, that 's what they 've ben sayin' 'bout me these ten years, 'n' here I be still hangin'! It don't make no odds, I guess, whether it 's a thread or a rope you 're hangin' by, so long as you hang. . . . Remember me to Eunice, 'n' tell her I did n't take any stock in the reports 'bout her 'n' Rube Hobson."

The next morning, little Mote Hobson, who had stayed all night with his uncle in Union, was walking home by the side of the river. He strolled along, the happy, tousle-headed, barefooted youngster, eyes one moment on the trees in the hope of squirrels and bird's-nests, the next on the ground in search of the first blueberries. As he stooped to pick up a bit of shining quartz to add to the collection in his ragged trousers pockets, he glanced across the river, and at that very instant Lucinda's log broke gently in twain, rolled down the bank, crumbling as it went, and, dropping in like a tired child, was carried peacefully along on the river's breast.

Mote walked more quickly after that. It was quite a feather in his cap to see, with his own eyes, the old landmark slip from its accustomed place and float down the stream. The other boys would miss it and say, "It 's gone!" He would say, "I saw it go!"

Grandpa Bascom was standing at the top of the hill. His white locks were uncovered, and he was in his shirt sleeves. Little Jot, as usual, held fast by his shaking hand, for they loved each other, these two. The cruel stroke of the sun that

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had blurred the old man's brain had spared a blessed something in him that won the healing love of children.

"How d' ye, Mote?" he piped in his feeble voice. "They say Lucindy's dead. . . . Jot says she is, 'n' Diademy says she is, 'n' I guess she is. . . . It's a dretful thick year for fol'age: . . . some o' the maples looks like balls in the air."

Mote looked in at the window. The neighbors were hurrying to and fro. Diadema sat with her calico apron up to her face, sobbing; and for the first morning in thirty years old Mrs. Bascom's high-backed rocker was empty.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

WHY THE MEN OF '61 FOUGHT FOR THE UNION.

"A historical student soon learns that a man is not morally the worse for being Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant, Royalist or Republican, Aristocrat or Democrat, Unionist or Confederate." — FREEMAN, History of Federal Government, Introduction, xi.

ONE of the familiar effects of good, honest fighting is the mutual respect of the combatants for each other. It was matter of every-day experience, during our civil war, that the place where prisoners captured in battle got best treatment was nearest the front. There the end of a desperate tussle brought a reaction of good feeling, such that the captor was ready to share his rations and his blanket with the man he had just been fighting. If he who had lost in the game of war met with bitter words or unhandsome acts, it was after he had passed to the rear. This was not because the physical combat changed men's opinions or diminished their ardor in the cause for which they were fighting. The truth is, rather, that the actual struggle with a man as ready as yourself to risk his life for something is a conclusive *argumentum ad hominem* as to his sincerity. His looking straight into the muzzle of your rifle, as he comes on, is a noble sort of demonstration of his honesty which the good soldier recognizes, without troubling himself to analyze the logical process. Of course this implies, also, that the cause for which he is fighting is not one of mere murder or robbery, but is a political struggle, in which, though penalties of treason and rebellion may be incurred, the actions of the participants are (to use the oft-quoted saying of Lord Coke) proofs that "those things which are of the highest criminality may be of the least disgrace." The absence of disgrace or infamy makes mutual respect possible, and admiration for heroic personal conduct, and so friendship may be built up on the wreck of the battlefield itself.

The conclusion which the generous combatants reach by a quick instinctive process is more slowly worked out by those who are far from the field, whether in space or in time; but they reach it, soon or late, if they are intelligent, and the student of history justifies the assertion of Dr. Freeman, which I have made the motto for this paper. The result comes more quickly when men of opposing views are brought into contact in any such manner as makes them recognize the pure purpose and high conscientiousness of their adversaries. The work of Lee among his college boys at Lexington, during the last years of his life, was a lesson of this sort that many a Northern man has laid to heart with pathetic and tender interest. I hope it is not improper to add that wherever, in all Christendom, there is hearty appreciation of profound learning allied to conscience

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and to a refined life, the recent paper of the Johns Hopkins professor of philology will be taken as conclusive proof that good and true and able men could uphold the cause of the Confederacy even in arms, and never doubt in their hearts that they were right. Yet we of the North were equally undoubting as to our own duty and our own cause, and are to-day devoutly thankful for an unwavering faith that the great conflict was the introduction to a glorious chapter of our country's history, which shall lead into an equal faith the children even of those who honestly struggled for disunion. There are things in the past which we deplore; there are fearful problems in the future of which we cannot see the solution; but that the unity of the American people is the necessary condition of human progress on this continent is to us an indisputable truth.

As the story of the experience of an educated young Virginian in search of a political creed shows, in the true historical way, how such an one came to think it right to fight for secession, and as that of the equally earnest and intelligent young Kentuckian makes us understand the stress on the heartstrings which accompanied his decision to stand by the Union, so, perhaps, it may be worth while to follow the actual experience of one in the free States who learned to be active, yea militant, in nationalizing the free-state system.

It is natural that those who took the Confederate side in our civil war should strive to make the point of departure that of the passage of ordinances of secession in the South. They say: "We believed that, under the Constitution as it was, we might rightfully dissolve the Union when continuance in it seemed to us oppressive: you denied this, and we therefore appealed to arms. The whole question, therefore, is whether you or we were acting within the lawful right." They protest that the question of slavery was not the issue, and should not be made prominent in the discussion. It is, no doubt, true that this view was the one which influenced very many Southern men, and made it possible for them (especially in Virginia and North Carolina) to deprecate the dissolution of the Union, and yet conscientiously to "go with the South." I shall show, by and by, that there was a very different sentiment as to the real issue among the aggressive secessionists of the Gulf States; but it is enough now to say that, whilst this reasoning is good as explaining the morality of the conduct of those who acted upon it, it by no means covers the whole ground as it lay in the minds either of the majority of Northern men, or of the aggressive secessionists to whom I have referred. To these the question was distinctly the nationalizing of slavery or the nationalizing of freedom, and both classes accepted fully Mr. Lincoln's dictum that the Union could not exist half slave and half free. The "right" of secession has been a much-abused term. I never knew a Northern man refuse to admit the right of revolution when a people, or a considerable section of a people, found their political position intolerably and irremediably oppressive. I never knew a Southern man deny that such intolerable and remediless oppression must exist to justify secession. The controversy between the Confederate government and that of Georgia, during the war, was proof enough that no federal government could or would leave it to the whim or to the sole judgment of one State whether it should "nullify" or should "secede" as a mere act of sovereign will and pleasure. The distinction between secession and revolution vanishes in the presence of any grave conjuncture in practical statesmanship, and the fact is patent to him that runs that, except by mutual desire and consent, no "perpetual union" of modern states can be broken up by the forcible act of a part without making a *casus belli* under the law of nations. If

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the government is ready to admit that it is oppressive, it will be ready to give redress. If it denies the wrong, the forcible rejection of its authority as tyrannical is a challenge to arms which will not be refused till its decadence has left it at the mercy of any invader. Revolution or secession, therefore, call it which we will, is never undertaken except at the peril of sustaining it by war, and whether successful or unsuccessful, the difference of name would count for nothing. Even if prearranged machinery of dissolution were provided in a constitution, it would not avoid the conflict, if either party thought its safety or prosperity imperiled by the change; for the loss of its safety or the destruction of its prosperity by the act of its neighbor will surely be a cause of war, even between independent states, till nations "learn war no more." It did not need our great conflict to teach this.

Whilst, therefore, an asserted right of secession may be fairly used to explain the moral attitude of men who honestly fought for the South although they did not regard themselves as champions of human slavery, the judgment of history as to the principles at stake in the revolutionary struggle of the seceders must ultimately be based upon the larger examination of the events which led to the attempt at secession. How did South Carolina and Mississippi justify to themselves and to the world the ordinances of secession and the acts of war which followed? That is the only important question. Whether the federal government had the right, under its Constitution, to fight in the war begun by the bombardment of one of its forts is a mere academic question, at which practical statesmen would smile. It required the weakness of a Buchanan, at the head of a cabinet of which half was secessionist, to give any practical importance to the discussion of the right to coerce a State. Our Northern people had accepted the Websterian doctrine of nationality, which left them in no doubt as to the theoretic question of power, but they did not fight for that. They elected Mr. Lincoln President with the avowed purpose of preventing the formation of another slave State from any of the Territories of the United States. In doing so, they reversed the decision of the majority of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, where the right to prohibit the spread of slavery had been denied, and the practice of our government from the free-territory ordinance of 1787 downward had been declared unconstitutional. That election, on that platform, was, beyond all quibbling or dispute, the overt act on which the States which led off in secession based their action. They resolved on revolutionary secession as soon as the election proved that the free-state movement was strong enough to accomplish its purpose. They chose to fight for secession rather than abandon the nationalizing of slavery, which had been their great victory in the Kansas-Nebraska legislation, and, like some other great victories, had been their undoing.

Here, then, the two opposing forces were in presence. On this great debate the seceders appealed to arms, and ordered an unnecessary attack upon Fort Sumter, to prevent retreat or compromise. On both sides there were auxiliaries who had their own reasons for action, and who came short of the sharply defined purpose and creed of the leaders. At the South, some, like most Virginians, asserted that there was no sufficient cause for secession, but found the federal government's acceptance of the gage of battle a good ground for joining the seceders. On both sides, many simply "went with their State," and accepted without reasoning the lot of their neighbors and their kin. History will not permit any of these side issues to be made the vital contention of the great struggle. It was, on the one side, slave property protected everywhere, North, South, and in the Territories, by the

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mere force of the Constitution itself. It was, on the other, the absolute restriction of it to the States where it existed, at once and forever. The common sense of the combatants on both sides recognized this, and it passed into the homely slang of the time. I have it from an ear-witness that in the heat of a battle, when a South Carolina regiment broke, Longstreet exclaimed, with grim humor, "See those fellows getting their rights in the Territories!"

If it be worth while to clinch the statement I have made by the declarations of the seceding States themselves, the material is only too abundant. That officially adopted by the State of Mississippi has the merit of directness and clearness. It was reported by a committee appointed to draft it, and was adopted, apparently, without opposition. It begins thus: —

"A declaration of the immediate causes which induce and justify the secession of the State of Mississippi from the federal Union.

"In the momentous step which our State has taken of dissolving its connection with the government of which we so long formed a part, it is but just that we should declare the prominent reasons which have induced our course.

"Our position is thoroughly identified with the institution of slavery, — the greatest material interest of the world. Its labor supplies the product which constitutes by far the largest and most important portions [*sic*] of the commerce of the earth. These products are peculiar to the climate verging on the tropical regions, and by an imperions law of nature none but the black race can bear exposure to the tropical sun. These products have become necessities of the world, and a blow at slavery is a blow at commerce and civilization. That blow has been long aimed at the institution, and was at the point of reaching its consummation. There was no choice left us but submission to the mandates of abolition or a dissolution of the Union, whose principles had been subverted to work out our ruin."[1]

Continuing in imitation of the Declaration of 1776, it makes a schedule of grievances, every one of which directly relates to slavery, and at the head stand the Ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise of 1819–20.

To this issue, then, we had come in 1861. By what paths did we reach it? To answer fully would be to review at length the history of America; for Von Holst is right in treating the slavery question as the core of our national politics. But perhaps something may be learned from a sketch of the political education of one man among the millions; for the same environment was about us all and influenced us all, though each might show some peculiarities of development.

Among the very earliest of my remembrances of childhood in the city of New York, of which my father was a native, are two scenes. One is of a crowd lining the sides of Broadway, my father holding me upon a merchant's packing-box, that I might see Andrew Jackson, his political idol, pass up the street from the Battery, escorted by the light-horse. The other, not far from the same time, is of being led past Dr. Ludlow's church, which had been gutted the day before, as mob-punishment for antislavery teaching done there. The scenes stand, as childish memories are apt to do, as mere scenes. The before and after are lost; but there they have stood for half a century and more, as vivid and sharp as if of yesterday. There began my political education, — object lessons in the infant school, it is true, without reasoning, a vague admiration and a vague fright and wonder.

A little later came more definite mother's teaching in sympathy with what she held to be philanthropy, with the

[1] Journal of State Convention of January, 1861. Published by State Printer.

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devout earnestness of her Plymouth and Old Bay Colony blood. Many a boyish lesson in reading I spelled out from the little tracts published by the American Antislavery Society, illustrated by rude woodcuts of slave auctions or coffle-gangs. I cannot remember the time, since I could think at all, when slavery did not appear to me a blot upon our country, and a national shame and disgrace. Growing older, the education of schoolboy debates and college associations strengthened these lines of conviction instead of obliterating them; for it was impossible for any Northern youth to make a serious argument in favor of slavery. We must remember that even in the South it took a generation after Washington and Jefferson to produce genuine advocates of the system. In the North, the antislavery arguments were commonly met by special pleas, — it was none of our business, the Union must be saved, the party must be kept in power, etc., — supplemented by the charge that abolitionists were incendiaries and amalgamationists.

As young men of that time matured, they were distinctly conscious of the influence of the public opinion of the civilized world. Away from the presence of slavery, there was nothing in our social surroundings or in local opinion to break the force of the judgment of Christendom. The example of England in West India emancipation, at great cost to the public treasury, made us blush for shame, and boasts of our superior progress in free government choked us while we uttered them. When we were reminded of Lord Mansfield's decision, in the Somerset case, that under Magna Charta a slave could not breathe the air of Britain, we became subtle in our inquiries whether an equally great judge could not find equal support for human liberty in our Declaration of Independence; and we asked when we had repealed Magna Charta! To look back candidly, it cannot be a wonder to any one that such minds, at such a time, in such circumstances, under such agitation, should reach such conclusions. The wonder would be if they had not, for it was a process almost as necessary as a chemical precipitation; certainly it would have been as wild to expect to turn back the tendency to receive the Copernican system in astronomy as to arrest this progress.

But was there not an analogous evolution, in an opposite direction, going on in Southern minds? Yes, to some extent, doubtless, and this made the collision ultimately certain. Exactly what it was must be told by those who experienced it. The change among us seemed to come to this: that there was a general conviction that the system of slavery was indefensible, that it was an incalculable misfortune to the country, that its perpetuation in the republic was an abhorrent thing, that it would be criminal to consent to its extension. Such, at least, may be taken to be the creed of the body of progressive and earnest young men who were to mould the thought and the policy of the Northern States during the critical era.

It would be nonsense to say that in such a movement all were equally advanced. From William Lloyd Garrison to Stephen A. Douglas was a long interval, and there were many in the march lagging far behind Douglas. A few stragglers at the rear were even making for the Southern camp. Others did not clearly know which way they were going, but they were either drifting with the general current, or were caught for a moment in some eddy which seemed to be moving backward. Leaving out of view the small body of radicals who followed Mr. Garrison, we were, about 1855, roughly divided into two groups: those who meant, by political methods, to stop the spread of slavery and so to secure its ultimate extinction, and those who had not yet formed this purpose. Everybody old

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enough to recollect anything of that time must bear witness that, for ten years before the formation of the Republican party, the distinctions between Whigs and Democrats were of no political significance in the North, except as they indicated a yielding or a resistance to the antislavery tendency of the public mind. The consciousness that things were not yet ripe for more formal action kept men in the old parties in a sort of provisional way, awaiting events. The radical abolitionists had become non-resistants and disunionists, as a result of their despair of any decisive reform through political action. To preach what they believed, and to be unsparing in denunciation of wrong though martyrdom were the consequence, was then, as in former ages, a powerful propagandism of opinion, though indirect in its effect upon practical affairs. Non-resistance shielded them from the charge of plotting insurrection in either section of the country, for they limited themselves to appealing to the conscience alone. They were more powerful in enlightening men who meant to act than in gathering proselytes to a sect. Civil government is so essentially the application of force to redress wrongs and compel obedience to law that, to most of us, the logical result of non-resistance is anarchy, in the etymological sense, if not in the popular one. For myself, having made my home in the north Ohio district, represented in Congress by Joshua R. Giddings, I found a temporary political domicile among the antislavery Whigs, and cast my first presidential vote for General Scott in 1852. I was distinctly conscious of doing this, not because I was less earnest in opposition to slavery than my friends of the Free Soil party, but because I thus found myself in the group of men most likely to secure the desired result by peaceful means, if peace were possible. The progress of public sentiment was taking care of itself under the tuition of congressional legislation directed by such men as Davis and Toombs. The only remaining problem was whether men like Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Graham, of North Carolina, could lead Southern men to take a cooler and juster estimate of the future, and consent to some tolerable plan by which time would smooth the path to the inevitable result. We estimated the dashing courage of the South at its full value in either field, political or military, and hoped a conflict might be avoided by any means short of turning backward the wheels of American progress. We had the Anglo-Saxon willingness to wait which was shown from the days counted off by the curfew-bell to those when Charles Stuart faced his judges in Whitehall. We wished our onward steps to be sanctioned by the forms of law, as the Commons of England cared little what prerogative was claimed by the Crown, if the existing grievance which the people then felt galling them were removed at that Parliament. We meant to be friends with time, so sure were we that we saw the future. Looking back at the course of our mercurial brethren, we are fain to apply the words of the latest historian of the French Revolution: "A little gravity a few years earlier, a little well-timed concession to the oft-repeated call for reform, would have spared the *noblesse* the need for showing how courageously gentle blood could face trouble and disaster." [1]

I have tried to trace the natural process of evolution by which, in common with what proved to be the controlling element of our Northern people, I had come to the point where we clearly recognized the fact that we were shut up to a simple and single choice. Slavery must become dominant in the whole country, or it must be rigidly confined to the States where it already existed. We chose the second alternative, with full risk of consequences. The statement of this as an evolution does not exclude the

[1] Stephens. History French Revolution, ii. 512.

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other truth, that, in reaching this conclusion, men felt themselves under the command of an imperative conscience, and divinely led as by a pillar of cloud or of fire. I have wished, however, not to lose sight of the conscientious purpose, and even religious earnestness, of men who reached an opposite conclusion. To reconcile these things, apparently so conflicting, we have only to remember that in the world of practical action, as in that of physics, the innocence, or even the rectitude, of our purpose gives us no immunity from the consequences of collision with universal law. If we in fact miss our path in the darkness and come to the verge of a precipice, no errand of mercy or of justice on which we are bent will insure us an interposing angel to save the fall. Special providences would not be special if they were the rule. With nations as with individuals, the condition of safety is that we really find and keep the right path. In a friendly review of past differences, we are not so much concerned, just now, with proving that either was right as in recalling and analyzing the conscious motives that brought us to the collision.

The general conviction that justice and right demanded a certain course would not in itself secure action in momentous affairs. Whether we shall submit to what we think a wrong may be a matter of prudent judgment; and even a State, acting as a unit, may reasonably decide that some of its citizens shall bear an injury rather than involve the whole in the consequences of attempting redress. The intellectual process is only a part: there must be motives which rouse the feelings and fire the heart before we come to the fighting-point. Besides the growing appreciation of human liberty, we must look back at the incidents of the long debate, and try to understand their effect upon those who witnessed them. I shall name only those which I myself recollect, and adhere to the plan of telling the effect upon me.

In 1844 South Carolina and some other States had laws imprisoning free colored sailors coming to their ports as part of the crews of Northern ships. The confinement lasted during the stay of the ships in port, and the vessels were made liable for the cost. Massachusetts sent Judge Samuel Hoar to Charleston as her agent and counselor at law, instructing him to make up a record in the United States Circuit Court of such a case in regard to one or two of her citizens, and, should the decision be adverse, take it on error to the United States Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the law. South Carolina, by formal action of its legislature, forbade him to make the case, and expelled him forcibly from the State. The manner of doing it tended to excite much feeling; but the thing which remained engraved on my own memory, in all the discussion of the years that followed, was the official and authoritative decision of that State that it not only would violate the plain provision of the Constitution guaranteeing the privileges and immunities of a citizen to the Massachusetts sailor, if black, but that it confessed its consciousness of the illegality by forcibly preventing the state agent from testing the matter in court. It ought not to be difficult for a Southern man, to-day, to see the effect this must have had in teaching us that the provisions of the Constitution were to be operative in behalf of one side only, in that controversy. That it should induce a disposition to hew to the line in interpreting counterdemands under the Constitution would be but natural. We were, in those days, making the world ring with our assertions in the Martin Koszta case that we would protect, at the cannon's mouth, the personal liberty of one who had only declared his intention to become an American citizen. Is there need to point out the galling humiliation of the Northern States in the contrast?

The Mexican war, following the annexation of Texas, brought a great con-

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quest of territory on the south and southwest. Passing by the character of that transaction, let us only recall the fact that, in the foreign policy of the Polk administration, two exciting questions were coupled, — the annexation of Texas, and the claim to what is now British Columbia. The administration was vehement in asserting an equally clear right in both; but whilst the Southern claim was enforced by war, the protestations of the President that the Northern one was indisputable were actually accompanied by a diplomatic offer of the present boundary line, which was promptly accepted by England. The next editions of our school atlases showed the Southern line advanced to the Rio Grande, and the Northern one retracted so as to exclude a territory which Sir Charles Dilke says is equal to France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland united. We stuck another pin there, and learned that territorial acquisitions for slave States and losses for the North best suited those who ruled our national affairs by means of our political divisions.

The unexpected happened. The discovery of gold in California drew to the Pacific coast a great immigration, and California asked admission as a free State. It was opposed and delayed, until a price was extorted in the form of a fugitive-slave law, odious to us in the last degree, and enacted in spite of Northern public sentiment. If an enemy had been planning a scheme to make the South lose its Northern supporters, nothing more effective could have been devised. As the case of the sailors had been the denial of constitutional rights to citizens of one State when lawfully visiting another, this, as we earnestly believed, denied to our citizens at home the benefit of the constitutional right to the protection of life, liberty, and property by a jury trial. We asked ourselves, Have we any rights whatever which can be enforced, if they conflict with the supposed interests of slavery?

The answer was not long coming. The legislation of 1854 adopted the most radical doctrine of Calhoun, — that slaves are property, and must be recognized as such everywhere; and so completely that not the unanimous voice of the people of a Territory could prohibit slavery among them. We seemed absolutely prostrate, and yet we drew a great sigh of relief, and thanked God that the issue was squarely made up at last. The history of that time cannot be understood, there can be no approach to an understanding of it, without trying to realize the effect on Northern people of the absolute knowledge that the day of compromises was past. Up to that time, the votes cast for a distinctly antislavery party in any election precinct were hardly enough to take them out of the list of the "scattering." After it, the only party issue was the maintaining or reversing of the decree that slavery was nationalized.

I purposely omit the details of exasperating incidents, in order to bring out clearly the progress of Northern opinion, and the steps in the formation of an irrevocable purpose to tolerate slavery nowhere in the national domain except within the States where it was already established, and to give to freedom elsewhere all the benefits of the constitutional presumptions in its favor which belonged to the principles of the common law. We knew perfectly well that the Calhoun school drew sound logical conclusions from the doctrine that slavery was right and good for the country. We were equally sure that we were now on the proper line of action, if slavery were wrong and bad for the country. I shall not retract the admission that men might be conscientious in taking either side, even at this point: I will only insist that one or the other was grievously mistaken. Both might perhaps exclaim, in the words of Coleridge (whom I suspect we all read forty years ago more than we do now): "I know not what antidotes, among the com-

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plex views, impulses, and circumstances that form your moral being, God's gracious Providence may have vouchsafed to you against the serpent fang of this error; but it is a viper, and its poison deadly, although through higher influences some may take the reptile to their bosom and remain unstung." [1]

The years from 1854 to 1860 were full of fierce political excitement, to say nothing of the bloodshed in the border war upon Kansas. At least two or three things were demonstrated. The most important was that, in spite of Kansas-Nebraska bills and Dred Scott decisions, the territorial question was settled in favor of freedom. The tide of westward migration from the North was large enough and courageous enough to take and hold Kansas. The Indian Territory filled the gap between it and Texas, and west of both these it was already apparent that mining industries were likely to be the dominant ones, and California had shown what class of settlers the mines would attract. It was also plain that fugitive-slave laws hurt the system of slavery more than they helped it. Lastly, it was proved that the North had both the ability and the will to make national legislation conform to the facts thus stated, by the repeal of obnoxious laws. This result the Calhounists themselves had brought about, and the amazement now is that they should not have known they were doing it.

Such was the situation when Mr. Lincoln was elected and when secession began. There was much noisy outcry about Northern aggression, but it is a curious fact that in the Mississippi declaration of independence, to which I have already referred, the schedule of grievances does not name a solitary act of either the executive, the legislative, or the judicial department of the federal government since 1820, and no act of a separate State except the personal liberty bills in two or three of them; and for each of these a dozen laws of Southern States, more injurious to the North, could be quoted. The grievances are all literally variations of one note, — the progress of public opinion in the North unfavorable to the slave system. The control of the federal government had steadily remained in Southern hands, and the South had the initiative in every piece of legislative, executive, or judicial action which was the subject of agitation or cause of excitement. It is still a mooted question whether the secession of the cotton States was a finality, or only a political move to force Northern consent to an amendment of the Constitution giving it the Calhounist interpretation. The latter was at the time the more common opinion among the supporters of Mr. Lincoln. The initiative of Virginia in calling the peace conference was interpreted as part of such a plan. The systematic absence of initiative on the part of Republicans in Congress, during the last winter of Mr. Buchanan's administration, was the result of this opinion. It was hard to believe that there was any other purpose than to produce a reaction in the North by a show of that secession which had been so often threatened. The common belief, South as well as North, had seemed to be that nothing was so likely to destroy slavery as war. The dread of negro insurrection had been chronic in the South, and the panic over the raid of John Brown and his dozen men proved that the apprehension was as great in 1860 as ever before. But suppose the separation had been peaceful and final (the most favorable view for the South), wherein would Southerners have been the gainers? They went out one by one, separately, leaving the corporate nation, the United States, still existing and powerful. They could have no territory for expansion, unless they meant to win it by war. No civilized nation would have made with them a treaty for the extradition of fugitive slaves. It was

[1] The Friend, Essay XIII.

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so evident nothing could be gained which was not secure in the Union that we could not believe disruption was seriously intended. My belief still is that this diagnosis was right, and that the revolution ran away with its leaders, as has happened in other times and places.

Amongst Northern people, the secessionist leaders were at this manifest disadvantage, — that they had taught their sympathizers among us to denounce disunionism in antislavery men as a traitorous crime; and even among the unthinking, there was an attachment to the Union which became a contagion of patriotism when the struggle really began. Still, there was as yet no apparent unanimity nor visible promise of it, and the only thing that could be said was that we who had elected Mr. Lincoln were quietly but very seriously determined that he should administer the government under the Constitution as it was; reserving full freedom of decision and of action in the possible phases of secession after he should be peaceably inaugurated President. The contingency of war did not go undebated. We avoided public discussion of it as far as possible, but among ourselves it was often said that there might be worse things than war. The most active among us had accepted John Quincy Adams's doctrine, — that if the champions of slavery appealed to arms, the war powers of the government could deal with that system quite otherwise than under the limitations of peaceful legislation. We meant, even after secession began, to leave it to the secessionists to strike the first blow; but so much had been said about the supposed impossibility of kicking the prudent and thrifty North into fighting that many a peace-loving man, who felt a quiet assurance in his heart that he could fight if need be, was more than half persuaded that the fight was a necessary condition of future good neighborhood, whatever might be the outcome of it.

Our militia system, excepting in the way of independent uniformed companies in populous towns, had gone utterly to ruin. We did not keep up so much as an annual cornstalk muster and parade. In the powdery condition of affairs, it was not thought politic to agitate the question of a better military organization; but for more than a year before the war I had myself been giving such leisure as I could command to the study of tactics and military history, and I am sure many others had been doing the like. We pored over Napier, after our young families had gone to bed, trying to understand how Hill and Graham and Picton acted under the Iron Duke in the Peninsula. It was no cursory reading, but downright analytical study, map in hand, determined to find out something of the "why" and the "how" of it. In the pauses, when we thought of such scenes of horrid strife as possibly reproduced in our own land, faith pictured beyond the sulphurous war-cloud a country gloriously redeemed, and ready at last to command the admiration of the nations who had sneered at her pretense of liberty.

When the guns opened upon Sumter, it was a great shock, with all the effect of a surprise, in spite of our efforts to anticipate it. We could hear our hearts beat as if it were the echo of Anderson's replying cannon; but I think there was not one moment's hesitation as to our duty, or one doubt as to either the righteousness or the transcendent worth of our cause. So we of the North went into the fight, at least such of us as were antislavery men, bred in the bone. The grand outburst of devotion to the flag, from east to west, brought in hosts of men whose mental history would be quite different from that which I have drawn; but they came, led out of Egypt by "black John Logan," who had been Douglas's lieutenant, and out of Massachusetts by Butler, who had supported Davis in the Charleston convention.

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That settled once for all the question whether we were strong enough to nullify the acts of nullification, and to restore the Union. The heroism of Southern men made the contest a long and an arduous one, and there were times when on-lookers might well think we had undertaken an impossibility; but "the stars in their courses fought" with us, and our success was a predestined page in the world's history.

When I was once permitted, good-humoredly, to rally the eminent historian of Federal Government upon the sub-title of his book, which runs "from the formation of the Achaian League to the disruption of the United States," he neatly turned the criticism by saying, "That your leg is reset does not prove it was not broken." True, and there were many sharp "knitting pains" for a long time, to remind us of the fracture. But we were young, as the lives of nations are counted, and the elastic recuperation of youth is such that we may hope, by God's blessing, we shall stump about as sturdily in coming centuries as if there had been no fracture; nay, may hardly be able to tell which leg was broken. An honest effort to understand each other will help, not hinder, the wished-for consummation, if we make it tolerantly, though we may have to admit, for a while at least, that we have not got beyond Coleridge's paradox in the essay from which I have already quoted, where he says "that the only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance." Even in that spirit, I venture to think it may be profitable to make the experiment.

It may possibly be worth while, too, for conscientious Southern men to revise, in the light of experience, their old judgment upon the social system which is gone. I make the suggestion with diffidence, not as questioning their former sincerity, but only by way of calling attention to the well-known fact in human nature that the complex character of our motives to action often makes us assume something to be proven because it is included in a larger belief or a more earnest faith. A hot and generous defense of a friend makes us the champion, for the moment, of even his errors. I have been told that the theoretic defense of slavery as a good institution, which found its way into so many public speeches and state manifestoes, was not so generally accepted by mothers of families, among the refined and Christian women of the South. This might result not merely from their instinctive sympathies and their lower estimate of commercial profit and loss, but from a deeper natural insight into the sacredness of family relations, and a perception of evils to both races, more easily seen from the standpoint of a matured and cultured woman. This idea has had force with me because of an incident in my own military experience.

In the campaign in middle Tennessee in the late autumn of 1864, my headquarters tents were pitched, for a day or two, upon the grounds of an ample mansion belonging to a widowed lady, a near kinswoman of a former President of the United States, and of several officers of rank in the Confederate army. I lived under canvas, in accordance with my habit, and saw little of the family, though I tried to make the military protection of my own little camp secure the safety and quiet of those, also, on whom I was a necessary intruder. We had to move, however, in the night; and late one afternoon I visited the lady to inform her of this, and to save her from some natural anxiety and fear which the movement of troops at such a time would excite, since the household was one of women, with only their servants about them. After explaining what would occur, and giving some advice as to the conduct of her household, the conversation turned upon the unfortunate condition of non-combatants in her situation; but I gave such comfort as I could

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by the assurance that her son — whom I knew to be in Hood's army, in front of us — would understand her situation, and would be watchful to protect her as soon as we were known to be gone. The sincerely friendly tone of the personal discussion led, perhaps, to greater frankness than she at first intended; but as I rose to leave, with some hearty words of grief at the woes "this cruel war" was bringing to her, and which were sadly apparent in her tone and manner, she surprised me by replying, "General, I am unwilling you should go away without knowing my belief that what we are suffering is the judgment of God for the sin of slavery." The courteous note which her son sent to me in Nashville, when a flag of truce came to our lines, and in which he thanked me for what he generously called my kindness to his mother, did not prevent either of us from doing our military duty in the hot fight when Hood's lines were stormed, a few days later; but I have loved to believe that the influence of that stately lady made more easy the work of reconstruction for at least one family, when the cruel war was over. I do not say *ex uno disce omnes*, yet the gleam of such a light out of the darkness of conflict is persuasive evidence that this was not the only beacon on the Southern shore.

Our retrospect will prove useful only so far as it shall indicate a basis for mutual help in the future, by means of a better mutual understanding of our past. I venture to add some suggestions on two or three points wherein the present attitude of Northern men seems to be misunderstood.

It is often said by Southern men that, by the war, we were committed to the complete centralization of the government. I think this a mistake. An indissoluble federal union seems to many of us entirely consistent with decentralization of practical power. Even in the separate States it may be, and I think is, desirable to bring responsibility and power as closely home to the people as possible, in the counties and in the towns. When the essentials are settled which fix the character of our national republicanism, it is entirely safe to say that home rule in all local matters will not be met with prejudice on the part of intelligent Northern men. Within such limits, the "non-interference theory" of government, of which Charles Astor Bristed once wrote, is not unpopular; and whether they would think us consistent or not, our Southern brethren might be surprised to learn how many of us still claim to be "strict constructionists."

The great problem of the future for the whole country is, of course, the race question. That emancipation came by the violence of war implied the absence of opportunity for considering all the embarrassments and dangers which should follow. It boots little to-day to debate upon which side was the greater ignorance of the conditions of the tremendous problem; but we may hope that a rational study of its actual elements will develop earnest effort to make true freedom harmonize with true progress. No intelligent Northern man can desire a relapse of any Southern State into a less civilized and enlightened rule. No intelligent Southern man can desire to destroy the new foundations laid in universal liberty. The world has seemed, of late, to appreciate as never before the persistence of race tendencies and characteristics, and to acknowledge that they must be taken account of wherever large bodies of different stocks are in presence of each other, mutually interacting in political organizations. German and Czech, Magyar and Slav, Turk and Bulgarian, Englishman and Irishman, each and all are wrestling with the practical question as well as we. We cannot look to political parties for help, because, by the law of their existence, such parties follow, and do not create, the progress of enlightened public opinion.

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The work must be done by earnest and right-minded people who will investigate and agitate, and so instruct the intellect and the conscience of the nation. Let it be understood that there are millions of people willing to learn. Who will teach us? Social evils of so large a kind can be explained and described only by those who experience them. There is no "high *priori* road" to their comprehension. They who find a system working badly can point out its faults and suggest reasonable remedies. Both sides must be heard, and out of the discussion may come intelligence as to the true situation and practical remedy. In our dealings with the Indians, we have judged always from the standpoint of our own covetousness, with scarcely an effort worthy of the name to understand them, or to make our expansion accord with their continued existence. They have simply disappeared before our advancing frontier. The shameful story ought not to be repeated in the case of the negro; and who can find a solution of the difficulty, unless the *élite* of the South, in cultivation and in conscience, apply themselves to the task?

There is one other cause of discontent which ought not to go unmentioned. No one could observe without admiration the quiet and uncomplaining way in which the Southern people endured the enormous losses of the war, and applied themselves to rebuilding their ruined fortunes. In addition to the devastation of the land, and the loss of property given or loaned to the Confederacy, their paper currency lost its value in a day, and added hundreds of millions at a stroke to the debit side of an account already frightful with the array of former riches that had taken wings. All this, however, was the natural result of such a conflict, and could be accepted with the patience with which brave men meet the inevitable. This actual situation included obedience to the laws which were the guarantee for the national debt, and for those pensions which were pledged to the soldiers of the national army during the progress of the war. But many a Northern man and many a Northern soldier has felt that the extensions of the pension system since that time, by national legislation, could justly be regarded as ungenerous by the people of those States which had their own long lists of maimed and crippled and broken-down, for whom provision could not, in the nature of the case, be made. Had we done it by taxing ourselves in the several States, it would only have been a question of statesmanship and of local finance for ourselves. It became something quite different when the burden was put upon the national treasury, to which, under our system of indirect taxation, the reconstructed States contribute their full share.

The providential compensations which balance the good and the ill in this world may here be found curiously exhibited. For if disinterestedness in patriotism, sturdy self-reliance and thrift, honest personal pride, temperance, and industry are the wealth and glory of a people, then these lavish extensions of a reasonable system of public bounty have done harm, and not good, and have lowered the tone of the appeal which, in any future crisis, the government may have to make to its citizens. Would it not be a strange logic of events if those who have had the Spartan training to undergo, and have had to give and not receive, should outstrip us in the noble education of patriotism?

Peace societies may also see some compensation in our policy, and other nations may look on with complacency, if not with pleasure; for if ever heavy bonds were given to abstain from war, they are surely given by a people which has, for an indefinite time, adopted the system of paying nearly twice as much per annum for its disbanded armies as the greatest military power of Europe pays for its standing ones.

Jacob Dolson Cox.

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A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

To one who studies the present political situation so far as it relates to the preliminary canvass for the presidency, many points of close similarity to the condition of things prior to the nominations in 1844 will present themselves. In the subjoined attempt to institute an historical parallel between the two periods, it is our purpose to avoid a discussion — even a consideration — of political principles as such. They will be referred to only as it becomes necessary to introduce them, in alluding to the position of parties with regard to them, as elements of the situation itself. That is to say, the point of view here taken is, as far as possible, that of a foreigner studying the political problems of this country without being interested in them, unable to see that moral questions are involved, and treating them, as well as the candidates who profess or reject these principles, simply as pawns in the game. It will be well, in order to avoid confusion, first to present in some detail the history of the preliminary canvass of 1844, and then to call attention to the points of its resemblance to the present situation.

Van Buren had been defeated in 1840. Log cabins and hard cider, the Democrats thought, had been more interesting and attractive to the people than the principle of the sub-treasury. The defeat had mortified the Democrats as much as it had amazed, distressed, and annoyed them. They could not find words to express their contempt for the victorious Whig canvass. They well-nigh lost faith in the infallibility of the people, which had been a cardinal point of their doctrine so long as the people returned Democratic majorities. That doctrine was to be saved as an article of faith only by holding that the people had been seized with a temporary madness, and that they would fully recover their senses before the next election. Like the good political fighters the Democrats were, they were determined not only to win the election of 1844, but to win it with the candidate who had suffered by the humiliating defeat of 1840. It was a favorite expression — one of which Mr. Ritchie, editor of the Richmond Enquirer, a leading Democratic newspaper of the day, was the author — that the party had been "wounded" in the person of Mr. Van Buren, and that it could vindicate itself fully only by replacing him in the presidential chair.

The canvass of 1844 began before Harrison had taken the oath of office. When Mr. Van Buren declared, after his defeat, that he could not consent again to be a candidate, there was a loud and apparently unanimous chorus of disapproval and dissent. He was assured that he had no right to refuse the Democratic party the privilege of vindicating itself by reëlecting him, and he withdrew his refusal. In doing so he seemed to be yielding to the wish of a united party.

Even when mutterings of dissent showed that all Democratic leaders were not ready to admit that Mr. Van Buren was the inevitable candidate of his party for 1844, the movement was apparently of little consequence. At that time South Carolina was expected to do things that would be called, in the slang of the present day, cranky. When South Carolina presented Calhoun for the nomination in 1844, no one supposed that it signified anything important; it was merely a manifestation of South Carolina's persistency in never falling in with plans which she did not make. Colonel Johnson, of Tennessee, fancied himself to be a candidate, but scarcely any one else took him seriously. Up to a short

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time before the convention, no one ventured to put his advocacy of the nomination of some other than Van Buren on the ground of opposition to the ex-President. Though hints were occasionally thrown out that Van Buren was less "available"—that is, that he would get fewer votes—than some other candidate, it was evident to all observers that among the Democratic people, everywhere except in the narrowest circle of the Washington leaders of the party, the defeated candidate of 1840 was not merely the favorite candidate, but the one for whom, above all others, they wished to record their votes. Moreover, they were decided in their preference, and held to it firmly, until their wishes were overruled by the men whom they had trusted to carry out their plans.

Meantime, however, three things were working against the success of Van Buren. The first was the willingness of other men to supplant him in the candidacy. Calhoun was ambitious, and was confessedly a candidate for the nomination. As such he declined formally to make a public tour, and gave as a reason that it might be interpreted as a movement to further his own interests as a candidate. Besides the candidacy of Colonel Johnson, to which reference has already been made, there were what would now be called little "booms" for Buchanan, Cass, and others. Except Calhoun, no one of these gentlemen was hostile to Van Buren; they probably expected that he would be nominated, and in that event they would support him; but they put themselves in a position to profit by any turn events might take. Mr. Tyler must not be forgotten, for he, too, had a few friends who urged his claim to the gratitude of the Democratic party.

The second of the elements of opposition to Van Buren was the strong feeling in the minds of some sagacious leaders that he was not available,—that he was doomed to certain defeat if he were again to be a candidate. The Whigs, no doubt,—unwisely, as the event proved,—sowed the seeds of distrust of Mr. Van Buren's strength. They were sure that he would be nominated, and exultingly declared, "We have beaten him once, and can do it again." Not a few of the Democratic leaders reasoned that a candidate who had been once defeated on a plain issue would be defeated again on the same issue. They were in favor of shifting the ground and of changing leaders. This view of the matter was not often presented, but those who held it advanced their idea with great boldness, persistency, and plainness of speech. Finally, there was a decided disposition, in some parts of the South, to distrust Mr. Van Buren. Calhoun frankly did not have confidence in him. Yet, for the most part, the South was ready to accept him once more, and he had no more unwavering champion than Mr. Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer. In spite of the efforts made by the friends of Mr. Calhoun, and by the ultra-Southern party generally, the delegations from many of the slaveholding States went to the convention under instruction to vote for Mr. Van Buren.

Mr. Benton, whose devotion and loyalty to his friends, through disaster as well as in victory, sometimes blinded his judgment, and who adhered to the fortunes of Van Buren as sturdily as to those of General Jackson, has massed all the evidence that he could collect that there was a long-maturing plot and intrigue to cheat Van Buren out of the nomination. Beyond all doubt there was a plot, but it may well be questioned if it was so deep laid or so malicious as Mr. Benton represents it. There is little reason to think that personal hostility to Van Buren—outside of the Calhoun coterie, be it remarked—entered into it. The Democrats wished to win, they meant to win. With most of those who plotted the defeat of Van Buren it was merely a question with what man they

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could win most surely. The rank and file of the party answered promptly that Van Buren was that man; most of the leaders made the same answer; a few, and they the most pertinacious and determined, thought differently; and some men added that, since the party was resolved to win, it would be best to have the victory under a candidate of whose readiness to meet the demands of the real leaders of the party — those, namely, of the South — there could be no question.

Apparently the opposition was to be all in vain. The voices of the few were drowned in the general shout in favor of Van Buren. State after State, with almost wearisome uniformity, appointed as delegates to the Baltimore convention men who were known to be friendly to Van Buren's candidacy, and instructed to support him. At that time, the systems of choosing delegates to national conventions were various, but, whatever the system, Van Buren was successful. The number of States at this time was twenty-six. The delegates from sixteen of them were instructed, more or less positively, to support the defeated candidate of 1840; and these States included not only every New England State, Ohio, and New York, — Van Buren's own State, — but also Pennsylvania, the home of Buchanan, and Michigan, the home of Cass. In December, 1843, Buchanan withdrew from the candidacy, and in the following month Calhoun refused to have his name presented to the convention. South Carolina, by the way, chose no delegates, and was not represented in the convention. Colonel Johnson did not withdraw, but his candidacy was about as serious a matter as was that of General Butler before the Democratic convention of 1884, or that of General Alger before the Republican convention of 1888.

So the contest seemed to have been decided, and Van Buren's triumph appeared to be secure. Cass was the only candidate of any prominence who had not withdrawn, and he was not supported by his own State. The name of Levi Woodbury was brought forward, in a tentative way, but the suggestion did not meet with an enthusiastic response. Thus, two or three months before the time of the convention, the opposition had, to all appearance, exhausted itself, and it was given out that there was no longer a doubt that Van Buren would be nominated.

Nevertheless those who were parties to the "plot" had not given up their cause, hopeless as it seemed. Just at the last moment they found the vulnerable point of the candidate who had up to that time been assailed in vain. Rarely has there been, even in the history of that most fickle of people, the French, such a sudden revulsion, such a rapid downfall, as when the Democrats turned against Van Buren in the spring of 1844. Exactly one month before the Baltimore convention was to meet, Niles's Register remarked, in its issue of April 27, "That ex-President Van Buren will be the nominee of this convention is as confidently expected as that Mr. Clay will be the nominee of the Whig convention." After what has already been said of the constitution of the convention this does not seem to be a rash statement. Yet, on May 11, the same paper reported that, "notwithstanding the apparent certainty three weeks ago that Van Buren would be the nominee, there is now great uncertainty of the result."

What had happened meantime? The question of the immediate annexation of Texas had all at once been cunningly thrust forward as the controlling political issue of the day. A chronology of the Texas question, far from explaining how it became so suddenly the most momentous issue in American politics, only causes wonder that the plotters succeeded in raising an excitement over it. Texas had been conceded to Mexico by the treaty of 1819, against which Clay had protested as the "alienation" of

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American territory. In 1827, and again in 1829, Clay and Van Buren, each as Secretary of State, had made offers to buy Texas. In 1836 Texas declared its independence, and after a short war secured it. In 1837 Texas made application to the United States for annexation; but a proposition looking toward annexation was defeated in the Senate by a nearly two-thirds vote. The matter rested until 1843, when the subject of annexation was revived by American politicians, and the matter was declared to be one of great urgency, because, as it was represented, Great Britain was planning to make Texas British territory. No evidence of this assertion was ever furnished; and it was no doubt as untrue as it is incredible. Yet, even after this "scare" had been sprung upon the country, the people did not become excited about it until the anti-Van Buren managers were ready to act. Indeed, not all the Democrats who might have been expected to support a measure of annexation — its advocates called it "reannexation" — were in favor of it. Benton and other Democratic Senators were loud in their opposition. So little did it seem a measure upon which the Democratic party would insist to such an extent as to render a candidate ineligible unless he were warmly in favor of it, that there were rumors afloat in April, 1844, that Calhoun, who had recently become Tyler's Secretary of State, would not sign the treaty of annexation. These rumors found believers. Of course they were untrue; but they came from such sources that an unwary candidate for the Democratic nomination might easily take them as an indication that it would be safe to oppose the treaty. Nevertheless the treaty had been made and signed by Calhoun on April 12.

The time had now come to turn the South against Van Buren. The plans were most shrewdly laid, and they worked to a charm. The acquisition of Texas would give the South room for expansion, and it would be an easy task to persuade the slaveholders that any man who objected to the annexation was an enemy. It only remained to entrap Mr. Van Buren, who might be expected both to be opposed to the scheme and to be wholly unaware of the disposition of the South. A neutral nobody, who represented himself as an unpledged delegate to the Baltimore convention, was selected to write to Mr. Van Buren to ask his views on the question of "the immediate annexation of Texas." The instigator of the inquiry was an opponent of Van Buren, Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, who became Polk's Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Van Buren replied. He was not in favor of immediate annexation. He was in favor of annexation at the proper time; but the absorption of Texas, under the circumstances then existing, involved war with Mexico. This is not the place to discuss the question whether this reply was the word of a statesman so faithful to his convictions that he would not recant his faith even to secure the highest honor his country could bestow, or the attempt of a politician to concede much to the South for the sake of its support, and to withhold a little in order to retain the support of the North. Whatever may have been its purpose, the publication of the letter ruined Mr. Van Buren's prospects for the candidacy.

The change of feeling was almost as sudden as the shifting of the wind when a tornado is approaching. All at once, men who had been warmly in favor of Van Buren devoted themselves energetically to his defeat. The South, at this moment, was well-nigh frantic. The cry of "Texas or Disunion!" was raised. Even the few who still clung to their old candidate could not help seeing that the men who had declared Van Buren not to be strong enough to carry the election had made their assertion come true by introducing a wholly new issue into politics.

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The account need be carried no further. The plot succeeded all too well. Van Buren went into the convention with a majority of votes, but not the two thirds which Democratic custom — not then very long established — required. The opposition insisted on the two-thirds rule, and enough of Van Buren's supporters yielded to the demand to insure its adoption. Since they could not help seeing that the adoption of the two-thirds rule put Van Buren's nomination out of the question, some of them, at least, must have voted for the rule in order to assist in his defeat, while seeming to follow out their instructions. On any other theory it is difficult to account for their course. At all events, the two thirds for Van Buren were not to be had; and after the convention had begun to flounder and become confused, the name of Polk was brought forward, a "stampede" was cleverly managed, and in a few moments the great object of the plotters had been fully accomplished.

A few words only are necessary to tell the story of the Whig canvass. From the moment when it became evident that Tyler was to disappoint the expectations of those who had selected him, Clay had been the recognized leader of his party. Even those who had effected his defeat in the convention of 1836 acknowledged and regretted their mistake. During the three years preceding the election no candidate save Clay was even considered. He, too, was asked his opinion regarding "reannexation," and expressed views that differed not very much from those of Van Buren. But this caused no diminution of his popularity, and he was nominated as the spontaneous and unanimous choice of the Whig convention.

There were "mugwumps" in those days. One thing presented itself to their minds as the great object of statesmanship in their time, — to prevent the further encroachment of slavery. While they sympathized rather with the Whigs than with the Democrats on other issues, they would not be partners with either Clay or Polk, because they trusted neither of them on the one paramount question. They followed their consciences resolutely, although their doing so gave the victory to the party which was bent upon carrying the very measure to which they were most strenuously opposed, and although the election of 1844 ushered in sixteen years of increasing arrogance and mischief-making on the part of the slave power.

We turn now to consider the situation during the past three years. At the outset, some of the main facts are strikingly similar to those observed during the years succeeding the "log-cabin campaign." Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884, was a candidate and was defeated in 1888, and since that time has been, by all odds, the most prominent man of his party, and universally regarded as being more likely than any other man who can be named to lead that party in 1892. Against Mr. Clay's popularity among the Whigs in 1841–44 may be set that of Mr. Blaine among the Republicans. When the examination is made more in detail the parallel is still quite close.

Let us take first the attitude of the Republicans toward Mr. Blaine, and observe how remarkably his standing in his party corresponds with that of Mr. Clay forty-eight years ago; for, while it is not known whether or not Mr. Blaine would be willing to accept a nomination, it is probably not an over-statement to say that nine men of every ten who call themselves Republicans would rejoice at an opportunity to vote for him again, and three quarters of the rest would support him willingly. To put it in another way, were President Harrison to decline emphatically to be a candidate, and were Mr. Blaine simply to refrain from declining, not a delegate would be chosen to the Republican National Convention who would not be a cordial sup-

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porter of Blaine after the nomination; and there would not be more than a handful of delegates who would go to Minneapolis to support any other candidate as his "first choice." It is by no means the intention to represent Republicans as disloyal to President Harrison, or as dissatisfied with him. They regard him as an able, safe, and judicious chief magistrate, fully in sympathy with their own political aims. They have not been affected or influenced by the studied attempts to belittle him. They are in no sense ashamed of him, or of themselves for having elected him. They admire the tact and grace of his bearing, and his facility and felicity of speech on occasions when he is brought in close contact with the people, as on his California journey. They will vote for him again, in case he shall be the nominee, with satisfaction alloyed only by their strong wish to vote for Mr. Blaine. But this exception simply emphasizes the fact that Mr. Blaine is almost universally the real first choice of his party.

How have the Democrats been disposed toward Mr. Cleveland, and how are they disposed toward him to-day?

In a general way, it may be answered that the rank and file of the Democratic party have been as favorably affected toward their last President and their last defeated candidate as were the Democrats of 1842 toward Van Buren. At the same time we discover three elements of opposition to him, answering closely to the three heretofore mentioned as having existed against Van Buren in the canvass preliminary to 1844, namely: first, the ambition of other men to become the candidate in 1892; secondly, the suspicion that Mr. Cleveland may not be the most available candidate; thirdly, a distrust of his willingness to carry out one part of the policy on which the controlling leaders of the Democratic party seem to have resolved.

As there was very little in Van Buren's personal qualities to correspond with the attractiveness people found in Henry Clay, so Mr. Cleveland has little or none of the "magnetism" which is attributed to Mr. Blaine. Democrats do not stand by Mr. Cleveland from motives of personal affection, but because they find in him qualities of political courage which they admire. That most Democrats do adhere to his fortunes is perfectly apparent to every observer. They think that he gave the country not only a good administration, but a good Democratic administration. They supported him in 1888 with perfect good faith, and regretted his defeat as well as that of the Democratic party. They have all along — of course there are exceptions to all these statements — regarded him as the probable candidate in 1892; and, if one may judge from observation where exact information is wholly unobtainable, they are much more than passively willing that it should be so. At the same time, as was the case in 1844, they would not mourn long over the defeat of their favorite, provided the convention were to give them another candidate who could be elected. It is necessary to observe that we are speaking now of Democrats born in the party, and of those who joined it before 1884; not of those who in that year seceded from the Republican party, and who then and since, whether they call themselves Democrats or Independents, have regarded Mr. Cleveland as the best if not the only Democrat who could command their suffrages.

The existence of an opposition to Mr. Cleveland, a persistent and resolute opposition, is a fact quite as apparent as is the hold which that gentleman has upon his party. The opposition concentrates to a large extent upon another citizen of New York. Only once since the close of the war have the Democrats taken their candidate for the presidency from any other State than New York. Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, and Cleveland (twice) have been candidates in five of the six

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elections. Governor, now Senator, Hill has been able to turn the tendency of the party to seek its candidate in New York to his own advantage. To say that Mr. Hill is not merely ambitious on his own account, but hostile to Mr. Cleveland, that he is extremely desirous of obtaining the nomination, that he has intrigued and pulled the wires to get and hold control of the "machine" in New York, and that he has to-day the power to send to the convention a unanimous delegation in his own favor is but to say what every one knows.

But Mr. Hill could make no headway outside of the State where he exercises the powers of reward and punishment were there not other elements of opposition to Mr. Cleveland than a rival ambition. Van Buren, as President, staked his political fortunes on the subtreasury policy, was defeated, and was then opposed, as we have seen, on the ground that it would be bad policy to go before the country with a defeated candidate standing on a rejected platform. Mr. Cleveland risked all on a measure of tariff reform. He was defeated, and now we hear — not from the body of the voters of the party, but from some of the cold-blooded leaders — suggestions that to make the issue and the candidate the same would be "to repeat the folly of 1888." The contest for the speakership did not turn on the tariff nor on the question of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy, yet every one was conscious that when Mr. Mills was defeated, and Mr. Crisp chosen, tariff revision lost some of its prominence as an issue, and Mr. Cleveland's cause was perceptibly weakened. All those who helped to bring about the result were not opposed to Mr. Cleveland; perhaps very few of them were or are so; but the fact remains that all who wish to compass the defeat of the ex-President also opposed Mr. Mills, worked night and day to prevent his success, and contributed the margin of votes that decided the result. Yet it may be said with much confidence that, outside of a very narrow circle, there is no Democratic hostility — that is, personal hostility — to Mr. Cleveland. So far as the speakership contest had a bearing upon the presidential canvass, the outcome meant certainly no more than that there exists within the Democratic party a more or less serious doubt if it will be wise to risk success upon the single issue of the tariff, and to place on that platform the candidate who, as President, distinguished himself as the great champion of a reform, and who has once suffered defeat as its champion.

Where then is the weapon, to correspond with the issue of "reannexation," with which the leading candidate can be deprived of the two-thirds vote now, by well-established usage, required to effect a nomination by a Democratic National Convention? Do we not find it in Mr. Cleveland's attitude on the silver question? It would be absurd to suggest that the Democratic statesmen of the South are as deeply interested in the matter of free coinage for silver as their fathers were in the extension of slavery; but we do find that almost every Democratic Representative and Senator from the South and West favors the measure, and that, one and all, they believe their constituents to be with them on that issue. Moreover, while they stand sturdily by the cause of tariff reform, they seem not to be willing that the silver question shall be forgotten or neglected. But Mr. Cleveland has more than once placed himself in direct antagonism to the silver movement. His more immediate followers and his most prominent advocates are all against free coinage, or at least are on record as urging that the present time is inopportune for bringing the currency question to the front. Most of the members of the party in New England are against free silver; so are Mr. Bayard and Mr. Vilas, of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Mr.

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Carlisle and Mr. Mills, who have voted for free silver, now wish the question not to be an issue.

To continue the parallel further would lead us into the domain of prophecy, which we must not enter. The situation during the two periods, forty-eight years apart, has been shown to be strikingly similar, and it now remains for the next few months to reveal whether the parallel is to be complete to the end. What must happen to complete it? A sudden blazing up of excitement in the Democratic party, and the hardening of a resolution that one who is not with the Southern wing of his party on the silver question must not be nominated; the defeat not only of Cleveland, but of Hill; the nomination of a "dark horse," — Senator Gorman, Governor Boies, or some one else who favors free coinage for silver; the nomination of Blaine by the Republicans; the election of a Democratic nobody whose strength is derived from his obscurity. All very improbable, you say? Yes. Sometimes the expected happens in politics; sometimes the unexpected.

RECENT FRENCH ESSAYS.

THREE centuries — the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth — find their representatives in the latest volume [1] of M. Brunetière's Critical Essays on the History of French Literature; but the larger proportion of space is given to the seventeenth century, and the most interesting essays are those on the Provinciales of Pascal, on Jansenism and Cartesianism, and on the Philosophy of Molière.

The faith of Pascal has almost as many apologists, in France at least, as the Christian religion; and the slender rivulet of his text meanders, at this date, through a meadow of marginal notes, in a ratio of author to commentator which is not far from Shakespearean. The task of deciphering the real meaning of an author is, by St. Augustine, very aptly declared to be a more difficult, or rather a more impossible one, than the discovery of truth itself. "But which of us shall, among those so many truths, which occur to inquirers in those words, as they are differently understood, so discover that one meaning as to affirm, 'This Moses thought,' and 'This would he have understood in that history,' with the same confidence as he would affirm respecting a self-evident truth, 'This is true,' whether Moses thought this or that?" For he cannot, he goes on to say, see into the mind of Moses to discern his intention in writing as clearly as he can perceive the certainty of an abstract truth. And finding, by rare critical insight, in this very obscurity an element of vitality and duration in a work, he exclaims: "I should have desired, verily, had I then been Moses (for we all come from the same lump, and *what is man, save as Thou art mindful of him?*), and been enjoined by Thee to write the book of Genesis, such a power of expression and such a style to be given me that neither they who cannot yet understand how God created might reject the sayings as beyond their capacity, and they who had attained thereto might find what true opinion soever they had by thought arrived at not passed over in those few words of Thy servant; and should an-

[1] *Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française.* Par FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. Quatrième Série. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1891. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

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other man, by the light of truth, have discovered another, neither should that fail of being discoverable in those same words."

Many truths are to be found in the works of Pascal, to say nothing of the verities or errors which may have been sown as well as reaped there by his critics. There are two circumstances that give rise to this variety of interpretation; one being the narrow and accidental origin of his writings, the other the wide scope of his thought. The Lettres Provinciales is a polemical work, written in response to the immediate demands of a violent controversy. Its very title requires an explanatory note. The works which it answers are forgotten, or remembered only by the answers; it remains the one active fire in a region of extinct volcanoes. The Pensées is a handful of fragments intended to go toward an apology for the Christian religion; how far representative of any such work, or how far only of the author's mood and the thought uppermost in his mind at the moment, is, of course, not wholly determinable. Hence the textual difficulties. Now, men have believed or doubted in divers ways and from various impellent motives, — some led by reason and the logical faculty, others by sentiment and intuition, others by suffering; but Pascal both reasoned and divined, affirmed, doubted, and suffered, affording to intelligences variously predisposed different points of contact, of sympathy or repulsion. Hence the differences in critical interpretation.

As part of a theological discussion, the Provinciales was not only assailed on its first appearance, but has marked a line of separation between two theological parties ever since. The questions stirred by Pascal are not, however, merely technical or dialectic; they are universal and profound. His work has long stood outside of circumstance, as one of the great contributions to human thought, but, being controversial and apologetic in character, it has always been placed under fire; for Jansenist and Jesuit stand for two elements of human life, and their quarrel is not confined to the Church.

In his own age Pascal was persecuted as the exponent of the strictest of theological schools. Voltaire's attacks were directed against him for his superstition. It was reserved for Cousin and the nineteenth century to brand him as a skeptic, and to write books and articles upon his Pyrrhonism in place of discussions of his credulity. This accusation, founded upon Pascal's denial of the worth of reason, together with his accumulation of reasons, seems to have been formulated on the plan of the celebrated refutation of Schopenhauer's pessimism, which argues that, if everything is bad, Schopenhauer's philosophy must be bad; and if this be the case, the world, which is proved bad by a bad philosophy, may, after all, be a very good one. Joseph de Maistre found Pascal guilty of skepticism, but on a different indictment, namely, his concessions in argument to the unbelief of others, and his apology for Christianity, which, according to De Maistre, could make no concessions and needed no apology.

In fact, the history of Pascalian criticism would in itself afford suggestive material for study, so strongly does it bring into relief not alone the opinions, but the individuality of his critics; and nearly every man of note in French critical literature has had somewhat to say of him. Sainte-Beuve, discarding any ideas of Pascal's skepticism, and looking upon him as "a reservoir of high thought," especially needed for refreshment and inspiration in an age when the tenor of his thought has become obsolete, speaks of his books as having brought about the result which their author would least have aimed at, in helping to establish, through their tone of anti-scholasticism, that reflection of Christianity in the world which he terms the "*morale des honnêtes gens.*"

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Edmond Scherer comprehended the positive nature of Pascal's faith, his "reasons of the heart that the reason knows not," through personal experience as well as critical insight. In truth, the arguments against the Pyrrhonism of Pascal must by this time have equaled in number, as well as surpassed in weight, the accusations; and M. Brunetière, though he lifts his voice as one crying in the wilderness, is not as solitary in his convictions as his phraseology would sometimes lead us to suppose.

What his book gives us is a careful study of the influence, in their own day and later, of Jansenism and Cartesianism. With a thorough knowledge of the epochs of which he treats, and an historical sense which is a just perception of the relation of one fact to another, and of the dependence of thought on thought, rather than a formulated theory of mediums, he seeks to disentangle the two threads of thought in the seventeenth century (we might say three, for Jesuitism also is taken account of), and to show their relative success and failure, and the nature of their hold upon France. He considers that the influence of Descartes upon his own century has been greatly exaggerated, the classical spirit of the Renaissance having been opposed to a philosophy which would lessen the authority of the past, as the religious pessimism of Pascal and the Jansenists was against the doctrine of the sovereignty of human reason. The date fixed by M. Brunetière as that of the apotheosis of Cartesianism is that moment in the eighteenth century when Descartes's name was still held in slight esteem as that of a "visionary," but when his ideas of the solidarity and unity of science and the sovereignty of reason, his belief in universal progress, had become the predominating thought of the day. Descartes is therefore held responsible by M. Brunetière alike for the materialism of Diderot and the sentimentalism of Jean Jacques. M. Brunetière leaves Cartesianism at this point, making no attempt to follow it into the optimistic science worship of the present day, or that scientific pessimism, in which its influence is no less clearly traceable, physiological automatism. Pascal also grants to Descartes his automatic theory,— we are automaton as well as mind, in recognition of the dependence of thought upon custom; but he will have the automaton treated as such, and the individual impose a religion upon his habits of thought as the Church imposes one upon the ignorant masses.

In regard to the relations of Pascal to Cartesianism, M. Brunetière not only finds the tenor of the Pensées antagonistic to that philosophy, quoting the note in the manuscript in which Pascal expressed his intention of refuting it, but he traces further in the book a categorical refutation of all the fundamental Cartesian ideas, and is inclined to think that Pascal had in his mind, as he wrote, a Cartesian interlocutor as well as a *libertin*. Possibly criticism has insisted a little too strongly on the fragmentary character of the Pensées; but we doubt if the intended edifice can be reconstructed from the plans quite so completely as this.

In the personality and moral teaching of Pascal, what Sainte-Beuve most dwelt upon was his holiness, his spirit of love toward God and man. Edmond Scherer saw most vividly the anguish of doubt and passionate need of belief struggling together toward an unshakable conviction. M. Brunetière takes Pascal's Jansenism, his conception of the depraved nature of man and the necessity of grace, together with his insistence upon conduct, as the central feature of his study. He points out that Jansenism and Port Royal should be sacred to students of French thought as having, for a period of more than fifty years, incarnated the French conscience, and helped it to make, "against the natural frivolity of the race, the greatest

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effort that it had made since the early days of the Reformation and Calvinism." Far from agreeing with Sainte-Beuve that the writings of Pascal have led to the establishment of a "morale des honnêtes gens," M. Brunetière holds that, if such a standard of morality exists, in regard to which he seems needlessly skeptical, it has been brought about by the triumph of Pascal's enemies and the spread of Jesuitism; for the influence of Jansenism, preponderant in the seventeenth century, was, he considers, overcome first by the visible triumph of Cartesianism in the eighteenth, and later by the sure, gradual progress of the spirit of accommodation and religious worldliness.

With Cartesianism and Jesuitism both victorious, what becomes of the influence of Jansenism? Did it belong entirely to one period? The highest tides of thought are rare, and human conduct scarcely maintains itself long in a whole society at a high level. M. Brunetière finds in the humanitarian and socialistic tendencies of to-day, in realism, altruism, naturalism, even, the elements most nearly corresponding in later French thought to the Jansenism of Pascal, — the elements of renunciation, of sacrifice, of individualism, and something corresponding to Pascal's pessimism; for this pessimism, consisting as it does in a sense of the nothingness of man, the loneliness of space, and the failure of unassisted human effort, constitutes, to him, a part of Pascal's religion which is no more to be regretted than his use of irony and logic as weapons of religious argument is to be deprecated. The vein of irony has penetrated so far into French life and into all modern life, its action upon faith and vigor of thought has been so corroding, that the more earnest of the younger French writers turn from it altogether, as disintegrating and belittling to the mind. It is well to be reminded that the greatest of French religious writers used it, as other great religious thinkers have done, as a scourge, and that there is a vast distinction between irony of this sort and that which chains men's minds to the trivial and ignoble aspects of life.

In his essay on the philosophy of Molière M. Brunetière gives the results of a systematic investigation into the nature of that philosophy which has always been discerned as a flavor in the plays of Molière, and reconstructs, both from the plays themselves and from the influences amid which they were produced, a systematic philosophy of nature, in obedience to the dictates of which Tartuffe would appear to have been written, not only as a satire of hypocrisy, but as an attack upon religion, and all that in the religious ideal opposes the natural current of life. Here, again, we suspect a little too much critical zeal, and, what is of more consequence, we fail to find in M. Brunetière's essay an adequate appreciation of that unformulated philosophy which makes Molière a perennial delight to the soul.

M. Brunetière is by no means an easy or graceful writer, and he is often a dry one. In intelligence and in conscientiousness he stands nearer to Edmond Scherer than to any other critic, and, like Scherer, he has a literary standard which is an intellectual one as well. He is at his best in the discrimination of influences of thought and the characterization of historical epochs; he has clearness of argument and a fund of good sense. If he is less distinctly clever than M. Faguet, as he certainly is, he is also less paradoxical; in fact, now and then he seems to have a special mission in bringing criticism back from its excursions into the region of paradox, for instance, from its assertions of the skepticism of Pascal to the starting-point of good sense and the obvious, and he sometimes displays a little of that courage in making evident statements on which Edmond Scherer congratulated M. Nisard.

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M. Édouard Rod has produced a very well written book on Stendhal,[1] a book which serves excellently the purpose of the series for which it was written; giving in a small compass, with great clearness and proportion, a sketch of the life of an author, a study of his work, and a sufficient account of the judgments upon him of his contemporaries and successors to mark the extent of his influence and his place in literature. The making of such a book calls for judgment and independence of thought, and affords room for sincere and tolerably extensive analysis, while at the same time it is not an independent work, and a too arbitrary or too personal criticism would be out of place in it. M. Rod has kept this balance, on the whole, very well. He has depicted Stendhal carefully after the document, and if the conception of his personality and writings on which he has proceeded is a personal one, it is not aggressively so, and is carefully compared with the judgments of others as well as with the facts. The book gives very distinctly M. Rod's impression of Stendhal, but the reader may gain from it a clear idea of the subject without necessarily sharing the impression.

M. Rod cannot be accused of overstating the case in Stendhal's favor. In estimating his work he never quite grasps the qualities which have made that work an inspiration and an influence; he is not himself under the spell, and he shows no indication of having felt its potency to the degree to which a critic ought to feel, or at the very least to have felt, his author, in order to comprehend rightly even his fallacies. It is not that M. Rod's criticism is incorrect so much that it is incomplete. He measures out all the qualities of Stendhal, but he does not feel them sufficiently to make them felt. He considers that M. Bourget read into his author the charm which he celebrates in those glowing pages of the Psychologie Contemporaine, that he was intoxicated with his own idea of Stendhal, whereas it would perhaps have been more just to say that M. Bourget had felt the effect of the wine, but exaggerated its quality. "But after all," asks M. Rod, "are authors greater by the absolute merit of their work or by the interpretations of which they are susceptible, by their power of execution or by their power of suggestion?" We would answer the question only by the remark that the latter trait is as fully their own and as much to be accredited to them as the former.

The reason of M. Rod's want of sympathy with Stendhal is that Stendhal was an ironical writer, — an ironist, if we may attempt to define thus his adaptation of that mode of viewing life; and M. Rod is one of the writers, of whom we have spoken above, to whom irony is repellent. It not only offends his earnestness, it wounds his sentimentalism; and he is a sentimentalist as well as an idealist, though he has done some good analytical and critical work. Stendhal had prophesied to the moment the date on which posterity would place the laurel upon his work. "I shall be appreciated," he said, "in 1880;" and the writers of the last decade have obeyed the summons, and have, with few exceptions, whether grudgingly like M. Zola, or loyally like M. Bourget, proclaimed him their master. In this movement M. Rod perceives the fact that, under M. Zola's demand for a larger geniality, and M. Bourget's "phrases garlanded with idealism," there is the same indication that "dryness and irony are at their highest quotation." There is much truth in this; nevertheless let us give merit its due, and acknowledge that, amid all the aridity of Stendhal's mind, his worldliness of tone, there existed an imagination, and that this imagination gave to the Chartreuse de Parme a certain breadth and inspiration, and made

[1] *Stendhal.* Par Édouard Rod. (Les Grands Écrivains Français.) Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1892. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

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the mordant and disintegrating ideas of Le Rouge et le Noir kindling to the imaginations of others, perhaps because they had their origin in divination rather than in observation of life, and were thus imaginative products.

No, we do not agree with M. Faguet that Stendhal lacked imagination, but we would unhesitatingly subscribe to his assertion that he was essentially an unintellectual writer, with no power of generalization. The weakest point of M. Rod's psychological anatomy, in his generally excellent analysis of his author, and it is a very common looseness of thought, is his defining him as a man whose will was early paralyzed by his intellect, rendering him, with all his sensibility and imagination, incapable of any achievement adequate to his powers. Was not the result due rather to his enormous self-consciousness, and would not a greater intellectual force have assisted Stendhal in freeing himself from that dilettanteism and dryness of mind which M. Rod depicts; from those narrow lines of thought which he engraved with such force and precision, and kept to with such monotony; from that chain which bound him to self as a prisoner to his pillar? Stendhal generalized directly from his impressions, and these were purely and intensely personal. A resentment was elaborated by him into a system; a pleasure became a cult. He was not intellectual, but he was clever; and when he turned this exaggerated vividness of personal impression to the purposes of fiction, joining to it the results of his minute self-analysis and his acuteness of observation, he produced something that was interesting as a psychological document, if not as an achievement of psychology.

French electors and critics have often found M. Jules Simon a somewhat difficult subject to handle and define, not so much on account of any violent changes in his views as by reason of subtile modifications which they have undergone in passing through the medium of his oratory, or in obedience to the dictates of circumstance. It must be acknowledged that the difficulties have been coped with, and all the supple, insinuating traits of M. Simon's statesmanship and oratory have been often and impartially recorded. The fact of his having succeeded M. Guizot at the French Academy was only an accidental excuse for parallels which would hardly have failed to be drawn between the two men, yet in which the resemblances to be discovered belonged rather to circumstances than to nature, and were less important than the differences. M. Simon is not a second Guizot, governed and governing by a formulated programme of ideas, although he has been in a certain obvious way the successor to that *politique du juste milieu* which M. Faguet notes as the peculiar invention of M. Guizot. We should be more inclined to define M. Simon as a statesman after the order of Mr. Gladstone. The analogy is more difficult to trace, consisting, as it does, not in the general career or avowed sources of inspiration, but in what we may call political temperament, and in a certain habit of mind. Both base their political influence upon an elevated and clearly proclaimed public morality, an adroit political piety, not too lofty in its standard to be a popular cult, which the political and moral philosophy of M. Guizot, though it had nothing transcendental in it, was not. Both are hard workers, zealous for the welfare of the public, especially so for its moral and educational welfare, bringing gifts of persuasion and pose to the reinforcement of their patient activity and of their zeal.

That each bears the stamp of his race strongly marked upon the methods and the details of his achievement is another trait of resemblance. M. Simon has greater dexterity of mind and ingenuity of phrase, and has had more occasion to use such weapons, than Mr. Gladstone;

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while, the advertisement being less supreme in France than in England, his opportunities in the employment of that tool have been necessarily more limited.

Both are primarily men of action, and secondarily of letters, although M. Simon began his career as a professor, and laid the foundations of his philosophical popularity before achieving his political successes. He has not yet been elected reader in chief of the new novels, though if the number of French critics were smaller, and if the blessing of statesmen and other notabilities were in France essential to the circulation of novels and of soap, there could be no better candidate for the position than M. Simon, and no one more admirably qualified to deal with the philosophical aspects of new books, and to bestow justice upon the work of the sex which, in the department of fiction, is not always the weaker one.

In La Femme du Vingtième Siècle[1] M. Simon seeks to define the nature of the place which women are fitted to occupy, the number of employments open to them, and the probabilities of their success in each. He considers that women have not only no practice in political affairs, but no natural aptitude for politics; pointing out that in the one department of this science which has always been open to them, political writing, Madame de Staël is the only one who has achieved success, "and her politics are above all a philosophy," as indeed the politics of thinkers are apt to be, and perhaps are better for being, outside the arena of active affairs. In philosophy, on the other hand, M. Simon recognizes a distinct natural gift on the part of the female sex, a superior subtlety of intelligence, but an intelligence which succeeds rather in comprehending ideas than in weighing or originating them. Women are discouraged from attempting law, notwithstanding the prowess in argument conceded to them, by the example of a lady who made her husband's life a burden to him by her legal attainments. The chapter is a very creditable novelette, showing the danger of a little knowledge, and the inconvenience of mere brightness usurping the place of power.

All sorts of questions of administration which bear in any way upon the position of women are treated in the book, — education, public worship, laws of marriage and divorce; and the collaboration of M. Gustave Simon allows the able discussion of these points to be supplemented by a number of details in relation to food, medicine, and the physical conduct of life, making the work a complete manual of the public and private aspects of the woman question. It is an appeal to the women of this century so to order their lives and those of their offspring that the women of the next century (and incidentally, we hope, the men) may be better and happier; and if the sex were, to a woman, thirsting for improvement and amenable to advice, it could hardly find for its guidance a more compact or safer collection of precepts than in the volume of MM. Simon.

[1] *La Femme du Vingtième Siècle.* Par Jules Simon, de l'Académie Française, et Gustave Simon, Docteur en Médecine. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

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THE FIGURE OF COLUMBUS.

NEARLY a score of years ago the study of American history received a singular impetus through the series of centennial celebrations which then began. There can be no question that not only were popular conceptions of the men and events connected with the War for Independence readjusted and greatly enriched, but the scientific pursuit of American history, especially the history of institutions, received an emphatic impulse. It is easy to believe that the same sort of influence is now at work to quicken the interest of the American people in the general subject of Spanish discovery and settlement, and in the particular subject of the character and career of Columbus. If it be said that in the case of the War for Independence we were dealing with a subject more closely connected with our historic consciousness, and not so far removed but that a moderately lively imagination could compass it, and that the series of anniversaries extended over a long enough time and had a sufficiently varied character to make the impression thorough and abiding, while we are called on now to celebrate a single event, four hundred years distant, and centring about persons of another race, whose influence over our destiny has not been continuous, it will not do to be hasty in concluding that this new anniversary will have insignificant influence upon our scientific and popular historical studies. On the contrary, we are disposed to think the present opportunity one of profounder significance.

We have the very great advantage of the training which both students and the general public have received through the researches and discussions of the past twenty years. If we were to sum the results in a single sentence, we should say that Americans had been emancipated from the crude belief that American civilization was a plant of absolutely native growth, and had also come into a larger freedom of belief regarding the stability of that civilization. We are not likely to overlook the Teutonic origin of much of this civilization, and we understand far more clearly the development which has taken place upon American soil and under the impulse of civic freedom. But an intelligent perception of the relation of the United States to England and Germany, historically, is but one step in that world knowledge which this nation must apprehend if it is to rise consciously to the dignity of its great inheritance. One further step is needed, and we are on the threshold.

It may be that we shall have to reëstablish our connection with Latin Christianity in all its forms through the sharp teaching of war, but that is not a means to be sought. Whether through war or through the more amiable ways of commerce and social intercourse, it is clear to most observers that the United States is to renew with Spain on this side of the Atlantic a connection which was broken off between England and Spain on the other side of the Atlantic more than three centuries ago, largely through the discovery and settlement of this continent. The era of industrial possession of our own domain has not closed, but the era of continental relations has opened, and this nation is destined to be affected strongly in its future development, not merely by entering into relations with the rest of America, but by the extension of its relations through this medium with contemporaneous Europe, and by contact in the realm of the spirit with ideas which are neither Anglican nor Teutonic.

It is for this reason, and because the four hundredth anniversary of the land-

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ing of Columbus upon an island of the West Indies coincides with the beginnings of this enrichment of the United States, that we believe we shall see a great impetus given to historical studies having for their end, wittingly or not, the maturing of the consciousness of the American people, so that the nation will be more distinctly than it now is an integral part of Christendom, and something more than a member of English-speaking races. A part of the process in this slow enlargement will be found to consist in the direction of historical studies toward points heretofore somewhat neglected by American students. We look to see scholars follow the lead of Dr. Lea in an examination of ecclesiastical history. There will be a greater eagerness to comprehend the state of Europe just previous to the discovery of America. The study of antiquities as bearing upon the natives of America will not be neglected, but the same regions of Central America, Mexico, and South America which have attracted men of science searching for America before Spain wrote on the palimpsest will be sought by students of the memorials of the Spanish occupation, and little by little the veil will be lifted which now conceals much of the life led contemporaneously with that freely recorded of the English occupation of the northern country.

It is to be supposed that the first, most immediate attention will be directed toward Columbus; and it is a signal service which Dr. Winsor has rendered at the outset by his minute array of all the facts clustering about the achievement of the great discoverer, and his cartographic and bibliographic summaries. His book [1] is a storehouse for students and an index to the accumulated literature upon the subject, as well as a contribution to the fuller knowledge of the conditions under which Columbus wrought, and to the conception of the character of Columbus himself.

Dr. Winsor's historical habit is that of the man of science, who subjects all his material to a close scrutiny, that he may reach definite and well-authenticated results. He is a student at first hand, but he has also the constructive faculty, and is not content unless he can see his subject in its relations. Mr. John Fiske, as we have more than once had occasion to remark, has his distinction in a power of correlating facts after they have for the most part been collected by others. He is by no means without the power of original research; he shows this by his admirable insight, and his almost instinctive sense of what is to be relied upon in his authorities; but his strength lies in his synthetic power, in his broad yet not vague generalizations, in the skill with which he puts two and two together and always makes the sum four. In his new work [2] he has had a large field for the display of the sweep of his pen; for there is no one fact in modern history so momentous as the opening of a new world to human endeavor. In Mr. Fiske's book the voyages of Columbus form an incident in a whole drama; in Dr. Winsor's plan the narrative centres upon the personal history of Columbus: yet in the former case Columbus is treated as the central figure in the drama; in the latter he is regarded, one might almost say, as an accident.

The same authorities are used by both writers, and each is armed with the caution which leads them to avoid reading the nineteenth into the fifteenth century. Yet there is a marked difference in the

[1] *Christopher Columbus, and how he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery.* By Justin Winsor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[2] *The Discovery of America.* With some Account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest. By John Fiske. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

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outcome of their studies as regards the person of Columbus. An acute thinker once observed: "If I have so much difficulty in understanding myself, how can I expect satisfactorily to account for other people?" And if, in addition to other difficulties, one is obliged to take into account conditions of another age, another nationality, and another religious belief, the task of apprehending a strange personality may well seem at first glance impossible. On the other hand, the judgment of men upon historic characters of whatever age is based upon the assumption of common elements in humanity. The face which looks upon us from a portrait by Velasquez is intelligible to us because of the likeness which it bears to the faces of men we meet on Broadway; the humanity which is enshrined in the statue of a Greek divinity is the key to our understanding of the god for which it stands.

It cannot be wholly impossible to reconstruct the figure of Columbus out of the material furnished in these two books, and that material is to be found in the words of Columbus himself, in the estimates of his contemporaries, — after we have first determined roughly the character and credibility of these witnesses, — in the deeds recorded of him, and, finally, — for this is the crucial test, — in the controlling ideas of the man.

Columbus was a visionary, and this temper of mind makes one a target for ridicule to his contemporaries, and throws an air of unreality over his actions when viewed by posterity. He was no less a visionary that his dreams looked for their fulfillment in the conquest of nature, and promised him great personal wealth and honor. His whole career witnesses to this element in his character. His unshaken belief in the verity of his notions; his readiness to jeopardize all his venture rather than abate a jot of his pretensions; his intoxication at apparent success; his inability to cope with practical men; his very meanness when he seeks to use the weapons of ordinary mortals; his miserable failure to help himself to the results of the fulfillment of his dreams; his dignity in the hour of his fall; and, finally, the blur which gathers over his eyes in the last days, so that he now sees visions only, and sees everything distorted, — all these things explain and are explained by this fundamental characteristic of the man. The saving quality which forbade the visionary to be a mere crank — to use the expressive modern term which his neighbors would have applied to Columbus, if they had spoken American-English — lay in the concentration of purpose which solidified ideas, notions, dreams, into action. It is not at all difficult to show that many more than Columbus, in his age, perceived *a priori* the evidence of a Cathay lying to the westward, to be reached by sailing in that direction. But Columbus put the evidence to the test; and the very obstacles which he overcame, both by his lofty assurance, in which his enemies could see only the arrogance of an overweening vanity, and by his persistence until his faith had overcome mountains, raise him above the ranks of common men. Granting all that one may assert of the selfishness or meanness of Columbus in his dealing with men, this lower nature was not the power which prompted the man in the one great act of his life, — an act which was the incarnation of an idea held in common with others, but carried to its practical consummation only by himself.

It is in the light of this controlling idea that we must measure many of the recorded acts of Columbus. The deceptions which he practiced on the voyage were the devices of a man who had gone too far in the achievement of a lifelong purpose to see that achievement thwarted by ignorant men. He was as ready to resort to a manœuvre like two reckonings as the general of an army is to keep his

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camp-fires burning while his troops are silently retreating before the deceived enemy. It would have read finely in the history of this great enterprise if Columbus had waived his claim to the king's reward for the first sight of land in favor of the sailor who had seen the solid earth a few hours after the admiral had seen, or thought he had seen, a light moving on the land; but magnanimity of that sort belongs to another order of heroes. Columbus was not a self-renunciatory hero; he was not bred to a sense of chivalry; he was of the imperial order, a man who, from brooding over a great idea, identifies himself with it, and, so far from renouncing anything, grasps at whatever comes within the reach of his purpose. He died without the knowledge that his discoveries had opened the way to a new continent. Had he known this, it is safe to predict that he would have gone stark, staring mad over such an aggrandizement of his name.

There was a close connection between a temperament of this idealistic sort and a religious fervor. It must be remembered that at this time the notion of religion which was uppermost was not that of service, but of rule, and that the church militant was closely connected with the church regnant. Christendom was confronted by Islamism, and there was not yet a sense of confident supremacy, though the external foe had done much to weld into a mass the opposing forces of the church. The church stood for whatever was worth holding in this world and in the world to come, and a nature like that of Columbus, who saw as in a vision the subjugation of the pagan East to the dominant West, could not possibly separate the church idea from the imperial idea. The day had not yet come for the growth of individualism in religion, and though there were never wanting witnesses to the truth of a life hid with Christ in God, as the wonderful phrase has it, the hieratic interpretation of the gospel was the prevailing one, and the loyalty of Columbus to the church was a far more masterful sentiment than his loyalty to the sovereign lord and lady. With them he was, as it were, on a level, as a son of the church. When, therefore, he dreamed of being a viceroy, he dreamed equally of honor through his power to enlarge the domain of the church. The avenue to greatness lay this way, also.

It is by no means impossible that a spirit like that of Columbus should be ill adapted to deal with those affairs of life which call for sagacity, prudence, patience, and that power of control which springs from self-control. The restless desire for further conquest impelled Columbus far more than the desire to hold what he had gained. The enlargement of his domain, not the government of his possessions, inspired him, and he brought to the task of ruling dusky natives an experience which was born of dealing with mutinous sailors. Did he know men as a born ruler knows them? It is doubtful. His solitary life, when brooding over his ideas, had developed a strength of will and a belief in himself which carried him against the resistance of others through self-assertion, not through a diplomatic undermining of his adversaries. Yet it must be remembered that the nature of Columbus was eminently adapted to the cultivation of enemies. He had been laughed at, and now he had set Europe agog with his discoveries. The realities which those saw who followed eagerly in his footsteps to avail themselves of his good luck were not the realities he saw. They found a barbarous, mild-mannered, and physically weak race, living indolently in a region which smiled to the eye, but yielded very little in the way of portable property. Columbus transmuted every petty chieftain into a king of Cathay, and every grain of gold was to him the symbol of vast wealth. He was forever obeying his illusions; they were forever suffering disenchantment.

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But a man must be known by his friends, not by his enemies. That Las Casas believed in Columbus and was his firm friend; that, with his gentle nature, he looked up in admiration at the figure which was close enough for inspection, and gave in his hearty witness to the admiral's character, is more in the court of public opinion than the hatred borne toward Columbus by the malignant Fonseca; yet only more, for the tortuous persecution aimed at the explorer becomes an exposition of the nature of the enmity, and by so much a vindication of the man persecuted.

It is no doubt true that the vast results which have flowed from the momentous first voyage of Columbus have served to obscure the real character of the man. The connection of a deed with a name is pretty sure to enlarge the notion of a name, and convey to it not only the greatness of the deed, but the greatness of the consequences. Nor is the common acceptation of a man's personality dependent upon a very subtle analysis. The law by which reputations are established *de minimis non curat*. Nevertheless, in process of time a closer inspection brings out with greater precision the actual facts upon which reputation rests. The loose statement, "Columbus discovered America," becomes resolved into a more exact statement as to the relation which the deeds of Columbus bore to that discovery. As the student is driven out of loose notions into more precise intelligence, the figure of Columbus becomes more sharply outlined. Some of the nobility, as the sensitive man conceives nobility, disappears; a glamour vanishes. But this figure is set against a background of another age, another faith. Studied in relation to its times and viewed in the light of its actual achievement, its greatness does not pass off in vapor; it becomes more real because conceived more truthfully. It is by the aid of these fearless and searching studies of Dr. Winsor and Mr. Fiske that the public will be instructed in the facts of the life of Columbus, and gradually construct a figure in stone when before they had one in clay.

OLD FURNITURE IN NEW ENGLAND.

Forty years ago, Mr. J. B. Felt, the antiquary, published his desultory little work Customs of New England, and led the way in the study of domestic life. Other scholars have recognized the value of the material which lay hidden in inventories and wills, and Mr. William B. Weeden has made most admirable use of such documents in his Economic and Social History of New England, scattered through which work may be found references to furniture and interior arrangements of the New England colonial house; but the first thoroughly scientific examination of one interesting corner of this field is in the attractive and rich volume, Colonial Furniture of New England, by Dr. Lyon.[1] Even in this work there is no attempt made at a complete treatise. Dr. Lyon calls his book a study, and he confines himself to an examination of chests, cupboards, chests of drawers, desks, chairs, tables, and clocks; passing by sofas, bedsteads, wash-stands, wardrobes, bookcases, carpets, and only glancing at table furniture and house-

[1] *The Colonial Furniture of New England.* A Study of the Domestic Furniture in Use in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By Irving Whitall Lyon, M. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

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hold utensils. The satisfaction which the reader gets is in the evident caution of the author, and in his clear determination not to lose himself in speculation, or to allow his strong enthusiasm to lead him into rhetorical extravagance. Everything is set down with deliberation, and as the result of personal investigation. The history of each class of furniture is briefly traced, and the evidence gathered as to the forms in use in England or Holland chiefly; then the subsequent history in New England is taken up, and nice questions are raised as to the priority of forms. One hundred and thirteen heliotype illustrations of pieces of furniture referred to in the text serve to make the author's meaning clear and to establish his points.

One admirable feature of Dr. Lyon's book is the good taste which governs in the selection of objects presented thus to the eye. The authenticity of the several objects is well determined, but we are by no means sure that Dr. Lyon could not have presented equally authentic objects in the several groups which would not have been nearly so interesting nor so beautiful. He shows pretty conclusively that a great deal of the furniture found in New England was the work of native cabinet-makers; is it possible that they followed good models exclusively? The architectural forms of the same period forbid this inference; for though these forms were very often dignified and in good proportions, this was not universally the case.

Nevertheless, we have in this book abundant examples of the best furniture of New England, just as we have in such books as Mr. Little's capital views of the best specimens of New England domestic architecture. And just as our architects to-day are going back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for models, especially in the details of their work, so our cabinet-makers who have the furnishing of our houses could not go astray if they were to study the examples given in Dr. Lyon's book; they can do this intelligently, since he has in many instances been at pains to give careful measurements.

There is one characteristic about the furniture here presented which can hardly escape the observer. It is the dignity which marks the several pieces, and the intimation which they give of reserve in house-furnishing in olden times. That is, one can hardly think of rooms being crowded with furniture of this sort. Each piece represents individual worth, and seems to hold a sort of reproof for the clutter, the miscellaneousness, of our modern interiors. Fancy throwing a scarf over the back of one of the tall chairs figured here! How impertinent would be a lot of bricabrac on one of these stately tables! The very provision made by means of "steps" for the grouping and display of choice china upon one of the chests of drawers or cupboards hints at dignified order and reserve. But to look for a return to the same simplicity and fine distinction in our modern houses is to expect something little short of a revolution in our habits of life. Our only hope is that, as hygienic science gets firmer hold of us, it will form an alliance with good taste, and banish our upholstery and hangings, and a large part of the dust-gathering and light-excluding paraphernalia of our nineteenth-century houses, to some vast valley of Gehenna where their fires will go up perpetually; for the supply of such fuel must be illimitable.

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COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books of Reference. We cannot welcome the sixth and final volume of The Century Dictionary (The Century Co.) without expressing again our admiration at the administrative skill which has accomplished the great feat of carrying out the enterprise within the time set for it. In this respect it should be honorably bracketed with the English Biographical Dictionary. The present volume, which runs from Strub to Zyxomma, clearly closes the list of words, unless some one shall invent a word of which the first three letters shall be *z y z*. Now we look at it, we are not sure but this is a word itself. It looks as if it meant something. We present it to The Century Co. There is, besides, a List of Amended Spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association; also a List of Writers Quoted and Authorities Cited in the Dictionary, — a very interesting list, and really serving quite well the needs of a brief biographical dictionary of authors, since each writer is characterized, and the date of birth and death given, or of birth alone. We are rather surprised to see references made to The Atlantic, when the name of the author of the article cited could readily be ascertained. With good judgment, a long list is given of the words beginning with *un*, which require no further elucidation. — Now that The Century Dictionary is completed, the reader who likes to take his dictionary serially, in order to linger over its attractions, may congratulate himself that the Oxford or New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Macmillan) still continues, and is likely to satisfy him for some time to come. Part VI., Clo–Consigner, is the latest to appear. Dr. Murray writes an interesting prefatory note, calling attention to the more important features of this particular part, such as the space occupied by the verb "come," which fills twenty-three columns, the largest space yet claimed by any word in the dictionary (The Century has six columns on the same word); the derivation and form-history of cockatrice, cockney, congeon, closh, clough, clow, comely; the sense-development of such words as clerk, cloth, club, coal, coat, cock, cock-a-hoop, cock-sure, etc.; the origin and early history of words lately incorporated in the language, as coach, coco, cocoa, coffee, colonel, cornet, communism. But these are features which characterize the entire work, and the reader never wearies of turning the pages of this dictionary, for it is at once an armory and a museum. — Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) Those who have read, or, what is still better, used Mr. Hutton's Literary Landmarks of London will feel great confidence in the painstaking thoroughness of his Edinburgh researches, as well as in the accuracy of the notes gathered therefrom. In tracing the haunts and habitations of the writers of a period extending from Drummond of Hawthornden to Carlyle, the author must have been greatly aided by the pride and interest in their literary as well as their historic landmarks felt by all sorts and conditions of Scottish men. Mr. Pennell's drawings really illustrate the work; but the many portraits could well have been spared, as most of them only disfigure an otherwise attractive book. — The eighth volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) confirms our judgment that the plan adopted is resulting in an admirably proportioned work, midway between the treatise-cyclopædia and the dictionary-cyclopædia. The range of this volume is from Peasant Proprietorship to Roumelia, and, as before, subjects of peculiar value in the United States are treated freshly and carefully. Such are Rocky Mountains, Phonograph, Protection, which is from a friendly hand. Indeed, the conductors appear throughout to have pursued the policy of having a subject treated from the point of view of one who believes in it, with only now and then an adverse note. Thus, the article on Mormons was written by a Mormon; and in this volume Roman Catholic Church is by a temperate priest of that church, and is revised by Cardinal Manning. It is a little surprising that the last named should have assented to the prefix "Roman." — A Dictionary of Thoughts, being a Cyclopædia of Laconic Quotations, from the best Authors, both Ancient and Modern, by Tryon Edwards. (Cassell.) The

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work is alphabetically arranged by subjects, and the compiler, besides bringing out subjects one would expect to find, has a knack at selecting some which were suggested, probably, by the quotations he had in hand, like Intentions, Vicissitudes, Suretyship. Apparently he collected his thoughts, sometimes from authors, sometimes from other collections, and then indexed them by the most readily suggested word. The book is a convenient one to have, and some of the thoughts from obscure authors are just as good as those from well-known ones.

Theology, Religion, and Ethics. In that important undertaking, the International Theological Library, edited by Professors C. A. Briggs and S. D. F. Salmond (Scribners), the first volume is An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament, by S. R. Driver. The author calls attention to the limits set to his task, since he is not dealing with the theology, or the history, or even the study of the Old Testament. The brevity of the papers on the separate books, also, was the result of spatial limitations. It should be said that the literature is treated from a scholar's point of view, and there is scarcely any æsthetic consideration. The book will be found a succinct aid to the student through its close analyses and its bibliographical suggestions. — Sermons, by Frederic Henry Hedge. (Roberts.) Though most of these sermons are independent of time and place, it would have added to the interest of the volume if they had been dated. The sermon, for instance, on The Gospel of Manual Labor, — when was it preached? Was Dr. Hedge an early advocate of training to manual labor, or a tardy prophet after the fact? Everywhere there is a note of freshness, of vigor, of comprehensiveness, which we do not doubt characterized Dr. Hedge in his early as in his later days, yet we wish The Broad Church had been dated. — The Supreme Passions of Man, or The Origin, Causes, and Tendencies of the Passions of the Flesh: Setting forth the Results of Scientific Inquiries into the Appetites of Mankind, and the Passions which they Excite; a Study of the Crimes of the Flesh and the Efforts of Christianity to Maintain Purity; an Essay on the True Causes of Drunkenness, and the only Way to Prevent this Evil; Observations on the Relation of Vice to the Laws of Nations; and Existing Educational Systems. By Paul Paquin. (The Little Blue Book Co., Battle Creek, Mich.) So far the title page of this little paper-covered book. The circus hardly corresponds to the poster. After so loud a promise, it is a little disappointing to find the main performance in the injunction, Eat less. — Application and Achievement, Essays, by J. Hazard Hartzell. Edited by his Sons. (Putnams.) Nine essays with Emersonian titles, Genius, Character, Manners, Adversity, and the like. There is a rhetorical showiness about the essays which gives them the air of having once been declaimed with considerable energy. Amid the din of the resounding words we detect the sound of excellent sentiments, but we think there would be more force if there were less racket. — The Natural History of Man, and the Rise and Progress of Philosophy, by Alexander Kinmont. (Lippincott.) The reissue of a volume of lectures delivered fifty years or so ago by a Scotchman who came to this country as a young man, embraced the doctrines of the New Church, and established himself as a teacher and preacher in Cincinnati. He was a vigorous thinker and speaker, and his writings show a singular admixture of shrewdness and mysticism. — The Business of Life, by the Author of How to be Happy though Married. (Scribners.) A series of inexpugnable moral observations on conduct, made lively reading by the pepper of anecdote. Let the world resolve itself into a mammoth Sunday-school concert and listen to this easy talker. — Evolution, its Nature, its Evidences, and its Relation to Religious Thought, by Joseph Le Conte. (Appleton.) A new edition of a striking book which appeared three years ago. The chapter on the relation of God to nature viewed in the light of the evolution doctrine is especially interesting. — Mind is Matter, or The Substance of the Soul, by William Hemstreet. (Fowler & Wells.) The author hopes by his work to strengthen faith in immortality, but he stands upon a risky platform when he asserts: "On the materiality of electricity stands or falls the immortality of the soul. Within two years this will be universally accepted." — Thomas Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development, a Study, by Edward Flügel. Translated from the German by Jessica Gilbert Tyler. (M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.) A mosaic

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of Carlyle's utterances, systematically arranged and consistently connected by the essayist. — The Crisis in Morals, an Examination of Rational Ethics in the Light of Modern Science, by James Thompson Bixby. (Roberts.) Mr. Bixby spends his strength mainly in controverting the views of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but he does not confine himself to destructive criticism, for he essays a more constructive statement, which is interesting and effective. The conception which he presents of man as a conscious part of the universal organism is far more stimulating than the individualism which lies at the basis of Mr. Spencer's creed. — The Story of the Childhood and Passion of the Lord Jesus, the Saviour, in the words of the Evangelists and Traditions, by John M. Klüh. (2112 La Salle Street, Chicago.) The peculiarity of this little work, apart from the fact that the compiler has picked and chosen from the apocryphal gospels to suit himself, lies in its typography, which is in an "alfabet of forty-five letters," and looks as if there had been a bad case of pi. — A Treatise on Wisdom, by Pierre Charron, paraphrased by Myrtilla H. N. Daly. (Putnams.) A reproduction, in convenient shape, of the substance of a famous work by a contemporary of Montaigne, in which the attempt was made to reduce the conduct of life to a systematic form, in which religion should play the part of an arc light, illuminating, but not warming. — Gambling, or, Fortuna, her Temple and Shrine, the True Philosophy and Ethics of Gambling, by James Harold Romain. (The Craig Press, Chicago.) First the publisher says he himself is no gamester, but he is greatly impressed by the author's sincerity. Then the author dedicates his book to the Hon. John Cameron Simonds, but hastens to relieve the dedicatee of any opprobrium; "that gentleman is not a gamester, nor in sympathy with the pursuit." A Preface follows, then an Introduction, and now the author sounds a trumpet note and marshals all the worshipers of Fortuna, from Great Cyrus, who founded the Persian monarchy, to a host of votaries in America, including Jerry McKibben and the lamented Broderick. At last he settles down to his task, which is to prove that gambling is an ineradicable, fundamental trait of human nature, which may be regulated in its expression by the laws of the state, but must not be condemned by the moralist as wrong. The author's logic and rhetoric perform some surprising feats.

Education and Textbooks. The Modalist, or The Laws of Rational Conviction, a Textbook of Formal or General Logic, by Edward John Hamilton. (Ginn.) The author adopts the title which he gives his book on the ground that the reintroduction of modality is characteristic of the new logic, which he upholds. It will be seen, therefore, that he is not content with the limitations of pure logic, but undertakes to include the processes of thought which follow the relations of contingency and of necessity. Dr. Hamilton's metaphysical studies have predisposed him, we think, to a greater refinement of terminology than is quite desirable in a college textbook. — A Short History of German Literature, by James K. Hosmer. (Scribners.) A revised edition of a well-accepted book. Professor Hosmer's catholicity of taste and his strong active interest in the heroic element give his book at once a wide range and a hearty personality, which take it out of the class of mere compendiums. — A Primary Word Book, embracing Thorough Drills in Articulation and in all the Difficulties of Spelling and Sound to be met with in Primary Reading, by Sarah E. Buckbee. (Heath.) It strikes us that there are two capital faults in this book: one that it proceeds too rapidly for the ready intelligence of children, the other that it pursues too closely an analytic method. We suspect that not enough is made, in our earliest primary books, of the child's interest in his work, and that many difficulties could be overcome if they were incidental to the subject matter, and not made too absolute. — The third book of Harper's School Speaker, edited by James Baldwin (Harpers), contains miscellaneous selections in verse and prose, grouped under the heads of Life, Nature, Labor, Recreation, Duty, Aspiration, Retrospection, and Resignation. The editor has aimed, apparently, at variety, without much regard to the declamatory element, and with no special consideration for the literary value of his selections. The sentiments are all fine, however, and there is a dash of fun in the book. — Elementary English, prepared with Reference to the Regents' Examinations in the State of New York, by John D. Wilson. (Bardeen.) So

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far as conventional forms are treated, this handbook is well enough; but as a text-book dealing with principles, and intended to give the elements of English grammar, it appears to be an offering on the altar of Cram. — The Study Class, a Guide for the Student of English Literature, by Anna Benneson McMahan. (McClurg.) An interesting and sensible little book, since its author is strongly possessed with the notion that the most important thing in the study of English literature is to know, not to know about, books; and she studiously bears in mind that knowledge is power only so far as through it the mind is trained to use. The practical service of the book is in the outlines which it offers for the study of the English drama, Shakespeare, Browning, English poetry, and the English essay. It ought to be of special value to literary clubs which intend honest work. — Manual of Plane Geometry on the Heuristic Plan, with Numerous Extra Exercises, both Theorems and Problems, for Advance Work, by G. Irving Hopkins. (Heath.) — Dr. Pick's Method Applied to Acquiring the French Language, by E. Pick. (Bardeen.) Dr. Pick relies chiefly on association of ideas for getting the student along; his scheme being to introduce him to French words and forms chiefly through the association with the corresponding English words and forms. After eight lessons of picked-up language there is an exercise in grammar, and then a parallel version of Charles XII. in French and English. The method supposes an express train of thought. — Introduction to Modern French Lyrics, edited, with notes, by B. L. Bowen. (Heath.) Besides national and revolutionary songs, Béranger, Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, Gautier, furnish most of the material. — Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea has been edited for school use by Professor W. T. Hewitt, of Cornell. (Heath.) The introduction is especially helpful, and there is a well-studied bibliography, as also notes. — A Brief Spanish Grammar, with Historical Introductions and Exercises, by A. Hjalmar Edgren. (Heath.) — The Antigone of Sophocles, with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendix, for the Use of Students in Colleges, by Milton W. Humphreys. (Harpers.) Seventy-eight pages of introduction, forty-eight pages of text, two hundred pages of notes. — Handbook of Psychology, Feeling and Will, by James Mark Baldwin (Holt); completing the author's work, the previous volume having taken up Senses and Intellect. There is a physiological basis, but the author by no means confines his discussion to this side, and, in his orderly way, constantly rises to the consideration of ideal conditions. — The Province of Expression, a Search for Principles, underlying Adequate Methods, of Developing Dramatic and Oratoric Delivery, by S. S. Curry. (School of Expression, Boston.) A freely written, suggestive, and sound book, which ought to do much toward preventing the mistaking one form of art as art exclusively. The remarks of the author on reading aloud are admirable. — A series of University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews (Scribners), has been projected, of which four volumes thus far have been issued. It is a little hard to find a common character, and this we think is due to the somewhat varied nature of university extension work. Thus, The Use and Abuse of Money, by W. Cunningham, is a well-thought-out scheme for presenting to the mind the problems of society as they are grouped about the industrial life of man. It is not a manual of political economy so much as a study of capital and labor, from the point of view of the man who looks about him in the community, and seeks to resolve the complex relations into some definite, intelligible law which shall be in accord with human nature. It is a book full of suggestiveness, by an open-minded man. The Philosophy of the Beautiful, by the editor of the series, bears the sub-title Outlines of the History of Æsthetics, and the subject is treated with such careful chronological regard that the last chapter, on The Philosophy of America, has three sub-divisions: 1815 to 1849, 1867 to 1876, 1880 to 1890. The book is scarcely more than a *catalogue raisonné* of the literature of the subject, and would, we should think, be almost useless to any ordinary student, except as a convenient work of reference. The Fine Arts, on the other hand, by G. Baldwin Brown, shows a studied attempt to bring the development of the arts into obedience to the laws of the mind as systematized by psychology. The concrete examples save it from a too abstract and remote interest, and there are passages full of interest which appear to be taken

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from the author's lectures to his classes. The book ought to be of service in giving students a notion of the essential in the fine arts. English Colonization and Empire, by Alfred Caldecott, is more in the nature of an analysis of history. It is an essay, expanded by specific examples, and furnished with summaries and systematic statements. We should say of all these books that they do not especially lend themselves to what is known as the seminary system, but are the individual persuasions of the writers set forth systematically for the benefit of their disciples. The bibliographical apparatus is not extensive. — The Volta Bureau of Washington sends us an interesting brochure on Helen Keller. It is further described as a souvenir of the first summer meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. The most noticeable feature of this somewhat ungainly quarto is the reproduction of the girl's letters. Taken with the narrative of her brief education, they are simply wonderful; and one almost hesitates to draw the inference that what was possible in her case is possible generally with blind deaf mutes. It would seem as if this child were exceptionally gifted; yet the record is one of immeasurable encouragement.

History and Biography. The third volume of John Bach McMaster's A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War (Appleton) is especially interesting from the period it covers; for it treats of Burr's intrigue, of the embargo, and of the beginning of the war of 1812. Following his well-determined plan, Mr. McMaster devotes much space to a pictorial view of Louisiana, and in particular New Orleans, and to a summary of commercial, industrial, and social growth in the early years of the century. He draws his material from a great variety of sources, and, by his rapid transitions, whisks the reader from one interesting scene to another. We are glad to see that he has suppressed to a considerable extent his tendency to rhetorical antithesis, and gets rid of his unfortunate habit of mere verbal transition and connection. The book is a storehouse of curious facts, and gives an interior view of our history vouchsafed nowhere else so fully. — The History of Modern Civilization, a Handbook based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation. (Appleton.) The translator, whose name is not given, advises the reader that the book is rather an adaptation than a translation, since it was necessary "not only to omit much and to correct freely, but also to fill numerous and extensive gaps in" the author's "knowledge of England and other countries." With a free hand, the author seeks to give a rapid survey of the great national, religious, industrial, and social forces which have changed the face of Europe since the advent of Christianity. It appears to us that too little stress is laid upon the enormous change brought about by the addition of a new continent to the habitable globe. — Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy. (Houghton.) We have delayed too long in calling attention to this remarkable book; but it is one which must continue to be an inspiration to all who would apprehend anything of that spirit which makes Christianity something more than a religion of Western races. The story of this young Japanese is like a romance in its early passages; like the tale of a hero and great patriot in its close. It throws light upon the fundamental qualities of the Japanese character, and gives a foretaste of the addition which Japan is to make to the conception of a universal faith. — History of the People of Israel, from the Time of Hezekiah till the Return from Babylon, by Ernest Renan. (Roberts.) The third in the series, to be followed, in the author's plan, by a fourth, bringing the history up to the appearance of the Christ. Under his handling, Judaism becomes the protest of the spiritual forces in men against the material, and the hope of humanity is found imbedded in the lofty utterances of the prophets. The poetic in Renan becomes thus interpretative of a nation which, in spite of the arrest of its continuity, indeed because of it, is one of the distinct forces in current history. His search for the elemental principle makes his history, therefore, something more even than a philosophical study; it is itself a piece of poetizing, the record of insight; and, with something of the prophetic impulse, he is constantly seeing the past in the present. — The Swiss Republic, by Boyd Winchester. (Lippincott.) It is the institutions rather than the history of Switzerland, except as contained in them, that engage Mr. Win-

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chester's attention, and naturally he views his subject somewhat in comparison with our own public life. He brings into convenient form much interesting information respecting the political situation in Switzerland, but his historical judgments appear not to be the result always of close study of authorities. — Historical Essays, by Henry Adams. (Scribners.) Nine papers covering a tolerably wide range of topics in American, English, and French history. Mr. Adams writes always with a confidence which springs from close acquaintance with his authorities and a positive temper. It is to be regretted that men of his equipment and capacity are not more frequent, both in administrative circles and in the scarcely less formative positions offered by the higher journalism. — Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, by Newell Dunbar. (Cupples.) An enthusiastic, hearty little book, written *calamo currente* apparently, but not lacking in discrimination and clearness of judgment. The author seems to have caught something from his subject. There are several views of Trinity Church, exterior and interior, as well as a vignette portrait.

Books for Young People. The Cruise of a Land Yacht, by Sylvester Baxter. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. (Authors' Mutual Publishing Co., Boston.) Under this title Mr. Baxter has given a lively and interesting narrative of a trip to Mexico in a private car. He has devised a party of young people with pretty clearly marked surface peculiarities, but the substance of his book is in the description of life in the southwest. Mr. Bridgman has drawn a number of sketches, and altogether the book affords young readers a very agreeable introduction to Mexican scenery, life, and antiquities. — The Story of the Odyssey and The Story of the Iliad, by Alfred J. Church. (Macmillan.) Each of these stories occupies a volume. Mr. Church has told them with a directness and straightforwardness which show that he has read his Homer to good purpose. Perhaps it is inevitable, indeed we are not sure that we would wish it otherwise, but he has given a touch of remoteness, not by the use of archaisms, but by a certain formality of English. — Chatterbox for 1891, edited by J. Erskine Clarke. (Estes & Lauriat.) The great characteristic of this work is that, though called an annual, it is a perennial. It makes no possible difference whether this conglomeration of picture and moral anecdote is read in one year or another, or not at all.

Sociology and Political Economy. The Corporation Problem; the Public Phases of Corporations, their Uses, Abuses, Benefits, Dangers, Wealth, and Power, with a Discussion of the Social, Industrial, Economic, and Political Questions to which they have given rise. By William W. Cook. (Putnams.) Mr. Cook draws his illustrations largely from the history of railroads, and seeks to show the relation of corporations to politics. Although he discusses at some length the subject of state socialism in its relation to corporations, especially railroads, he appears to ignore the more pressing problems of municipalities and corporations closely connected with them as tested by socialistic theories. — The Divine Order of Human Society, by Robert Ellis Thompson. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) In eight lectures, Professor Thompson treats, under the light of existing problems, of the family, the nation, the school, and the church. There is a unity in his conception and a logic in his method which give his book an unwonted value; for he is possessed by a large idea, and the practical character of his mind leads him to apply this idea in a way to correlate many facts which are liable to an isolated and fragmentary treatment. — Mr. John Rae's Contemporary Socialism (Scribners) has passed into a second and revised edition, in which he has taken the opportunity afforded to bring the subject as nearly up to date as may be, though Socialism, like Electricity, makes history faster than historians can record it. The enlargement is seen particularly in the chapters on Russian Nihilism and The Progress and Present Position of Socialism. The book is now unquestionably the most comprehensive and intelligible analysis of the subject at the disposition of the English-reading student. — A Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston, together with Legal Suggestions, etc., prepared by the Associated Charities. (Damrell & Upham, Boston.) A most thoroughly prepared book, and surprising, to any but the few initiated, by its revelation of the intricate network of aid in which society stands enmeshed. Indeed, a careful examination of the book furnishes a cross-section of the

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city life of the greatest service to the student of contemporary conditions. The work is of first importance to any one who is bewildered by applications for aid which lie beyond his personal power to satisfy. — Principles of Political Economy, by Charles Gide. Translated by E. P. Jacobsen. (Heath.) Professor Clark, of Smith College, who introduces this book briefly to American readers, calls attention to the interest which attaches to a book written in France, translated in England, and published in America. It may be added that the notes supplied by James Bonar, of England, contain references to American writings on the subject. Mr. Gide has an open mind and a judicial temper, so that the reader comes to listen to him with close attention ; for he sees that he is in the hands of an impartial student, and not of a doctrinaire or special pleader.

Nature, Science, and Travel. Geodesy, by J. Howard Gore, in the Riverside Science Series (Houghton), is a compact statement of a subject which, under its title, is less likely to attract readers than when this title is expanded. In brief, then, Mr. Gore, starting with an account of some of the primitive notions regarding the earth, and the crude measurements of the size of the globe, proceeds with a good historical sketch of the successive scientific processes by which accurate measurements were obtained, and gives finally a rapid survey of the present operations in the great nations of the world. He writes out of a full knowledge, and yet with a clear conception of masses as well as details, so that the reader has to thank him for an admirable and readable summary. — The fourth volume of Garden and Forest (Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York), covering the year 1891, has the same high character as its predecessors. The magazine meets the needs of an increasing number of persons, those who have not only a love of nature, but leisure to cultivate their affection. The work is of peculiar interest to those who are so fortunate and so wise as to have a summer home in the country. The correspondence is often very suggestive, and there is a refreshing absence of petty personalities. Public action bearing upon the preservation or the destruction of forests is carefully watched, and the journal has thus a very distinct value. — Schliemann's Excavations, an Archæological and Historical Study, by Dr. C. Schuchardt. (Macmillan.) The translation of a German work which sets forth in orderly fashion the latest results of Schliemann's excavations, as well as condenses and systematizes the accounts of the earlier explorations. There is an introduction by W. Leaf, and a brief but interesting chapter devoted to a sketch of Schliemann's life. Maps, plans, and woodcuts furnish the book fully, and the general reader will find the work a convenient *résumé* of excavations which practically inaugurated a new era of Hellenic study. — Annual Report of the New York Forest Commission for the Year ending December 31, 1890. (James B. Lyon, printer, Albany.) About half this volume is taken up with a catalogue of maps, field notes, surveys and land papers of patents, grants, and tracts situate within the counties embracing the forest preserve of the State, and there are other documents pertaining to the work of the commission ; but there is beside much interesting reading for all who are concerned in forestry. A force of firewardens has been established, with good results, and special attention is given to the really national subject of the preservation of the Adirondacks. — The Story of the Hills, a Book about Mountains, for General Readers, by Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. (Macmillan.) The author assumes an ignorance of geologic terms on the part of his readers, and seeks to translate a scientific description of mountain form and mountain building into familiar language. He has in his mind travelers in Switzerland or the Scotch and English mountain districts, and undertakes to make intelligible to them the movements of nature which have resulted in the objects they see. The book is liberally illustrated.

Literature and Criticism. The twentieth volume of The Century covers the months from May through October, 1891 (The Century Co.), and reminds one anew of the admirable work which the magazine is doing in familiarizing multitudes of homes in America with forms in pictorial art which lie beyond the scope of common experience and observation. We doubt not that every great work of the Italian masters which Mr. Cole has engraved is looked upon in the original, and will continue to be looked upon in the future, by many Americans with

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an interest greatly exceeding that produced by other works of art not thus made familiar. This is but one feature in the humanizing work which this great magazine is accomplishing. — A graceful paper on James Russell Lowell was read at the eighteenth annual dinner of the Harvard Club of San Francisco, by George B. Merrill. The writer takes the diplomatic correspondence of the government and draws off some juicy sentences from Mr. Lowell. — In McClurg's tasteful reprints (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) we note, in addition to those heretofore mentioned, Moore's Lalla Rookh, Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Carlyle's On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. The special merit of these editions, aside from the graceful form of the books, lies in the editor's reserve. Wherever the author has provided a preface or notes, this apparatus is given, and thus some interesting matter is revived; but the editor himself refrains from loading the books with his own writing. — The Uncollected Writings of Thomas De Quincey, with a Preface and Annotations, by James Hogg. (Macmillan.) Mr. Hogg, who was De Quincey's publisher at one time, has collected in two volumes considerable matter not to be found in the latest edition, that by Masson. The papers sometimes complete articles already published in the American (Riverside) edition, as in The English in China; but sometimes the same matter reappears under another title, as in Suetonius Unravelled, which in the Riverside edition is Ælius Lamia. To the lover of De Quincey there is little in these two volumes which will not be welcomed. — In the neat little Knickerbocker Nuggets Series (Putnams), three volumes are devoted to Stories from the Arabian Nights, selected from Lane's version by Stanley Lane-Poole. To our surprise, we find that Ali Baba, though included, is not properly a portion of the real Arabian Nights. The scholarly spelling fiend has invaded this sacred inclosure, also, with his 'Alā-ed-dīn and his 'Efrīt, and other severe orthographic prigs.

Art. A book well worth reissuing was Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, and the reprint is in excellent style (McClurg), with Notes and an Historical and Biographical Introduction by Edward Gilpin Johnson, and copies, of varying degrees of excellence, from Sir Joshua's portraits. The discourses themselves are full of strong sense, and an insight which sometimes struggles against English insularity. The introduction is interesting and discriminating. — Recent numbers of L'Art, semi-monthly (Macmillan), have etchings after Carolus Duran, L. J. R. Collin, J. Trayer, an interesting series of charcoal sketches by Charles Jacque in a paper devoted to him, a well-illustrated continued paper on the Spitzer Museum, notes on recent public sales in London and Paris, and the customary chronicles. The standard of L'Art is that by which one must measure most publications of its class.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Dakota's Climate.

It matters little how hot or cold, wet or dry, a climate is; the people who live in the country are ready to claim many advantages for the place which they have chosen for their home. The solitary exception to this statement is Dakota. During a residence there of fourteen months — parts of two winters and one summer — not a word was said in my hearing on the subject of the climate, except to relate some new horror of it.

The Indians, it was averred, went to Dakota because they thought that no white man would follow them to such a place. The bitterness of the cold of the winters, the torrid heat of the summers, the well-nigh ceaseless wind, the violent storms of thunder and lightning and rain, the long droughts, the duststorms, the hailstorms, must be experienced to be appreciated. Everything seems to be on an excessive scale in Dakota. The velocity of the wind, when the mercury is standing at 40° below zero, if one is out in it, will take the animal heat out of one in a few minutes. No amount of clothing can prevent intense

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suffering. One feels as if one had forgotten to put on clothes, and were encountering that cruel wind naked. Perhaps the wind is the worst feature of the climate. When it is blowing on a cold night, people who live out on the prairies frequently do not go to bed. They sit all night as close as they can to a red-hot stove. Even then the side that is turned from the stove is cold.

One day, when the mercury was 25° below zero, and the wind was high, the thermometer where I sat by the stove indicated 115° above zero, and eight feet off the thermometer on the bureau stood at 20°, — a difference of 95°. It was necessary, on winter nights, to get up at least once to put wood in the stove ; but in what was called bad weather this had to be done several times during the night. Of course everything freezes, — the eggs within a few feet of the hot stove, the kerosene oil in the corner, the cabbages and turnips and potatoes and meat in the hole in the ground under the house. Every night an iron bucket of live coals is put down into this six-foot hole, to save part of the winter stores from being destroyed by freezing. One hears that people take things into their beds with them, when they want to save them ; for it will not do to let things run out in winter. It would be impossible to transport many of them across the prairies, as they would be frozen. All windows and all unnecessary doors are nailed up and chinked as closely as possible before this weather sets in ; an embankment of earth is thrown up round the house to keep the wind from coming up under the floor ; four or five furrows are run with a plough round the house, at a sufficient distance to save it from prairie fires ; and wood for a two weeks' siege, when going out-of-doors will be well-nigh unendurable, is piled high against the wall, and stored under the bed and wherever else space can be found. In this weather, if one winks out-of-doors, the eyelash freezes to the cheek, and has to be thawed out before the eye can be opened. One would scarcely be tempted to relate a second joke, where a wink was necessary to call attention to the point.

The blizzards of Dakota have given her a more widespread fame than any other feature of the climate. Reaching that country at the tail end of winter, and living on the prairie far from neighbors who could have enlightened us, my sister and I were under the impression that we saw blizzards pretty often. We saw what would go by that name elsewhere. But when we met a Dakota blizzard in the height of the season, we knew that all the other storms were as nothing in comparison. The mercury was far down. The wind caught up the accumulated snows of weeks from the rolling prairies, and lifted them up to meet the descending snows of heaven. The wind beat like waves. The sound was as the roar of a mighty ocean. As it went on, it was as though the solid earth had hurled herself headlong from her moorings, and were rushing with immeasurable velocity through unexplored space.

One hears that many women become insane in Dakota. Some say it is the lonely life ; but lives as lonely are borne cheerfully elsewhere. My theory is that insanity is caused by the wind, which intensifies the loneliness. The moaning and wailing, the lashing and swishing, the rushing and roaring, the howling and surging, of the wind go on night and day for weeks at a time, without a moment's lull. It becomes maddening. One feels as if it were beating on the brain. One longs for even one moment of rest from that eternal sound that seems to fill the universe. It is in vain to put one's fingers in one's ears, for the timbers of the little house are creaking ; the house itself is swaying on its foundations.

It is not women alone who are depressed by some influence in Dakota. This influence, whatever it may be, seems to extend to the lower orders of creation, also. We had heard that no hen cackled there. This was true of my sister's and mine, but I recall hearing a little cackling at the Agency. There the force of the wind was broken by the stockade and the buildings. A friend at the Agency made us a present of a handsome cock, and we heard his cheerful announcement, on the morning after his arrival, that he was the cock of the roost. We enjoyed the crow from our point of vantage in bed ; it was the pleasantest and most homelike sound that had greeted our ears for some time. But it did not last. That day he must have reconsidered things. At any rate, he did not crow the next morning, nor the next, nor ever again, except on one or two rare occasions, when for a brief

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moment he forgot that he had resolved that there was nothing in this world worth his while to crow about. Gradually he joined the army of the silent ones; no shrill clarion was heard in that hen-house thenceforth. I think that if Gray had lived in Dakota, or Shakespeare, or John Milton, we should never have heard of the "clarion," nor of the "bird of dawning," nor of the "trumpet of the morn," nor of the rear of darkness thin being scattered by any "lively din" made by cock stoutly strutting or otherwise. Our cock's dames felt as he did about life, and took it *au grand sérieux*. What was there in laying an egg that was worth making a fuss about? So, when they laid an egg, they walked silently from the nest; not a cheery note was heard on that subject or any other from them, except very occasionally a faint chirp, as they stepped about looking for food.

There are many dogs in Dakota, but I had been there some months before I heard one bark. I feel sure that great numbers are born and live out their lives and die without ever a bark. Horses and Indian ponies abound, but I never heard a sound from one of them except once, when a pony gave a little whinny to a large drove feeding on a hillside. They lifted up their heads for a moment, and looked in the direction of the unwonted sound, but they made no response. I think the whinnying one could not have been bred in Dakota.

We heard from neighbors that, terrible as winter was, the summer was worse. They did not exaggerate. The sun bounds up from the level prairie as a flame, and as the day wears on the heat grows more and more intense. When this hot air gets in motion, it is worse than a calm. I thought the house was afire, the first time this hot wind burst up through the floor; it was in the middle of the night. People close windows and doors to keep it out as much as possible, but even under these circumstances the heat is scorching. The earth cracks open on the treeless prairie in rifts; one almost believes the crust separating the surface from the internal fires cannot be thick here.

But the hailstorms are the ruinous feature of the climate. These are of frequent occurrence, and destroy a crop or a garden so completely that they may be said to be annihilated. Hailstones as large as apples sometimes fall, and have been known to go through a wooden door, and to kill calves six months old with a blow. We saw none so large as that, but all the crops for hundreds of miles round us were destroyed that summer. The oats and little gardens of the Indians were almost wiped out of existence; our small patch was reduced nearly to ribbons; and the only market garden on the Agency, with its hundreds of heads of cabbage, the largest and best that I ever saw, beets as large as hams and sweet as sugar, pumpkins, watermelons the hugest and most delicious that one ever tasted, potatoes, turnips, — all was a wreck.

These storms in summer come, like the blizzards in winter, with hardly a moment's warning. The clergyman's wife went out one day, for a moment, to her kitchen, which was a separate building, leaving two very young children alone in the house. A sudden storm caught her there, and all the strength that she had could not force the door open against the wind. She was held fast prisoner in the kitchen through one of the worst hailstorms that she ever encountered. Fortunately, no harm came to the baby in the cradle or the wee tot on the floor.

The thunderstorms are appalling even to one who has known storms in the tropics. The lightning is one blaze on three sides of the horizon at once, in some of the storms, and the thunder is awful to hear. One seems in the vortex of the clouds and electrical currents.

Duststorms, like Death, claim all seasons as their own. In winter the snow-banks are strewn thick with dust, and in the burning heat of summer one is blinded, and house, furniture, eyes, mouth, are full of it. These are the storms that throw a tidy housekeeper into despair.

I had almost forgotten that one good thing is said of Dakota, — malaria is unknown there. And the hardest thing said of her is that not a rat is to be found within her borders. Wise little folk!

De Absentibus nil nisi Bonum.

— "You are absent-minded."

"Very likely. Perhaps I was thinking about the absent; and in thinking about the absent, naturally one grows absent-minded."

"I have a theory, — that the absent are always forgotten."

"Not quite always. They are occasion-

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ally remembered ; but if so, it is by a few absent-minded ones who in any company are themselves (like the absent-bodied ones) liable to be forgotten, unless their absent-mindedness, by causing some annoyance in the conversation, brings them up roundly."

"The *judicious* pleader for the absent is a rather uncommon person. I have sometimes thought silence the best kindness. Possibly, we never speak of the absent without some subtle effect of disparagement, however unconsciously produced. Indeed, when least intended, this is often the case."

"I understand. You mean praise. The modest man (absent as he is) suffers through not being on hand, to temper by his characteristic demeanor the effect of injudicious laudation on the minds of those who are treated to his praises."

"Yes, that is it, exactly. If I don't know Pythias, and do know Damon, Damon sits down before me with a catalogue of the virtues of Pythias, whom it is desired that I should know. I exclaim, 'Don't say anything more in his praise, or I shall hate him in advance!' This really happened in my experience, very lately."

"Is it not a curious fact that our friends' friends turn out so little like the presentments that have been given us? I suppose it is because some detail of appearance or of character, especially fascinating to the promoting friend, has been so dwelt upon that, perforce, we go to building up the whole man on the one emphasized detail."

"We are quite as much to blame for our haste in construction as is the 'promoting friend' for this partiality and inaccuracy in the matter of description. We are bound to have character-gauges. For instance, if I am told of a stranger whom I am to meet that his laughter is of the most hearty and infectious nature, it is quite impossible for me to see mentally a Master Slender ; or if I am told that the stranger is of a sentimental and romantic turn of mind, I could not readily project the image of one in Hamlet's habit of 'too too solid flesh.' Yet these contradictions are often realized. . . . But you are again absent, — farther away than ever!"

"I was thinking of what you said about silence being the 'best kindness.' There is such a pathos in the mere fact of absence, and in the implied helplessness of the absent to affect in the least current opinion regarding himself, or the expression of current opinion. But I would make a distinction in the quality and degree of absence, as affecting the interests of the absent one."

"What is the distinction?"

"It is this, — whether the absence is remote, necessitated, and covering a long interval, or whether it is transient, with an easy accessibility of persons separated. You may think it altogether a paradox, but true it is that the warm and felt presence of a person and that person's remote absence are almost equally a vantage-ground to the absent one. Temporary absence is different ; while it lasts, others are allowed to throw the weight of their personalities against the person in question, and there may even be moments of undervaluing his merits ; but remote and prolonged absence is a kind of illuminated presence-in-memory, in which undervaluing is an impossibility, and in which intervening events and actors count for nothing. When some strict and bitter necessity is involved, then there is a certain sacredness about long absence, as though it were a lighter phase of death, in which, as in actual death, nothing but good is to be said, or even thought."

"A test, certainly, of the quality of affection in the one who remembers, and perhaps of the deservingness of the one remembered. Would that I might be thus" —

"It is something more. Such absence sometimes clears a perverse vision. Long range with a good glass is better than the nearer-at-hand view, when the nearer-at-hand view is still too far for the naked eye's perfect discernment of the object of one's regard."

(*Mentally.*) "She is using the glass now, and I am too near at hand. The absent are *not* always forgotten!"

An Hour with Signor Blitz. — About the year 18— I was in Philadelphia, and, seeing a poster declaring the wonders to be exhibited that evening by Signor Blitz, the prestidigitator, I decided to go. Arriving, I found myself in a large room, among four or five hundred others, and witnessed many curious illusions or tricks of sleight of hand. But what most interested me were his cages of wonderful little canary birds, that seemed endowed with marvelous intelligence, and I concluded to wait until the

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crowd dispersed, and have a little chat with the signor, privately. So I sat in my seat, and when the last one had gone I walked down the aisle to the platform.

Signor Blitz eyed me a trifle suspiciously, perhaps, but my first question arrested his attention and interested him, for he loved to talk of his little friends. I said, "Signor, I should like very much to have you tell me how you ever managed to teach these little chaps such wonderful tricks."

He turned about and opened a small cage, and the bird within hopped out upon the floor. "There," he said, "is my most intelligent bird." I looked at him. He was apparently a common canary with black wings, but he seemed a very vigorous fellow. The signor remarked, "I have had much trouble in teaching him, but when he once learns his lesson he never forgets it; and this," he added, "is generally true of all the family of canaries. But the teaching must be continued from day to day, and, if possible, at the same hour each day; above all things, it requires patience, patience. You must be mild, but firm and exacting, with the little chaps. Now, Dicky, here, was an apt scholar, bright, quick, and knowing, more so than many others, but determined he would not learn his lesson. I began by grasping him in my hand and laying him upon the table on his back. Of course he flew away. I caught him, and did with him just as before. Again he flew away. I caught him, and once more placed him upon the table on his back. Again he flew; but his lesson continued, until the hundredth time he lay gasping on his back, quite still, and looking at me intently. I took him gently in my hand, and, pleased as I was, I pressed him to my face and caressed him for a moment, then returned him to his cage. The next day Dicky maintained his unteachable conduct until about the fiftieth or sixtieth trial, when he lay still. Again I caressed him and made much of him, gently returning him to his cage. The third day he yielded at about the twenty-fifth trial, when I gave him some sweetmeats for reward. In a week's time I could pick him up anywhere and lay him on his back, and he would lie there while I walked about the room engaged in other duties, his beady black eyes following me all the time."

You may be sure I was much interested in the signor's story, and I wish I could recall all his delightful talk; for he sat with me until midnight, telling of his experience with birds. Among other things, he spoke of the training required in teaching canaries to sing. "Suppose," he said, "I desire to teach Dicky a new song. I decide carefully, first, just what I wish to teach him, not making it too difficult, but measuring his ability as I would a child's. I whistle the tune over softly to myself for days, or perhaps take my violin and play five or six bars of it. When I have so trained myself as to be sure of my own tone and continuance, I take the little chap in his cage into my parlor (and that means a talking or gossiping room), and quietly setting him on the table and darkening the room, so that nothing shall distract his attention, I whistle or play the notes I have myself first learned, gently and with but little sound. Then, waiting a moment, I repeat the notes. So I go on, quietly, persistently, for a half hour. The bird, in the mean time, hops about a little in the semilight, or perhaps sings a short note or two. But before I am through my lesson he sits quite still. I put up the curtain, hang him up in his place, and go about my affairs. The next day, at the same hour, I repeat exactly the lesson of the day before, and quietly remove him again to his place. After a month of instruction, I hear, among his other notes, a new effort, and recognize it at once as part of his lesson. I am very patient with the little fellow, and repeat daily this same strain, until he has adopted the notes and tone of his lesson, and sings them as joyously as if born with no other song. But this one thing must be remembered: during all the time that he is under training he must be kept where he can never even once hear the song of another bird."

Up a Bridle-Path. — I do not remember whether Darwin, in his study of the forms of expression in the lower animals, mentions the suggestive play of a mule's ears. But I was much impressed by the eloquence of the long appendage on each side of the head before me when, early one July morning, at Zermatt, I mounted a mule to go up to the Schwarz-See. They easily displayed every phase of feeling, as they cocked or drooped, twitched or flapped, — surprise,

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curiosity, disgust, rebellion, whim, obstinacy, placid contentment. My guide led the animal by the bridle with one hand, while in the other he carried my umbrella, with which, at any sign of refractoriness, he thumped the creature. But the hardest knock did not close the question. The beast had likings and dislikings of his own, and even when seemingly acquiescing in his master's decrees, it was not that he surrendered his individual opinions; only that, schooled by experience, he gave in to "man dressed in a little brief authority." The guide recognized the just claims of a mind of opposite conclusions and convictions, and conceded not a little, consulting the animal's wishes, even reasoning with him. His comprehensive word of direction, "Gi," ran through the entire gamut in key and intonation, and took on every possible phase of meaning. "Gi!" "Gi?" "*Gi-i-i-i?*" "Gi." A favorite expostulation when the mule halted was, "Wer still steht kommt nicht vorwärts" (Who stands still does not go on); thus formulating an experience world-wide and world-deep. But by the time the real ascent began, when we had left the village of Zermatt behind us, and the rush and roar of the Visp, swirling and eddying in rapids and leaping in cascades, were no longer at our left hand, the way grew steeper, and my mule, adjusting himself to the necessities of the situation, showed that he could climb bravely. Occasionally, it is true, he stopped to nibble at the herbage, and again, as if discerning some invisible danger ahead, he would balk, planting himself stubbornly; but I reflected that what one wants in a mule is patience, and not enthusiasm, and that an attitude of reluctance on the ridge overhanging a precipice is preferable to one of slippery ease and indifference to results.

Of course the best way to go to any place, where scenery is the object, is to walk. But ascents exhaust me, although I can make descents on foot as well as most people. I have never heard of any one's piquing himself on having made a descent. All the world ascends, and boasts of it. Yet, after all, one must have ascended in order to descend, and the important point is that one shall somehow have the chance to linger on a bridle-path; for very much of the wonder and the charm of Switzerland consists in what one must miss in a swift transition from valley to mountain top, or from mountain top to valley. Already so many of the holy mounts where angels might almost fear to tread have been taken possession of by the funicular monster, which creeps up the perpendicular rock as the fly up the window pane, that one trembles to reflect what Switzerland is likely to have become twenty years from now. Modern inventions flatter the instincts of the practical man, who has a dislike of all that makes him feel his own feebleness; the eternal, the infinite, — heights he cannot climb and abysses he cannot plumb, — are something to be defeated, if possible. Thus a railroad up the Rigi or the heights of Glion is a feat delightful to contemplate. I do not intend to affirm dogmatically that all such innovations are absolutely to be condemned; only to beg that as long as possible we may loiter along the bridle-path.

The very zigzags of an Alpine ascent are an advantage, shifting the views, and never offering two precisely alike. At one time snow peaks are shining above frowning gorges sentineled by pines and larches; next you see the sweep of the cascade, or come upon a little circle of soft green meadow, the grass nearly hidden in its embroidery of pansies, forget-me-nots, and campanulas. One would be almost dazzled and oppressed by the continuous sight of snow-fields and glaciers alone. The mass of wild flowers, the mountain cattle, sheep, and goats, the glancing streams, help to complete the symphony. Two sounds are rarely lost in Switzerland: the voice of the innumerable waterfalls and the foaming torrents in their rocky beds, and the tinkle of the bells at the throats of the pretty, tame creatures, who raise their soft eyes to look at you from every turn of the path, then move on with a sweet clangor at every step. Once, after a rainy day at Les Plans-sur-Bex, I strolled up the road to see the fresh snow on the mountains glowing rosy-pure in the sunset, when I was startled by the sound of music. In another moment round the curve came a little goatherd,

"Piping down the valley wild"

on a long pewter horn, almost as large as himself, which probably dated back to an early century, while he drove before him a flock of fifty or sixty goats, each with a bell at its throat, which chimed in harmoniously with the horn. The instrument had

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not an extended compass, but its few notes were very melodious heard in those solitudes. The boy played to keep his flock in the path, but it was easy to see that he also played from the love of it. I have liked since to think of him tending his goats in those green upper valleys through long solitary summer days, blowing the pewter horn and rousing echoes from the far heights above him, where the splendors of glacier, snow peak, and dashing torrent shone. Goats have evidently a rhythmical ear, and readily obey a musical call. In certain streets of Paris, one hears at a regular hour each morning the sound of a flute played by a dark-skinned peasant in a blouse, as he leads a flock of a half dozen from house to house of his customers who drink goat's milk. They are sleek, black, pretty creatures, and walk along sedately, lending to the conventional streets that touch of picturesqueness rarely wholly wanting in any Continental city.

Another incident on the bridle-path is the greeting of peasants, ascending or descending, with *hottes* on their backs; some seamed and wrinkled old men and women, and others of every age down to mere children. A child hardly runs alone in Switzerland before a tiny hotte is strapped to its back as a plaything. It probably helps to form the straight, steady gait of the mountaineers. The children all have the footing of chamois. The prettiest picture I ever saw in my life was at Mürren, where, on a narrow rocky path of the utmost steepness and difficulty, where I had to pick my way slowly and warily, I met a little girl of three or four, or rather stood aside to let her pass, as she ran down at full speed, laughing as she went, while her yellow hair floated in the wind.

He is a wise guide who can predict infallibly about Alpine weather. The weather was charming when we set out, and, although the Matterhorn was hidden in mists, the chain below floated pure and clear in dazzling sunshine. The guide was certain the day would be fine, but now, halfway up, he begins to shake his head. Still, among the mountains, one learns to expect only the miraculous. Vapors have so often obscured peaks I saw shining, or dissolved and let the glory of heaven through mist, I have felt sure the Matterhorn would presently emerge grand and serene in its unclouded splendor, as I saw it yesterday at Zermatt, which it faces in the attitude of the Sphinx rearing its indomitable head, disdaining even the snow. It may very well be compared to the Sphinx: it fascinates and it kills. Almost every year adds to its death-roll; a recent victim being an English clergyman, who made the ascent safely, then was blown from the summit.

The Matterhorn is individual, unique; it dominates the whole chain. Other peaks need to be pointed out. "That is Mont Blanc!" "That is the Jungfrau!" No danger of confounding the Matterhorn with the Breithorn, Dent Blanche, or Monte Rosa, or any of the needles, teeth, pyramids, obelisks, horns, which, sharpened and cleft into a thousand different forms, are limned against the azure of the sky. It rears its crest almost threateningly above the great sunny amphitheatre, and it offers a fit and magnificent climax to the weird scenery of the Rhone valley. For after one leaves the Rhone, which seems to have sullied the strange, eerie landscape with its olive-gray tints, and follows up the Visp through its deep gorges, one feels like quoting: —

> "This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
> For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the wrath
> Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes."

But to-day, although we feel the presence of the Matterhorn, so far we see only the veil it wears. Everywhere else the mists part, rise, wreathe upwards, and the sun breaks through with almost intolerable radiance. But round the Matterhorn they cling, they cling like imperishable regrets, and ever and anon they surge down and threaten to engulf the whole landscape: the valley vanishes; one hears the cowbells ringing, and the forms of goats and cattle loom up like giants on the alp where they are feeding. Then, with ghostly suddenness, the mists roll away, and the picture emerges from the curtain which concealed it like the slide of a magic lantern. Yet cloud and mist bring their own beauty, and one has but half seen the mountains who has seen them only in sunshine, for they bear the half veil like other lovely things. A magical transformation scene goes on in cloud and rain which is worth studying. Every gorge, every ravine, becomes a veritable witch's caldron, from which swirl up vapors that twist, and curl, and stalk on like gray phantoms.

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Now, as we rise higher and higher, although the vast circle of snow peaks above, save the Matterhorn, are flooded with sunshine, we ourselves are alternately in foul and clear weather. Mists envelop us ; a light rain falls ; then the vapors part, disperse, and we are once more under a dome of gold and azure, while the vistas down the valley open with fresh iridescence of hue. When everything is shut out except the dripping rocks on either side, we have time to study the beauty of the flowers which issue from every crack and cranny of every ledge, and fill all the interstices with delicate color. The edelweiss is the accepted Alpine flower, but I love the little campanula better, which blossoms from base to snow limit of the mountain, nods over the brink of appalling cataracts and along the bed of rivulets, disdains no waste, and carries a bit of heaven's blue into the dreariest places. I admit, however, that my favorite little campanula has so large a family of near relations that it loses distinction. One easily loves the forget-me-not, wherever found, but it is never so blue as near the glaciers, while the pansies which grow in profusion near the Schwarz-See have an air of being found at home in sober purple attire. There are few of our favorite garden flowers which in some shape or tint do not make a part of the delicate splendor of Swiss mountains and valleys. They are, perhaps, too well beloved ; and when one beholds the sheaves of them with which women and children come back laden from an afternoon ramble, one trembles lest, after a few years, no summer flowers will be left except in inaccessible places. Already in places most overrun by tourists, like Chamonix and Glion, there is a noticeable scarcity of wayside blossoms. Round the Schwarz-See there is a marvelous profusion of the loveliest flowers. The Hörnli is a perfect carpet of pink and blue. For here we are at the end of the bridle-path. All about us is the giant assemblage of snow peaks and glaciers, and far above, to a sublime height, looms the Matterhorn ; to-day, alas, like a gray apparition.

The Fatal Effects of False Voice-Training.

— Apropos of the comments on the old Italian method of training the voice, made by a member of the Club at the meetings in November and December, 1888, one of the principal music directors of Vienna, Joseph Hellmesberger, declared recently, in discussing the death by suicide of the once celebrated singer, Marie Witt, that in his opinion her insanity was caused by her false method of singing. She sang entirely from the chest, a practice extremely fatiguing to the whole system, and involving a dangerous excitement of the cerebellum. In the same way and for the same reason, the singers Standigl, Scaria, and Frau Stöcke lost their voices and their health, and died insane. Whether Director Hellmesberger's conclusions are correct or not, this declaration shows his strong disapproval of the prevalent mode of voice-training, and deserves earnest consideration, inasmuch as he is a thorough musician, and a man of large experience in his observation of the career of singers.

But even when the so-called "chest tones" are used with moderation, and may never develop into so tragical a result as in the extreme cases above cited, the practice should be discouraged, because the tones thus produced are not agreeable. They suggest an entirely different quality of voice from that heard in the middle and upper range, and thus mar the unity of sound, wherein lies the greatest charm of artistic singing. Yet almost all pupils of the present generation are trained in this false and hurtful way. Of the large company belonging to the Munich stage, not one of the younger singers holds the voice aright in this particular ; while the older artists, with a few exceptions, show their correct training in the continued conservation of their admirably developed powers. Almost all the prominent artists who travel about as "stars" help to perpetuate this fundamental fault, from the very fact that their performance is otherwise excellent, and they have not sung long enough to show the break in their voices which is sooner or later inevitable. Marcella Sembrich and Alice Barbi, who are just now the favorites of the concert stage in Europe, injure the effect of their fine voices by a total change of register in the lower notes. Patti and Nikita among sopranos, Madame Joachim among contraltos, and Mierzwinski among tenors, are almost alone in their adherence to the old and the only right way.

It is high time that teachers and pupils should stop talking about "chest," "middle," "falsetto," and "head" tones, and

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give their attention to developing the voice in the natural manner, — that is, as one and the same voice throughout; continued practice giving gradually the desired extension of compass and fullness of tone. Herein lies the secret of success, — long-continued practice by the right method. It is the only way to make the voice even, and evenness of tone is the highest achievement. It was the distinguishing characteristic of Jenny Lind's surpassingly beautiful singing, and the principal cause of her unique and enduring fame.

The Revenge of the Sexes. — When Æsop's lion hinted to Praxiteles that if the leonine mind had been given to the carving as well as to the eating of the human form divine, the canons of art might have been somewhat modified, he only expressed a sentiment not restricted to the tribe of Felis Leo. There runs through the whole range of folk lore, myths, and popular stories the same temper of retort. The man is ever ready to say to the woman, "You 're another," as he feels the sting of her setting forth of his delinquencies. The woman is none the less ready to tell the story in her way, to the seeming disadvantage of the male version.

Thus, the romance of Bluebeard is the countercharge to that of the third one-eyed Calendar in the Arabian Nights. Widely as the action, time, and scenic accessories of the two tales differ, the cardinal point of each is curiosity, — the opening of a forbidden chamber by an entrusted key. In the same way, the modified idea appears in the story of Cupid and Psyche, and in that of Pandora. Female curiosity is offset by male inquisitiveness.

There is a like antithesis in the tale of Beauty and the Beast, and in that of the Wedding of Sir Gawaine and "the lothly ladye." In each of these there is a marriage, the result of an extorted promise. In each there is the same victory of matrimonial duty over repugnance at physical deformity, and the same reward in after-happiness; but in one it is the bride, and in the other it is the groom, who is repaid for the sacrifice of self.

On the same line is the legend of the daughter who falls in love with a foreign adventurer, and betrays the secret of her father's device for the destruction of strangers; but the result is given differently. The lover is constant in the one case, in the other is fickle. Jason carries off Medea, but Theseus deserts Ariadne.

There is a marked case of retort in the twin myths of Comus and of Circe. The same spells are wrought in the same way. The same imbruting chalice is given, with the same conversion of the drinkers into beasts; but the worker of the spell is in one case a male, in the other a female magician.

Again, the story of Undine is set off against that of the Lorelei. The moral of both is the unhappiness of love outside of mortal conditions; but in the one the penalty falls on the water-nymph, in the other upon the human lover. It is "*lui et elle*" and "*elle et lui*" told from the differing points of view.

Somewhat the same idea appears in the fairy tales of the mermaid, the swan princess, and the like, where the woman of another sphere is caught by hiding the magic sealskin, swanskin, cap or other garment. The bride of the earthly lover accepts the situation, but one day discovers the robe, or whatever it may be, put away in her husband's dwelling. She cannot resist the impulse to put it on and go back to her kindred. The countercharge to this is given in the stories of Little Tamlin, Thomas of Ercildoune, Tannhäuser, and so on. Here the man wearies of elfin happiness, and gets back to earth and the joys of the tax-collector and family doctor when the chance opens to him.

It is hard to say which is the more common case, that of the lover of high estate who marries the lowly maiden, or that of the princess who condescends to the fortunate adventurer. But King Cophetua and the beggar maid may be balanced by Aladdin, the tailor's son, who wins the Sultan's daughter, or, better yet, by the Countess of Cassilis and Johnny Faa, the gypsy.

Modern literature, with its "all-round" leanings, is inclined to take both sides of the same situation. This is very noteworthy in Shakespeare. Lady Macbeth is the tempter and upholder of her husband, while Gertrude's sin is the work of the stronger will of the usurping king. In the one case it is the man, in the other the woman, who drifts powerlessly into evil. Both Rosalind and Viola put on male attire to win their lovers, but they match, one

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below, the other above, her degree. Orlando, the younger son of a country gentleman, and Orsino, the duke regnant of Illyria, stand at quite opposite ends of the social scale. So, again, while Desdemona and Imogen are equally victims of the jealousy of their husbands, wrought almost by the same treachery, Othello suffers, while Leonatus Posthumus is delivered from the consequences of his error.

Tennyson is inclined to show this disposition to try both sides of the same issue. Perhaps it is fairer to say that he reopens the old case for a second hearing. Enoch Arden is the set-off to Penelope, and King Arthur's forgiveness of Guinevere is the reversal of the story of Othello.

But in spite of the effort of modern novelists to find situations outside of established lines, there is a certain tendency which betrays the influence of sex. The woman's heroine and the man's hero are apt to mate above their conditions. Thus, of Scott's heroes, the greater part aspire. Henry Bertram is supposed to be an orphan adventurer, a subaltern who falls in love with his colonel's daughter. Lovel supposes himself to be illegitimate. Frank Osbaldistone is of the younger branch of the Yorkshire family, and is supposed to be disinherited by his wealthy father. Halbert Glendinning is a peasant by birth. Roland Avenel is believed to be a foundling. Henry Morton is below the rank of Edith Bellenden. Edgar Ravenswood is penniless. Sir Kenneth of Scotland wins the heart of Edith Plantagenet as a simple knight of the crusading army. Alan Fairford is only a Scotch lawyer of *bourgeois* extraction, while Lilias Redgauntlet is of the *noblesse*. Quentin Durward is a soldier of fortune, and far beneath the Burgundian heiress he wins. Arthur de Vere is, indeed, the heir of the earldom of Oxford, but, as an exiled Lancastrian, with no hope of regaining his rank, he is beneath the Countess of Geierstein. Ivanhoe is held by his own father as unworthy to mate with Rowena, the heiress of the Saxon royalty; and Damian de Lacy is only a squire, while Evelyn Berenger is the heiress of an earl; and Mordaunt Merton is clearly below the social rank of the daughters of Magnus Troil, the Udaler and Jarl of Zetland.

This, it will be seen, covers the greater part of the Waverley heroes. One ought, perhaps, to add Francis Tyrrel, who is held to be illegitimate, and Markham Everard, who is, if anything, under the rank of Alice Lee. That leaves, on the other side, Captain Edward Waverley (whom old Bradwardine considers to be hardly his daughter's equal), Julian Peveril, and Lord Glenvarloch; and both of these latter young gentlemen are, in point of fortune, inferior to their brides.

But, on the other hand, Miss Austen's heroines approach life from the side of good match-making. Fanny Price, Anne Eliot, Catharine Morland, the Bennet girls, — Jane and Elizabeth, — Jane Fairfax, and the Dashwood sisters, all wed above their position. They are, of course, gentlewomen, but without expectations, and are wooed and won for their own sakes. Emma as an heiress is the single exception.

So it is with Miss Brontë's heroines. Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe are governesses. Caroline Helstone is a portionless dependent. Shirley Keeldar is indeed an heiress, but she is not the leading character, though she gives her name to the novel.

Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. The male mind dwells on the thought that his hero should win by doing. The lady of masculine regard is *ex officio* a goddess, a princess, a prize to be fought for. The thought of the feminine mind is to picture its ideal as being worth the fighting. She must show herself a heroine as well as be entitled one. The masculine thought is to win; the feminine is to reward. When this was managed in the simple old fashion of knight-errantry, by sheer fighting on the one side, and interested looking-on on the other, matters adjusted themselves with ease. But the complications of modern civilization have brought in all manner of modifying considerations, and the society novel of to-day greatly turns upon the adjustment of these. It deals with the questions of mutual surrender, and this ever-fluctuating balance makes the subject of the fiction of the present. Family opposition, religious incompatibilities, conflicts of temperament, — all these have to be considered between Cains and Caia, and the point of dispute is what substantial justice to the rights of each requires of each. Authors of either sex will unconsciously take their own side, and hence it is very rare

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that sex in authorship does not betray itself. No man has as yet succeeded in passing for a woman, and no woman has remained undetected under a male pseudonym. It is true that, in case of felicitous authorship, the writer is most likely to disclose the secret and claim the renown, but it is not probable that it would remain unsuspected. It is not that male or female author could not, by abnormal cleverness, accomplish the task, but that neither would do it. When it comes to the point, both desire to do that which belongs to their own province; and the greater the genius, the more it is constrained by its own special limitations.

A Hint from Lavater.

— Lavater has stated his sincere conviction that no man can be a good physiognomist unless he is comely and well formed; intimating that the presence of deformity or ugliness is liable to warp the judgment, as asymmetrical eyes might distort the eyesight. Passing over the obvious compliment to his own good looks, which the learned professor implies with the deliciously conscious simplicity of true genius, we might well pause to consider how much of a man's personality is liable to pass into his artistic work, — even at times to the extent of absurd reminders of the creator's lines and colors.

A very successful portrait painter of our own day carries so much of his own contours into his portraits that shrewd observers pretend to be able to say at what exact period of evolution the artist took his eyes off the subject to rivet them on an adjacent mirror; just as subtle critics pretended to discover in that masterpiece of Mozart, the overture of Don Giovanni, admittedly written under pressure and punch, the passage which followed each draught of elixir. Fortunately for the fidelity of this worthy painter's portraits, his own face is of that composite order which would look well with some stronger individuality grafted upon it. The amazing ductility of this adaptable face, indeed, reminds one of those old-fashioned woodcuts which, ready made and easily altered, used to be sold by the bushel to the cheaper illustrated papers, some years ago. One of these cuts, representing Bonaparte Crossing the Alps, could, by a few strokes of the engraver's instrument, be transformed into Washington Crossing the Delaware, Ben Butler at Bull Run, or any popular equestrian idol.

A certain resemblance between the artist and his work may often be observed, when it is none of the artist's seeking, and again when he would be most indignant at any such suspicion. Ole Bull's remarkable resemblance to a violin may be mentioned in connection with this, as also the well-known simian features and movements of a certain successful comedian, who, it was said, originally came over to this country in charge of a troupe of monkeys for Barnum's Museum. This gentleman was wont to relate of himself that he was usually discharged at the end of a season, for clear-cut incapacity, till one day the unctuous Stuart, prince of managers, took him aside, and said, with the frank condescension of his kind: "Ned, my dear boy, you can never act any part but your own. Why not go upon the stage in that part?"

"What part is that?" queried the crest-fallen star.

"Why, the greatest fool in Christendom," drawled Stuart. "Get some one to write it up for you; play it, and your fortune is made."

The result showed the sagacity of the wily manager, for no impersonation of recent years has been nearly so popular or brought such profit.

To such as can recognize the fitness of things in the above grotesque illustration there will be no difficulty in following the analogy to higher realms, say even the highest. Those whose privilege it has been to

> "wonder at madonnas,
> Her San Sisto names, and her Foligno,
> Her that visits Florence in a vision,
> Her that 's left with lilies in the Louvre,"

must surely have remarked the one characteristic which, more than any other, groups them as the work of one master hand; not the exquisite drawing whereof every line is a poem, not the inspired tinting, — "hues which have words and speak to us of heaven," — not alone the tranquil calm which is their common lot, but the fact that each picture is its own metaphor, that one and all bear the closest resemblance to Raphael Sanzio, and in that fact bear out Lavater, lending countenance also to the present writer's theory of auto-portraiture.

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